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THE DOCTOR TAKES A HOLIDAY

An Autobiographical Fragment

MARY McKIBBIN-HARPER, M.D.

Sail forth! Steer for the deep waters only.

— WHITMAN



A Bookfellow Book

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MARY MCKIBBIN-HARPER

This volume is dedicated to the American
Medical Women's Association with which
I have been so intimately and happily
connected for many years and to doctors
everywhere.

MARY McKIBBIN-HARPER



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FOREWORD

For several years the American Medical Women's Association has been waiting for the publication of a volume by Dr. Mary McKibbin-Harper which would bring together the charming sketches of her travels in the Far East as in *The Doctor Looks at Turkey, Greece, Scandinavia, etc.* It is, therefore, a pleasure in these troublous times to welcome this new volume, *The Doctor Takes a Holiday.*

The book, essentially one of travel in the Orient, is sociological in its scope, describing native customs, religions and superstitions and it is an eye-opener as to native medical customs and the beneficent influences of education and modern health service. It tells of men and women doctors and other interesting people met in a round-the-world tour while amusing experiences are cleverly illustrated by many pen drawings of Kathryn Yager Lewis. It is all penned with sympathetic understanding and the facile descriptions of an able writer.

This volume should be followed by others to be used by travelers as a guide to the East and for information as to the work of foreign medical colleagues. Knowledge plus vision makes interesting reading and here we have a brilliant confirmation of that fact. As a travel book of a new kind, it should find a place on office and "living-room" tables everywhere.

KATE CAMPBELL HURD-MEAD, M.D.

Haddam, Conn.

Nov. 4, 1940



PREFACE

The family Atlas was reduced to tatters when as a child I traced my fanciful journeyings in a passionate desire to see the wonderful world. These imaginary journeys have had a surprising and delightful way of materializing through the years and when opportunity for world travel suddenly fell from the skies, the fondest dream of my life came true.

This holiday with no very definite plan for time of return would now be a restful change when all responsibilities would be temporarily shelved and the world, which I fancied that I carried on my shoulders, would slip down into my hands. But before the holiday had begun, I knew that there must be some definite objective for one who has planned, systematized and crammed life with activities can neither shelve nor shift responsibility nor find pleasure in desultory sight-seeing.

Medical correspondence had been arranged and I added a kindred interest in a survey of women doctors, in so far as it would not interfere with other joys of travel. This alternation of sight-seeing with work resulted in introductions to men and women who are doing worthwhile things, who in turn added other letters in an endless chain of travel interests not only in contributions to my diary but in correspondence and friendships of today.

There are so many fine books of travel that one must

find excuse for attempting such a book. This informal autobiographical fragment, culled from a diary covering travel of nearly two years, another period of four months and yet other visits in the Near East, has been written because like Martin Luther, "Ich kan nicht anders." For, charmed by the mystery, intrigued by the superstitions or horrified by the poverty and degradation of the Orient, travelers quite generally overlook beneficent agencies. And indeed these must appear very inconsiderable and entirely without dramatic interest to a raconteur who is not deeply interested in race betterment.

These intimate glimpses of the people of the Orient have been chosen as characteristic of native life for there is nothing in the world so important as the people who live in it. Education must be rooted in the common people whether described as the masses, bourgeois or the proletariat and it must be grounded in sanitation and health. Though primarily a travel story, a natural gravitation to these subjects may suggest that the trail of the doctor is over it all, for one with alert sympathy sees with both eyes and heart and cannot remain inarticulate about social conditions. The efficiency and fidelity with which the medical profession has met the problems of the Orient is a too-seldom-told story between the lines.

One is always interested in the influence of the United States in education, sanitation and health but no thoughtful traveler fails to recognize the ancient culture which the Orient yet has to offer in exchange for western progress. The dilettante may venture to

describe western art but in the Orient he has no standards of comparison and must not be tempted to the affectation of using a western shibboleth. The Orient cannot be fitted into a Procrustean bed of western manufacture.

Despite differences in eastern and western ideologies, some of the shocking customs and superstitions bear striking similarities to those of the West while others appear to have had a common origin. These similarities rather than the more obvious differences intrigued me and I returned fully persuaded that people are much alike, the world over.

No heathen were found and I turned homeward with the disquieting suspicion that the Indian in the "meditative melancholy" of his ivory tower may have found the loquacious American rather irksome while the courteous Chinese and Japanese may have felt that the naïve traveler was discourteously inquisitive. There is a certain intangible but impressive distinction in a background of three thousand years of civilization, though worse of the wear in accumulations of superstitions and the inroads of unspeakable poverty, that gives one pause and commands respect.

As the Orient emerges into a modern civilization, progress is retarded by storms of war between China and Japan and disaffections in India. Egypt is overhung by clouds of war originating without while the Holy Land is the milieu of most unholy warfare. Hurricanes of war sweep the Eastern Continent as the world appears to be rushing madly to destruction but life is never static and there must come a climax to

every situation and every state of feeling. Civilization has never utterly perished from the earth and culture bears no relation to rubber, tin, scrap iron and gasoline. Beneath the surface, I found everywhere in the Orient beneficent influences for the salvation of mankind and it is a comforting thought that except in China, these have not been greatly disturbed. The awakening of China may not prove to be an unalloyed calamity.

These impressions, in the most interesting years of the fast-changing East, have been continually revived by exchanges connected with *Women in Medicine*, official publication of the American Medical Women's Association which I edited for twelve years and the *Medical Review of Reviews*, one of the journals of Dr. Victor Robinson, with whom I was associated as co-editor for many of these years.

It would be impossible to name all, both native and foreign, to whom I am indebted for interpretations of what I saw and heard in the Orient. Dr. Ethel Polk-Peters, long a surgeon in China, earned my gratitude when she recently visited me, by listening patiently to the manuscript on China. There were illuminating visits, late in 1939, with Dean Josephine Lawney of the Medical College for Women in Shanghai and Dr. Hira Patil of Agra, India.

To Dr. Esther Pohl Lovejoy, first president of the Medical Women's International Association, I am indebted for sympathetic encouragement as well as for pictures of activities of the American Women's Hospitals in China and Japan, a world-wide service which she has administered for more than twenty years. For

references to ancient Greek and Egyptian women doctors, I have turned in confidence and gratitude to Dr. Kate C. Mead's *History of Women in Medicine, Volume I*.

Mr. Johanne Vindenas, Librarian of the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago, has placed me in his debt for invaluable aid in verification of comments upon archaeology in Palestine and Egypt while visitors at International House of the University of Chicago have clarified current happenings in the Orient. A Calcutta merchant furnished industrial data.

The drawings of Kathryn Yager Lewis have aptly illustrated some of the embarrassing moments of my holiday.

Those correspondents who have so faithfully kept me *au courant* with oriental happenings deserve especial appreciation for they have enabled me to relive again and again many of the rich experiences of my holiday. But one's most commonplace and prosaic experiences, just because they are his own, often assume the proportions of a glorious adventure! May readers of this little adventure into the Orient be endowed with an imagination equal to my own.

MARY MCKIBBIN-HARPER

The Carleton, Oak Park, Ills.
November 10, 1940.



“ALLONS! WHOEVER YOU ARE, COME
TRAVEL WITH ME”

THE holiday began in London among people instead of cathedrals, galleries and museums as in former visits. Goethe says in a wise epigram that life may be largely evaluated by one's associations. These are always delightful in London but I cannot even suggest them now as I travel toward the Orient. My first venture in a little pleasure excursion into medical reporting, had been posted in a red “pillar box,” a report of the research of Bernard and Gye on *Confederate Germs in Sarcoma* and I had made a survey of the work of women doctors in London. Through the social and professional courtesies of medical men and women, the Dickens Fellowship, the English Speaking Union and personal friends I had learned a London which I had never known, and carried with me more Oriental introductions than could possibly be used as I continued to Paris.

All the world loves Paris and I had known the city as student and tourist. At this time friends had leased a chateau at Joney-en-Josas beyond Versailles and a young neighbor was rector in the American Chapel in the Latin Quartier. Paris became *home* as I traveled out over the continent in visiting women doctors.

M. de Bardy of the Sorbonne gave me a letter to

the *Faculté de Médecine* which I presented to the secretary Mme. Huré at Salle Beclard', who dealt with a questionnaire relative to women doctors in France and directed me to famous clinics and laboratories.

American doctors, like Paracelsus, believe that no man finds a master behind the stove and have followed great teachers in London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who preferred to be remembered for his classic monograph on *Puerperal Septicaemia* rather than for that literary gem, *The Chambered Nautilus*, sought the great Dr. Louis, ~~inventor of the stethoscope~~. He brought home a stethoscope, a very primitive instrument, as a curiosity. His *Song of the Stethoscope*, occupied by blue bottle flies, will bear many rereadings. Perhaps many hear sounds in the lungs which do not indicate disease. American doctors were now giving clinics in Paris!

The hospitals of Paris, as elsewhere except in the United States, are for the poor and they are supported by *L' Assistance Publique*. This benefaction was founded with the confiscated property of the clergy at the end of the French Revolution and it is now augmented by philanthropies while the deficit is met by municipal funds. People of means are treated at home or in the *maison de santé* which is a private clinic or a nursing home. The American Hospital of Paris was necessitated by lack of provision for care of foreigners.

Laboratories were visited. Pasteur Institute, a whole story in itself, was directed by the illustrious M. Calmette. The Ozaris family of France was a large contributor to this institution and the chemical laboratory

was the gift of Baron de Hirsch, but it is pleasant to remember that the United States was a liberal donor. The Rockefeller Foundation was visited but no information on research is given until the work is completed and then only through publication in New York. One hundred and seventy-three Boulevard St. Germain was the home of the Carnegie Foundation for Universal Peace and the American Hospital sponsored lectures. Other American institutions of especial interest are the fine American Hospital, American Club, Library, Cathedral of St. George, Chapel and Woman's University Club in the Latin Quarter and the Woman's Club at 61 rue Boissiere, the former home of M. Serge Veranoff. Medical material is practically unlimited in Paris and I reported on Pasteur and Radium Institutes, famous clinics and the American Hospital.

There were interesting things on the fringe of medicine. Dr. S. Puybureau demonstrated Dr. Halen Janowski's method of rejuvenation at Salle Ingenieurs Civils in rue Blanche. He used 5 cc of blood of the proper type from a young donor for twelve successive days, claiming results lasting for several years. The profession received the method, *cum grano salis*. Carrie King, one time soubrette, an elderly American theatrical reporter, long resident in Paris, was the first woman to take the Veranoff monkey gland rejuvenation treatment. She was lecturing in Paris, her cloche hat ornamented with a jeweled monkey! M. Serge Veranoff, a fine surgeon and doubtless a sincere scientist, was thus odiously advertised. No cosmetic sur-

gery was seen but devastating and mask-like results, as seen in the streets, suggested Dr. William Mayo's contention of the "divine right to look human."

Interested in French people, I moved from the University Club in rue Chevreuse to the English Y. W. C. A., 26, rue d' Anjou. Conditions here were ideal, for the girls were of the same type as the Sorbonne girls, secretaries, students and teachers. They enjoyed fine things and knew where and how to find them inexpensively. Transients of all nationalities brought news of the world while the nice boys, who came to dance in the salon in the evening, were good escorts into authentic French life.

One need not be greatly disturbed by the popularly iniquitous *Moulin Rouge* or *Folies Bergere*. Frank vulgarity is a negligible influence. At the latter I have since seen an incomparable historical pageant. A visit to Cafe du Dom in the Latin Quartier is an education with a moral. Here internationally known folk study social conditions. One must be haunted always by the pale, anxious faces of all nationalities. Drinking degenerates and unhappy derelicts crowd around tables or lean languidly on red leather cushions against the tomato-colored walls. The rhythmic babble and Babel of tongues and the brilliant reflection of the weird scene in flashing mirrors is unforgettable. It seems like a monstrous psychopathic clinic enveloped in a sea of smoke or a frightful nightmare from which one struggles to escape. The atmosphere of Montparnasse may foster genius but those who have reached the heights have not climbed by way of cafe life.

Many American youths go from cafe to cafe and dance hall, often on Montmartre, taking an aperitif here and wine here, there and everywhere. They must always end at Joe Jelli's for onion soup, wine, champagne and liqueur. Then they ascend the funiculaire to watch the sun rise from Sacre Coeur, too "zig-zag" to see it. Or they may go in "tails" and top hat to wend an intoxicated way among the poor going early to work in Les Halles or the market place, returning to their hotels to sleep for the next night's orgy. They have met no French people except those who staged scenes for American dollars. It is said that ninety per cent of the women who walk the primrose path in Paris are foreigners.

Sometimes I dined at a bourgeois restaurant where I rented a napkin and met the *vendreuse* and *modiste* with her friend or young husband. From them I learned the real French Paris. Wearing their best clothes, they ate and drank lightly, smoked and visited quietly. Many had married very young and the girls had left their work for two weeks for the birth of a baby, which had been sent to the country where they paid 150 francs or about \$6 a month for its support. The girl and her husband together rarely earned more than \$10 a week. The manager of a business employing hundreds of girls said that this was a common story and that mothers seldom see their children. This situation has been largely remedied.

At this time the French bewailed the fact that women were no longer home-loving and domestic, blaming the influence of American and English women.

They had not realized that women like chicks, once out of the shell, cannot be folded up and returned to the same space and that women had been forced into work during the World War.

Every morning scores of women passed under my windows, dragging or carrying sleepy children to a *creche* from which they salvaged them late in the evening on return from work. Women were conductors on busses and tram cars and scrubbed the streets with great brooms. Many of these had always been poor; others were widows and helpmeets in dire poverty. The French woman is generally loyal, industrious, frugal and artistic. She can ornament her cheap little garments with a bit of ribbon or lace and look more chic than the daughter of many a millionaire.

From my window balcony near the Maire or town hall, I often witnessed the pathetic spectacle of numbers of street venders, driven like herds to justice for selling without an expensive license. It was diverting to see these poor cart pushing mortals with one eye on gendarmes, study the faces of passers-by, as they surreptitiously slipped them some of the wares in the hope of a few coins for the stock to be confiscated. Paris then looked very poor as it always appears to those who see into the heart of life and as it must now look for many years to come.

The great number of historical celebrations keeps one's French history well burnished and the dusty immortelles and tinsel are some guidance as they appear on monuments and statuary. But there are an astonishing number of Saints' days which are celebrated. That

of St. Catherine, November 25 was surprising! St. Catherine is the patron saint of spinsters and all day the streets were thronged with girls of twenty-five or more. After a visit to the statue of St. Catherine there was a mock marriage ceremony in Place de la Concorde, a parade through the Latin Quartier and men were privileged to kiss all wearing the historic bonnet of ribbon and lace and marriage bureaus along the street registered both men and women.

One who has lived in Paris at different seasons of the year is interested in the great number of fêtes and celebrations. This year I enjoyed a picturesque gaiety, a Stag Chase of the St. Hubert Hunters in Chantilly Forest. The Chateau and Forest of Chantilly near Paris, the property of Baron de Rothschild (three of the “Rothschilden” live in Paris), is a hunting lodge and forest dedicated to St. Hubert. Marquis de Noailles had the honor and expense of being Master of Hounds. A hundred and fifty French noblesse, English aristocracy and American millionaires were mounted. The mass of St. Hubert was played in the Chapel near the stables, the hounds were blessed in the courtyard surrounded by hunters, villagers and Paris visitors and they were off at noon. Handsome men and graceful women in gorgeous crimson and black hunting costumes disappeared in the misty forest and the poor stag was brought to bay at 5:30 behind the Chantilly race course. The hunt was preceded by a breakfast at the Grand Condé Hotel in Chantilly village and followed by a dinner and ball at night. The smartest thing in Paris is to ride behind the hounds

but one may be content to witness the opening ceremonies and be saved the pain of the finish.

The races at Anteuil and Longchamps are internationally famous as fashion shows as well as races. The Grand Prix at Longchamps is always run on Sunday preceded on Friday by the "Drags" a novel spectacle which I once chanced to see. Vehicles, bizarre and antique, royal equipages, of all periods parade through rue Royale, Champs Elysees and Bois de Boulogne, and all Paris in gala attire struggles for a vantage point from which to behold them. Parisians know how to be gay and for the most part quite guilelessly.

One holiday season had been spent in Paris. All of the fanfare with which we greet the New Year is transferred by the French to the Christmas eve *reveillon*. Booths are built in brightly illuminated streets; midnight mass is attended where music is fine, admission bought at high price, long in advance. The night is then spent in going from cafe to cafe, revelling, singing, dancing and eating until morning. Christmas is a day of rest after the *reveillon*. New Year is a quiet, family visiting day; everybody sends a small and simple card bearing a bright flower and the words "Bonne Annee" to his friends. The commercial spirit of the season does not appear among the French.

Those who have received French letters in which half a page is covered with courtesies of superscription and subscription and the literal translation indicates that a friend will be "ravished" to see you in "strict intimacy" meaning only that she will consent to see

you informally, will not be surprised with invitations to marriages and funerals. Among the well-to-do, these are most elaborate invitations. One is besought to attend a wedding by the parents of both bride and groom, the invitation being divided in the middle of the page for the courtesies of the respective families. One of my souvenirs is an invitation to a funeral, often sent to those of slight acquaintance. It is deeply bordered in black and each member of the immediate family is named, followed by names of aunts, uncles, cousins, and in-laws. It begs one to attend the services and interment. The funeral cortage was a sorrowful sight! Tall spindly carriages were drawn by black horses and the hearse, partly open, was followed by the chief mourners on foot, a mark of respect. A military funeral, however, is spectacular and one wonders how France could fall with such upstanding soldiery. These are in strong contrast to the homesick and callow youths in training, whose faded blue uniforms are so evidently too much washed and too little pressed.

The girls at the Y. W. C. A. brought interesting associations as in that of Louise Charpentier, niece of the composer of the opera *Louise*. Her father was a violinist who had been an intimate friend of M. Rodin, the sculptor. M. and Madame de Lune were teachers for some of the girls and M. de Lune's *Suite Gallant* was then popular in Paris while another composition was being played by the New York Philharmonic Society. Madame Philippe of Gascon and Philippe, whose designs often grace our fashion journals, ex-

tended the courtesies of business women to me and I attended an International Suffragist Congress, the first and only meeting of this kind that I have attended in any country! With Scotch girls, I sat in the seventh heaven of the Grand Opera house to hear Chaliapin and other artists and attended the premiere of Ève Curie as a pianist. These are only a few of the intimate associations which bound me to Paris, as I returned again and again from visits among medical folk.

In 1929, I returned to Paris as a delegate to a convention. The world at peace came on to meet and speed me on further travel and I met here many of the delightful women whom I had previously visited. The Congress of the Medical Women's International Association meeting in the Hall of the League of Nations in Palais Royale, Paris in 1929 was a high point in the renaissance of women in medicine, for twenty-two of the twenty-nine nations belonging to the International Association were represented. Spanish women came in the uniform of Doctors of Marines, Polish women might have stepped from a Paris fashion plate. The dependable Scandinavians were there, Danes, Swedes and Norwegians. The Finns joined later. Germany was represented on the program. There were delegates from Austria, Hungary, Jugo-Slavia, Italy, Japan and China, etc. A number of nations sought admission, notably Bolivia, S. A., and Georgia in the Caucasus. The woman doctor had arrived professionally and she no longer wore heavy shoes but was well groomed and her proverbially short hair was well coiffed.

The French had arranged a memorable week including a reception at Hotel de Ville with a brass band fanfare introduction, another by the President of France in the Senate Chamber, from which he conducted us through Luxembourg Palace, was photographed with us and seating the President, Lady Barrett, on the "throne" presented flowers and served tea which was of course *petit fours* and champagne. The Mayor of Versailles gave a dinner and there were drives, dinners, luncheons at famous restaurants and receptions in homes in which the furnishings might have graced a museum. Where but in Paris? There were professional receptions at Curie Radium Institute, at Pasteur, the distinguished M. Calmette receiving and at Maternité of Baudeloque, M. Couvelaire doing the honors.

This international fraternization is now only a glorious memory. A Paris that is not French is unthinkable. The office of the International Medical Women organized in 1919, moved from Paris to London, has been taken to Kent and the archives lie hidden "somewhere in France." German women were long ago reorganized on an Aryan basis, precluding membership. Where are now the gallant doctors of the Spanish Marines? Where is the valiant Karoline Maltresen of Tromsøe who cruised among her clientele in the cod fisheries of Lafoten Islands and other Norwegian women with their motor boats among the rocky fiords of Norway? What of Dr. Marie Holst, sister of Dr. Peter Holst, the beloved President of the Norwegian Medical Association, who practices in unhappy Trond-

heim? Dr. Kristine Munch, who first suggested the International, Dr. Regina Stang, an authority on prison reforms, Dr. Ellen Gledisch, a pupil of Madame Curie, and Dr. Dagny Bang have passed through the Oslo ordeal. Our interest follows Dr. Alexandra Ingier, a granddaughter of Ole Bull who brought his talent and violin to the United States for her cousin, young Storm Bull, a talented pianist, gives us pleasure in Chicago.

Is Dr. Marie Krogh, who collaborated with her husband, the late Professor August Krogh, a Nobel prize winner, yet in their laboratory in Copenhagen, where I visited her? Dr. Gudrun Christiansen and other Danish women who cruise along the western coast of Greenland are in troubled waters. The anxiety of Swedish women has been well nigh unbearable and now we have news of the untimely death of Dr. Alma Sundquist, President of the International, 1934-37, whom I visited in her home in Stockholm. The International Congress in Stockholm in 1934 strengthened the bond between the American and the splendidly democratic women of Scandinavia. Delegates were entertained at Copenhagen, Oslo and Stockholm while some of the thirty Americans flew to Helsinki.

It has been the privilege of American Medical Women through their Medical Service Committee, the American Women's Hospitals, Dr. Esther P. Lovejoy, Director, to send several thousand dollars worth of vitamin C to Finnish women doctors and to assist the noble English and French women in their great trag-

edy. My inspection of the work of this committee in Greece and Turkey, where it has serviced thirty-one hospitals and one hundred and seventy-five clinics, is no part of this holiday. But the American Women's Hospitals have serviced both China and Japan which are included in this story. Though not primarily a medical adventure, oriental members of the International Association of Medical Women in India, China and Japan interpreted the people, their customs, superstitions and environment for women doctors come especially close to humanity in the Orient.

It is a long spiritual journey from the culture, interest and gaiety of London and Paris to Marseilles, the oldest city in western Europe. Here I always scan the drab and dirty landscape for the villainous prison that lay in the burning sun in the first chapter of *Little Dorrit*, and resolve that I shall never again sail from Marseilles, but just as regularly return. Should I again return, I shall be comforted by a lobster dinner in Flaubert's Cafe, upon recommendation of French epicures.

The first day on the *Rajputana*, upon which I sailed, was spent on deck in enjoyment of the changing coloring of the Mediterranean, a favorite theme with poets and artists. The next morning I had my first *choata hazri* or little breakfast served before daybreak, while I was yet asleep. It resulted in a hot tea bath. Mt. Etna was erupting and I had never seen it so sportive. We passed none of the Isles of Greece, where, "Burning Sappho loved and sung" and nothing suggested an odyssey of the Grecian Isles. But we passed so close

to Stromboli that one might almost touch it with his hand. Were those the same people whom I had seen living in the path of flowing lava some years before? The mirage, so colorfully described by professional travelers as appearing along the Egyptian littoral, utterly failed us. But we arrived happily at Port Said in keen anticipation of adventure in the Orient.

THROUGH TROUBLED WATERS

I. The Much Promised Land.

II. The Lure of Antiquity.



THE MUCH PROMISED LAND

“**E**AST is east and west is west” but the twain meet in Port Said at the entrance to the Suez Canal. As the *Rajputana* anchored outside of the breakwater, all sorts and conditions of men swarmed out to refuel vessels. And the gangplanks groaned under the coming and going of those with back-breaking burdens of miscellaneous cargo, all gesticulating and jabbering unintelligibly.

Port Said, a city of 250,000 is dramatically dominated by the statue of Ferdinand de Lesseps, who materialized the dream of Pharaoh and Moslem in a Red Sea port and the vision of Napoleon in a canal across the isthmus.

Though the Orient was my objective, there were glimpses of Palestine and Egypt which now have tragic interest in bordering the Artery of Commerce. The Suez Canal might be renamed, “Ganglion of the Sympathetic Nervous System” as it now influences the heart of the world. What I write of Palestine and Egypt must be a composite of visits.

Some documentation is attempted but history and tradition cannot be so definitely authenticated as bacteriological research or chemical reaction. Palestine must always be disillusioning to western Christians in its oriental traditions and superstitions. Western

ideology has never been that of the Orient where Christianity originated. Clarifying religions briefly, the Arabs and Jews were Semites, descendants of Abraham through his sons, Ishmael and Isaac. Those of the former, the Arabs, accepted Mohammed as their prophet. Some Jews accepted Christ, becoming Christians, others, the Jews of today, yet "seek one to come." Western Christians were Aryans, converted to Christianity, having no racial but a religious relation to both Arab and Jew through conversion. There is little in common between various sects of Oriental Christians today and those of the west. This traveler, who carried home no Dead Sea pebbles and no Jordan water and did not weep sentimentally over violently disputed "Holy Places" feels neither cynical nor irreligious as she writes frankly about Palestine, including the Oriental interpretation of Christianity.

When taking the train for Jerusalem, I met an elderly minister and we journeyed together, passing through the fertile, picturesque and historical Land of Goshen where Jacob and his descendants lived four hundred years. We ferried the Canal at Quantara, the name meaning bridge, and there was a crossing here long before the Israelites crossed into Egypt. Leaving the primitive, flat-bottomed ferry boat, we entrained for Jerusalem, passing through occasional Arab villages and catching frequent cheering glimpses of the blue Mediterranean.

Were we traveling this way today, even a minister's Biblical comment might give place to conversation about the Canal Board, exorbitant tolls, the Texas and

Standard Oil companies and the political relations of Ibn Saud of Saudi-Arabia, or perhaps his domestic relations! For the amazing Ibn is the father of an incredible number of children by a hundred or more wives in successive relays of four, for four at a time is a Moslem Sultan's limit. There would be tiresome, perhaps irrelevant, discussion of Jewish-Arab difficulties and casual mention of archaeological "finds." Perish the thought that we should talk about war!

The railroad over which we traveled had been built during the World War in six months. It would be a better road had it been built less hurriedly. The late General Allenby and the "Mysterious Lawrence of Arabia" were ably assisted by Arabs to whom definite promises were made, by Egypt with supplies, men and money and by Jewry with money for the redemption of the Promised Land.

The train skirted the Mediterranean, passing the mineral marshes of El Badelwar where some believe that Pharaoh's chariots were bemired in pursuit of the Israelites in their exodus from Egyptian oppression. Others however hold that the Israelites passed through Bitter Lakes at ebb tide and that their pursuers were engulfed by the rising tide from the Red Sea. It is interesting that Napoleon narrowly escaped drowning at this place.

Would that I might agree that the atmosphere and landscape changed suddenly just as we left Egypt and entered Palestine and that the Vale of Sharon became instantaneously all abloom. Travelers find the Rose of Sharon in the spring as the anemone while others

find it in the fall crocus or narcissus. The landscape became gradually more attractive as we passed into the Vale of Sharon in vegetation, orchards of citrus fruits and flowers, though botanizing from a train window is hardly satisfactory.

The first important city on the route was Gaza, irrevocably linked with the valiant Samson, for here he had an adventure with a harlot and fled carrying off the gates of Gaza. Nearby he slew a thousand Philistines with the jawbone of an ass! Gaza was the scene of the tragedy of the Temple of Dagon in the romance of Samson and Delilah, more recently immortalized in the tuneful opera of St. Saens. Nehemiah records floods and Amos totally annihilates remnants of the despised Philistines. Modern history adds to the horrendous stories, the battle between Turks and English in 1917.

Gaza claims modern interest as the site of the excavations of Sir Flinders Petrie who describes them in four volumes of *Ancient Gaza*. Travelers are now casually interested in an annual invasion of migrating quail but, like the Rose of Sharon, quail was out of season as I passed this way.

For some hours we traveled through the lovely Vale of Sharon, arriving at Lud a beautiful, green and fertile spot, lush with vegetation. Peasants sold vegetables and flowers at train windows and I bought the largest, whitest and crispest radish that I have ever seen for the pleasure of looking at it. Bread and butter were not included.

We continued "up to Jerusalem" through brown

hills which had been terraced in some long ago time to prevent soil erosion. Fereed, the Y. W. C. A. dragoon, a young Moslem University man, who was a guide in Palestine and Syria, met the train with a motor and, carrying the minister to the Allenby Hotel, I continued to Wyndham House in Jaffa Road. Here I found a young woman from California and, joined by the minister, we explored the Holy City.

Jerusalem has been occupied by nearly all Near East nations and by Roman, Greek and Briton. Originally called Salem and later Jebus, it was captured by the poetic King David and named not Jebus-Salem, but more euphoniously, Jerusalem. The Holy City has been captured and recaptured more than fifty times, the Crusaders taking it for western Christians in 1069. In the light of history, not romance, crusades, like all wars, were inspired by cupidity or lust for power. Why capture any sepulchre by sword? In 1187, the great Saladin drove out the last Crusader and Jerusalem was held by Moslems until General Allenby entered victoriously in December, 1917. Jew and Arab were happy in this denouement, the Arab because he had escaped from the Turk. Palestine was mandated to the British in 1922 and the Governor and consuls reside in Jerusalem, the capital. Three Patriarchs, Armenian, Orthodox and Latin are also resident here as well as the Grand Mufti of the Moslems.

Fereed drove us first to the Al Haram, Al Sharif or the August Sanctuary, the Temple Area, which includes thirty-five acres of paved enclosure with many buildings. It is about one-sixth the size of the city of

Jerusalem proper. The Dome of the Rock or Mosque of Omar is built around the sacred Sacrificial Rock, which Moslems believe is the center of the earth. Here they say Mohammed ascended to heaven and here they believe he will return just as Christians believe that Christ will come again on judgment day. Christian and Jew hold the rock sacred as Mt. Moriah, the site of Solomon's Temple. Here on the Sacrificial Rock legend says that Abraham prepared to offer up Isaac. The Dome is described as the most beautifully proportioned building in the world. We noted particularly, the bare rock, centered under the great dome.

At the entrance of the Dome, an aged man supplied us with clumsy white canvas moccasins that the Mosque might not be defiled by our shoes and at Fereed's suggestion gave some reminiscences telling us that the rugs and chandeliers were the gift of Abdul Hamid. Guide books describe the Mosque in detail. Fereed had smuggled us in for a Friday mosque and we watched the service from the background. The worshipers sat on mats on the floor. The leader, in a pulpit on the right of the *mihrab* or prayer niche, after reading a lesson, came down in front of the congregation and they faced Mecca, the direction being shown by the *kiblach*. The leader then intoned prayers, pausing after each when the attitude of the congregation changed. They prostrated, bowed and rose as one man and remained to meditate. It was an impressive spectacle, long to be remembered. Knowing the high percentage of Moslem illiteracy, I am always surprised to find those in mosques so keen, clean and intelligent

looking. The Mosque is the only dignified church in Jerusalem. Five times a day a muezzin reiterates their credo, "La ilaha illa-llahu, Muhammed, rasul allahi" "There is but one God and Mohammed is his prophet."

At the south in the Temple Area we found the Al-Aqsa Mosque, probably once a Christian church. It is the largest single building in Jerusalem and to me the most interesting. Workmen were rehabilitating it and had removed plaster from walls disclosing some exquisite mosaics. We visited also the Sabil or Fountain of Quait Bay, the Southern Arcades and the Pulpit of Burhaneddin, all noble structures of historical interest. We went down a long stairway to subterranean chambers called Solomon's Stables, for Jerusalem has layer upon layer of archaeological sub-strata. These Stables were of different depths and supported by imposing columns. Holes for tethering horses were seen in lower chambers but the upper walls were of Moslem construction. Josephus says that the chambers were used as a refuge by Jews when Titus conquered Jerusalem in 70 A. D. The "Tombs of the Kings" also in the Temple Area is a misnomer but we saw here an interesting archaic wheel which turns in a grove in a great stone to close the tomb. In the Temple Area, indescribably dirty, lies the interest of Jerusalem.

Near the Damascus Gate we found the old quarry from which it is said that Solomon took the stone to build the temple. Masonic ceremonies are often held here and tourists were buying symbolic keystones, mallets and squares as souvenirs. We saw Jaffa, Damascus, St. Stephen's and Fish Gates and traversed the

street of Bad Cooking and odors testified that it had been well named. Camels and donkeys walk the streets of Jerusalem so noiselessly, unless belled, that the unwary may be bunted over by their panniers and a donkey's nose may appear over one's shoulder. Just outside the wall is the Jews' Wailing Place, as historic as their occasions for wailing through the years. These are the very orthodox and fanatical Jews, whom we found wailing from early morn until night over the fall of Jerusalem as they prayed for her restoration. Even as they now wail, the Grand Mufti has them mobbed. Modern Jews spend no time in wailing but busy themselves in remedying conditions.

Another day we motored to the Dead Sea stopping at the Garden of Gethsemane which lies at the foot of the Mt. of Olives or Mt. Scopus. How artificial and unkempt it was! The Dead Sea, the lowest spot on the earth, is one of the dreariest. It is 1300 feet below sea level while Jerusalem is 2500 feet above. From Mt. Scopus we had seen the Dead Sea and the well paved road which we traveled. We found some huts near the sea and the salt evaporating pans and works of the Palestine Potash Company which finds dividends in potash and bromine.

The water is 25% salt and at Kallia Beach, young moderns from Jerusalem swam and bathed in the briny waters without fear of drowning. Now, as in the whole world, they swing and sway in glamorous ribaldry at Kallia Beach Hotel.

Looking across the drear and saline sea, we saw Mt.

Nebo of which we had recited in childhood with dramatic effect, *The Burial of Moses*,

“By Nebo’s lonely mountain, on this side Jordan wave
In a vale in the land of Moab, there lies a lonely
grave.”

Not distant was Mt. Pisgah from which Moses viewed the Promised Land. Until I had seen the Promised Land, my sympathies had been with Moses, that he had not been allowed to enter. But it was not an attractive prospect and perhaps after pre-exodus vicissitudes and forty weary years of guiding 100,000 Israelites through the wilderness as they grumbled and longed for the “fleshpots of Egypt,” he succumbed on sight of it. *Deuteronomy*, the fifth book of the Bible, is a classic, the poetic farewell of Moses to his people.

Near the Dead Sea there are some strangely shaped columns and some have suggested that one of these may be Lot’s wife who looked back at burning Sodom and Gomorrah. There are also volcanic remains which some think may have furnished the fire and brimstone which rained upon these wicked cities. Archaeologists differ but Dr. Nelson Glueck believes that the “steadily rising waters of the Dead Sea have covered Sodom, Gomorrah and Zoar.” Near the Dead Sea, the dragoon pointed out a mountain to which Moslems now repair for rites of circumcision.

At the northern end of the Dead Sea, the Jordan is crossed by the Allenby Bridge and nearby is Amman, the capital of Trans-Jordania, the ancient Philadelphia

of the Greeks. A railroad now connects Amman, which has a modern airport, with the formerly inaccessible Mecca, the Moslems' sacred city. Trans-Jordania, then as now, was governed by Emir Abdullah, under the British Protectorate.

We returned to Jerusalem, driving north along the Jordan river in which Christ was baptized, noting the reputed locale of Joshua's crossing in his strategic night attack upon Jericho. In the muddy little stream, pilgrims are baptized and thousands of bottles of contaminated water are shipped to our shores annually to sprinkle on the heads of pure and innocent babes in a superstition much like that of the Ganges. Jordan water pays high dividends! The Jordan is not impressive in any way. "On Jordan's stormy banks, I stand . . . Canaan's fair and happy land" is neither truth nor poetry. The Jordan is never stormy and may be forded at least nine months in the year. Canaan is not fair in this vicinity, the vegetation is very scanty and it is not and never has been a happy land. Not larger than Rhode Island, it has been a perennial battle ground.

We visited the Jerichoes, New Jericho is a modern village across the road from the ruins of the walls of ancient Jericho which collapsed after Joshua had encompassed them seven times. We had luncheon at the Little Kiosque at Elisha's Pool and watched for a time the work of excavation in the ancient ruins. As we continued toward Jerusalem, Fereed called attention to a monastery on a cliff, said to shelter the legendary cave where Elijah was fed by the ravens. Then we stopped for refreshment at Good Samaritan Inn where

the host assured us that it was the identical inn where Christ told the parable of the Good Samaritan! Do those who believe that they have seen the "roots of the burning bush," the "nails from the true cross" or the authentic tree upon which Judas hanged himself, enjoy Palestine more than those seeking the truth?

The next day, which was Friday, we joined in the procession of Via Dolorosa along which Christ passed carrying His cross. Legend says that St. Francis Assisi, when unsuccessful in converting a Sultan, was granted the wish of guarding Holy Places. Franciscan monks guard the Holy Sepulchre and for five hundred years have led the procession every Friday. The motley procession gathered numbers as we passed along, stopping at stations as in the Catholic service. We heard a bitter quarrel at the church of the Holy Sepulchre, about the location of the tomb in the dingy old building. There are thirty sites favored by various sects as their particular shrines while a Mohammedan acts as guard or policeman to keep peace among Latin, Greek, Syrian, Armenian, Copt and Abyssinian Christians. Queen Helena's Chapel is said to contain \$20,000,000 worth of jewels. The Queen, wife of the Emperor Constantine the Great, dreamed that she had discovered the true cross here and built a church in 336 A. D.! The Church of the Holy Sepulchre has been destroyed, burned and rebuilt repeatedly and is interesting as a religious museum, enwrapped in superstitions. A colony of Copts live in penury under the Coptic Patriarch on the roof of the church. Many prostrated themselves upon a marble slab in one of the chapels believing

that the body of Christ lay under it. But my credulity utterly collapsed when shown the tomb of Adam!

It was only a short drive from Jerusalem to the little Christian town of Bethlehem, a village of small stone houses with the ancient flat roofs, where the tourist is counted upon for a livelihood as in Jerusalem. A shop, opposite to the Church of the Nativity, conducts a thriving business in manufacture and sale of mother-of-pearl articles and dragomen, having a personal interest in sales, never fail to advertise all such projects attractively.

The Basilica of the Nativity is used by all nations resident in the vicinity. The Armenians were conducting a service at the time of our visit and the Greek Church had conducted a service earlier in the day. The Basilica is built over the cave or grotto, reputedly the stable in which Christ was born. The door of the Basilica is very low so that all visitors must bow and enter reverently. Candles were given us, for a consideration, and we were impressively conducted into a dark cellar. Here a flickering candle designated the manger where Christ was born, though the original manger is said to have been carried to Rome by Queen Helena.

A visit to Bethlehem dims the appeal of the modern Christmas card. Arabs wandered aimlessly over the Fields of the Shepherds and others rode over the brown and arid hills on ill-conditioned camels. This scene was a far cry from a frosted delft blue card with a silver star guiding "Three Wise Men," riding in dignity

upon sleek camels, to the manger where the "young child lay." Many travelers must regret having seen Bethlehem, it is so disillusioning.

Though it is conceded that December 25th was originally a pagan saturnalia in celebration of the lengthening of the day after the December solstice and neither the date of Christ's birth nor the exact location of the manger are definitely known, the spirit of Christmas is a matter of heart not one of calendar or geography. Christ preached, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

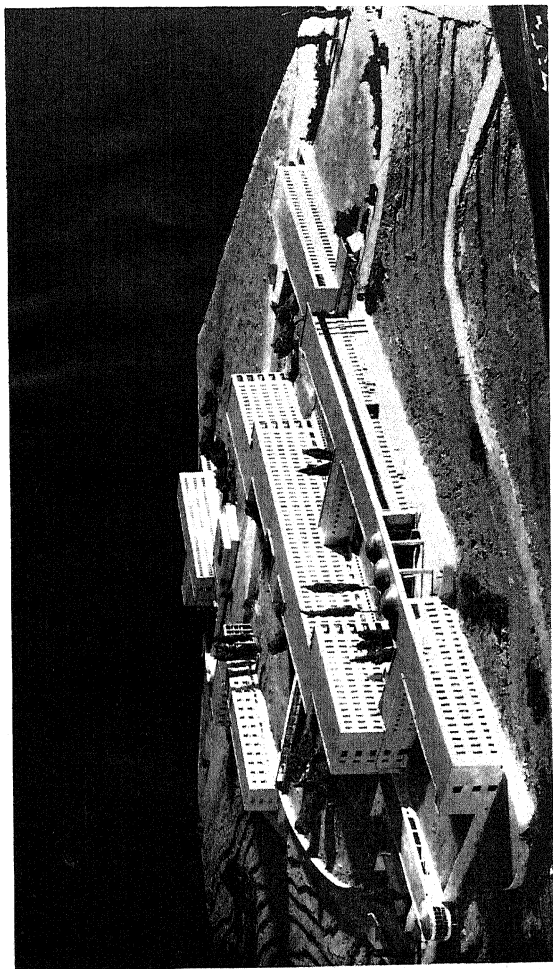
Rachel, the wife of Jacob, died at the birth of her younger son, Benjamin, near Bethlehem and all travelers must see the putative locale of her burial. The tomb overlooks the field famed in the romance of Ruth and Boaz. Nearby we saw the Jewish settlement of Talpioth, bringing us into the realm of everyday experience.

Early one morning, I motored alone to Hebron, visiting from the outside, a mosque reputed to cover the Cave of Macpelah which Abraham bought for the sepulture of his family. Archaeologists have not been allowed to excavate. Here Abraham is said to have buried Sarai, his wife and was himself buried by his sons Isaac and Ishmael and here Isaac was "Laid with his fathers." When as a child, I earned a Bible by reading it and was denied the privilege of omitting a word in the long genealogical pages of "begats," the phrase, "Laid with his fathers," gave me joy! Nearby was the Russian church and the Oak of Mamre where

some believe that the angels found Abraham when they predicted the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah.

Returning to Jerusalem for luncheon, I then motored north to Nablus, Nabulus or Schechem, the old Samaritan city with a history of four thousand years. Here began the history of the Jews when Abraham with his wife, nephew Lot and their large entourage came from Chaldea. The despised Samaritans, zealots yet practicing sacrifice, appeared to have had some initiative, for practically the only industry of any size in Palestine before 1917 was a soap factory at Nablus. In the Synagogue Keniset-es-Samireh, I saw the Samaritan Codex of the Pentateuch, preserved in a most luxurious case. Though claimed as the work of the son or grandson of Aaron, and so described in Baedeker of 1912, authorities believe it is not older than the Christian era. Samaria, so frequently mentioned in the Old Testament, is a rich field for students. The region is being excavated by a German, Hans Stecheweh but no final report has been made.

The American School of Oriental Research in Jerusalem is a rendezvous for archaeologists of the world. The Rockefeller beneficence is always receiving new material which writes the Story of Man in Palestine. The Palestine Archaeological Museum stands on the site of the Camp of Geoffrey de Bouillon of the first crusade, while a new Hebrew University overlooked Jerusalem from Mt. Scopus or Mt. of Olives. The Catholic institutions have long ministered to travelers in Jerusalem with great cordiality.



Medical Center of Hebrew University on Mt. of Olives, Jerusalem.

There were many beneficent health agencies in Jerusalem, particularly the Knights Hospitallers of the Templars and the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, established to care for sick crusaders in which treatment was given by the *maitress fisicienne*, the woman doctor of that era. Agnes of the Order of St. John lives in history. There was an Infant Welfare Station connected with the American Colony. The Rothschild Hadassah Hospital and the Straus Health Center were fine institutions while the Rockefeller Foundation had produced results here as elsewhere, especially in treatment of malaria and in oil spraying of stagnant water.

Pontius Pilate built primitive water works in Jerusalem. A visitor has said much about the plenitude of water in Jerusalem under British mandate but it was my impression that, however much increased, the reservoirs were hardly adequate to clean up Jerusalem. Water was certainly used in a very primitive way. I heard here an old prophecy that when Nile waters flowed in the streets of Jerusalem and a son of the prophet entered by Jaffa Gate, Jerusalem would fall to the Turk. When General Allenby entered victoriously by Jaffa Gate in December, 1917, British soldiers had already carried a pipeline of Nile water from Quantara and superstitious Arabs, who translated General Allenby's name "Son of the Prophet" felt that the prophecy had been fulfilled. They were consoled however when they understood that they had been delivered from the Turk.

Christian, Jew and Moslem lived in different sections of Jerusalem in apparent amity. There was more

evident friction among Christian sects than between Jew and Moslem. A New Jerusalem was building around the outside of the old one in thriving Jewish colonies. The population of Palestine was polyglot but religions were mainly those of Moslem, Jew, Christian and the Druses. The last are Syrians who accept the Pentateuch, the Christian gospel and add a Sun ideology. The British Mandate had developed Palestine marvelously and Jewish emigration had greatly increased.

It was only a short morning motor trip to Jaffa on the Mediterranean Sea. Here at the Jerusalem Hotel, I found the omnipresent American for a traveling companion. The hotel proprietor, a German Jew, had named the guest rooms for the twelve tribes of Israel and had called the Woman's Parlor which was Number 23, Tabitha. It will be remembered that it is recorded that Peter raised Tabitha or Dorcas from the dead at Jaffa. The lobby was, of course, Salon Israel. Jaffa was a busy seaport of 25,000 but my interest lay in the sister city of Tel Aviv then somewhat larger, a Jewish city with wide paved streets and modern homes.

In 1908 while Palestine was yet under the Turkish yoke, a private corporation bought a sand dune just north of Jaffa. At the time of the World War the population of the village was two thousand. Additional acreage was subsequently purchased and now I found a clean, sanitated Jewish city of more than thirty thousand. There were good schools and the people, who looked like Americans, were well dressed and were

employed. They had motors, telephones, telegraph and modern buildings of every kind. Tel Aviv was already a great achievement yet so sandy that I queried as the Walrus asked the carpenter

"If seven maids with seven mops swept it for half a year

Do you suppose" the Walrus said, "that they could get it clear."

Jaffa, or Joppa, an important seaport since the time of Solomon, who brought cedars of Lebanon by way of Jaffa for the Temple at Jerusalem, had many improvements. Many Arabs were astute business men and there were at least eight thousand Jews living in Jaffa. But there were no startling statistics on printing presses and publications, congregations of essayists, musicians, artists, sociologists or intelligentsia of any kind. None of the architecture of Erich Mendelsohn adorned the Arab city and there was no evidence of astonishing cleverness in either industry or art. Though there was sanitation, the Health Centers and Milk Depots of Palestine were for the most part allocated elsewhere. But Jaffa or Joppa has fame as the point of departure of Jonah, who was punished for disobedience by incarceration for three days in a whale!

We motored north through the Plain of Sharon, glimpsing some prosperous Jewish settlements, to Haifa, the great seaport of Palestine. Haifa now has special interest as the western terminus of the Palestine Iraq Petroleum Pipe Line. It is overlooked by the historic Mt. Carmel with its traditions of the wicked priests of Baal. Wealthy suburbanites now reside on

one side of the mountain. Dr. Chaim Weismann, a Zionist leader, built a home for his mother at the foot of Mt. Carmel not now an enviable situation, since the Island of Rhodes, celebrated for its Colossus, one of the seven wonders of the world, has become a bristling Italian Naval Base. The mountain is associated with the Carmelite Brotherhood of mendicant monks, known in England as the White Friars because they were gowned in a white mantle over a brown robe.

Here on Mt. Carmel is the tomb of Bab, founder of Babism, a modern Persian religion originating in 1843, a pantheistic philosophy forbidding concubinage, asceticism and mendicancy. One of the sects, Bahaism, has followers on our Pacific coast and in New York while the grandeur of a temple, fifteen years in building and costing a million dollars, rises high to enhance the beauty of Lake Michigan at Wilmette, Chicago. With one of the esoterics, who does not wear a turban, I visited the temple. She explained that nine is a sacred number. She said that the sect founded by Baha' u' ulla was greatly increased when his son Abbas Effendi proselyted in England and the United States in 1911-13. His grandson Shogi Effendi lives at Haifa presiding over the sect internationally but the annual Spiritual Assembly is held in Chicago. Chicagoans, inspired by the late Dr. J. H. Breasted, always visit Megiddo not distant from Haifa, where he superintended important excavations. Megiddo, the Armageddon of history, was destroyed and rebuilt nineteen times and now there have been rare "finds" in the nineteenth layer. General Allenby, who was invested with the title Viscount of

Megiddo, certainly did not meet his Armageddon in Palestine.

Much of the interest of Palestine lies in archaeological "digs" confirming Biblical history. Solomon's proverb that there is nothing new under the sun was demonstrated in January 1940 by the Colt expedition, when a divorce record of 584 A. D. was unearthed in southern Palestine. John, son of Wael, divorced Nonna because "many griefs were stirred up between them." But there was no alimony for John said, "we have no claims against each other."

We motored south of Tel Aviv glimpsing old Jewish settlements in Rishon le Zion established in 1882 with its fine vineyards, and Rehoveth with its fruitful vineyards and orange orchards. The latter is of special interest for it is the home of Dr. Chaim Weismann, Zionist leader, who at sixty-six yet experiments in his laboratory. The life of Dr. Weismann, who was born near Pinsk, Russia, a poor boy, has been dominated by his passion for a national home for the Jews. Under apparently unsurmountable obstacles he made his way to Europe, secured an unusual education, married a woman doctor at Geneva and eventually went to lecture on chemistry at Manchester, England. Then in the World War, he undertook a commission from Mr. Lloyd George, producing through his expert chemistry, an abundant supply of acetone so needful in munitions, at the psychological time of greatest need. In the irony of fate, the laboratory of the chemist Haber who performed another miracle in chemistry for the Germans in the same war, is now at the Rehoveth laboratory.

The elder Rothschild established colonies in this neighborhood more than fifty years ago which handle the largest wine vats in the world.

Dr. Weismann is a scholar of gentle nature who has been criticized because he is not militant in the Zionist cause. Another scholar, Dr. Judah Magnus, rector of the Hebrew University on Mt. Scopus in Jerusalem, does not believe in carrying Judaism into Palestine by sword. He insists that a complete reconciliation may be effected between Arab and Jew and that they may live together in peace. Though Arabs generally appeared indolent, I confess to a deep sympathy for them. Their condition appeared so hopeless that one wished that something might be done for the Arab! The popular idea that all Arabs are nomadic and ignorant has much foundation but there are some cultured and educated Moslems. The masses however look thriftless and discouraged.

Since my visit, Palestine was partitioned in an effort toward peace (1937). The proportion of Jews to Arabs increased tremendously. The comments of a traveler are supererrogation for the press has kept the world informed of pros and cons in the Jewish-Arab matters. Through the fostering and financial care of Keren Hayseod and kindred organizations during many years, agricultural colonies have made Palestine blossom like the rose. Arabs feel that Jews occupy the best regions, not realizing that irrigation, work and thrift have made them desirable regions. Cities have further developed. Recent photographs of Tel Aviv, a city of 100,000 show development of the broad tree-planted

boulevards. Dizengoff Circle and its fountain, a garden spot, has been surrounded by modern apartment buildings with balconies which resemble huge columbaria. Women appear to have stepped from an American fashion plate with short skirts, freakish hats, upswept hair and they put the best foot forward in high-heeled and open-toed shoes. Sports clothes at the beach might grace Hollywood stars. These tell that little elegancies and luxuries have come to Tel Aviv. The Jewish colonization has been a great success.

But a traveler, though not an authority, may suggest that there are two sides to the question. The Jews cite scripture to prove that they are God's chosen people. The Arabs descended from Ishmael, the older son of Abraham, have the same authority, for the Lord promised that Ishmael's race should become great and his sons be called Princes. By the Balfour Declaration Great Britain has also made promises to both Jew and Arab. The English Declaration is specific in saying, "Nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine." It follows that Britain has a moral duty to Arab, however much she may wish to have Palestine peopled with Jews.

This traveler risks no danger of being figuratively torn limb from limb in religious and political controversy by saying that had Britain no moral obligations she must not antagonize the Arabs if she wishes to preserve her "Life Line," through the Suez Canal, especially since Italy's claims are now so strongly urged. Italy's claims for a place on the Board have appeared

valid and just as documented in proportion to tonnage. Britain protects the Canal through Egypt, Palestine and Aden, a protection that would be difficult with hostile Arabs deploying through Palestine. The Iraq Petroleum Pipe Line has been repeatedly cut and fired and must be constantly patrolled.

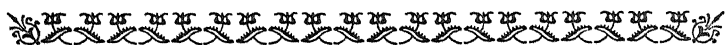
It is interesting that archaeologists have made some "finds" which might be of political as well as historical significance. Late in 1938 Solomon's Port or the Ezion-Geber of the Bible was excavated at Aqaba, the Red Sea port taken by the late Colonel Lawrence. Dr. Nelson Glueck of the American School of Research found that shipbuilding, manufacturing and commerce were carried on at Aqaba, the ancient Pittsburgh of Arabia. He suggests that the Queen of Sheba may have visited Solomon here, alarmed about her commerce. The "finds" suggest a modern airport at Aqaba and the feasibility of a canal from Haifa to Aqaba but hostile Arabs would again interfere with the project.

It is not the province of a traveler to discuss religion and politics yet one finds excuse in its relation to what he has seen in sociological conditions. These subjects are closely related in Palestine. Arabs told me that they had remained in Palestine through the centuries, even as it had fallen into decay under the Turk, that it belonged to them and that they regarded the returned Jews as interlopers. The Jews, born in the tradition of a return to the Promised Land, have been strengthened in this hope by the British Declaration, a unanimous Resolution in the House of Representatives in the

United States and sympathetic understanding and financial assistance in the democracies of the world. The wealth of philanthropists, industrialists and bankers as Rothschild, Straus, and Rosenwald has been poured into Palestine. The world agrees that the Jew must stay in Palestine — yet there is the Arab! He must not be removed for he too has his rights.

Great Britain must wish to have a progressive people in Palestine but just how the Jews may be returned in numbers is Britain's problem. The wandering Jew must not again be scourged forth. Political economists, philosophers, international authorities, and sociologists offer no solution. There has been no finality about settlements made on racial and religious lines except that in Turkey. Here Kemal Ataturk performed preliminary major surgery in removing both religions before applying a remedy. Great Britain will never so shock the world.

As Britain's problems increase daily and all "Conversations" have failed and a World War again obscures many national difficulties, the future of Palestine is as unpredictable as that of many other nations. Britain's wisdom, forethought, astuteness and diplomacy will be taxed to the utmost and one fears that "So foul a sky, clears not without a storm" in Palestine.



THE LURE OF ANTIQUITY

THE early part of the journey from Tel Aviv to Egypt might have been a motor trip from Los Angeles to San Diego through sand, irrigated areas, palms, orange, lemon, and grapefruit orchards and vineyards, with orange-brown hills on the left while on the right were occasional glimpses of the billowy blue of the Mediterranean. There were prosperous Jewish settlements in irrigated areas.

But in the apparently barren areas there were drab Bedouin villages, squalid huts and tents. No sleek Arabian steed scattered the sand into golden clouds for this was stark reality, not poetry. In vain, I watched for an agile Arab to leap from a fleet horse, detach a rug from his saddle, fling it upon the ground and kneeling upon it, bend and bow toward Mecca! No resplendent Arab goaded a gaily caparisoned camel along with a camel stick, interestingly carried between his toes. But turbaned Arabs robed in trailing *arbiyehs*, listlessly shepherded scrawny sheep and goats or guided a primitive plow, dragged by tired and frayed-out camels through the arid sand. It looked utterly futile for the Arab.

The Canal was again ferried at El Kantara and the southbound train soon reached Ishmalia where the

chalet of Fredinand de Lesseps is yet seen and then as now, the British Barracks.

Continuing toward Cairo, at first through desert, I arrived in the evening at Zagazag, on the border of the Land of Goshen. Quite impulsively, I decided upon stopping for a day in this sizable town where I might find a clean, canopied bed, without danger of encountering *cimicidae*, *culicidae* or *pediculidae*, the "ugly, creepin' blastit wonner," for I am allergic to the very thought of these pests, unmentionable in English. This plan was an inspiration for here I found a refuge apart from dogs, cats, pigeons, goats and domestic fowl, and had a rich experience among peasants in the real Egypt as I rode along canals on roads, not boulevards. But the Land of Goshen, as in days of Moses, was yet subject to plagues. The intestinal parasites *ankylostoma* and *bilharzia* wait and watch in the soft Nile mud for barefooted fellaheen and flies and fleas mass for action on unsuspecting travelers, who do not pause to Latinize their names in a spirited defence.

The population of Egypt is more than 60% peasantry or fellaheen and none are more favorably situated than those living in the rich alluvial basin of the Nile, chosen by Joseph for his famine-stricken relatives. In many respects it must be much as he knew it for life here is yet very primitive. Remains of a temple of Ptolemy VII have been excavated which suggest the architecture of Solomon's era, where now the turbaned muezzin calls from the minaret of a mosque five times a day, "There is no God but Allah and Mohammed is his Prophet." Iconography, particularly

the hieroglyphic research of A. S. Yahuda, confirms Bible history of the virtuous Joseph as all of a piece with Egyptian life of that era.

Fellaheen, farmers or cottagers live in windowless huts of Nile mud and usually in villages of adjoining houses and dogs, sheep, goats, and pigeons occupy the flat roofs. Here the fellah squats in front of his open door, and it is always open for there is nothing to close it, with his progeny, pigeons and fowls. He eats his dhura bread, fish, eggs and a variety of vegetables, particularly onions, with the fingers of his right hand, and never omits the Moslem ceremony of washing his hands and face, rinsing his mouth and sniffing water before and after each meal. No power on earth has yet prevented the Moslem proletariat from squatting instead of sitting while many others yet hang hesitantly on the edge of a chair as if in contemplation of flying to the ground like a fowl from a roost. This *al fresco* living is not dire poverty but a primitive and picturesque simplicity. The fellah's wants are few and he lives in the most fertile spot on earth and looks out upon a world of living green, his brow unwrinkled by the cares of the more abundant life. He rests contentedly from his labor, smoking his nargelah or water pipe.

A shiek or landlord may serve from a central tray, a dinner of fifteen or twenty courses beginning with soup and ending with rice and milk, interspersed with turkey, fish, mutton, beef and various vegetables, offering the guest a rare tidbit with his fingers. But it was not my privilege to dine *en famille* or to receive a *bonne bouche* from either shiek or fellah. Though I



The Squating Proletariat.
Author visits *Creche* in demoted mosque. Photograph by Madame Hesched Bey.

saw many in the Land of Goshen, few spoke my language.

A small feddan or farm is divided into squares by low ridges which are opened for irrigation at flood. No modern tractors are needed in the soft Nile silt but light plowing may be done with a primitive wooden plow with an iron nose and a team of cantankerous water-buffaloes or oxen or incongruously mixed teams. A camel may be teamed with a donkey in apparent amity. Grain is cut with a sickle. Sugar cane and grains are harvested and loaded upon camels, burdened so bulkily that they look like veritable ships of the desert and a train of loaded camels is an imposing spectacle, "The camels wobbling and swaying, stepping like ostriches." Grains are taken to threshing machines and sugar to refineries where nothing is lost, for the sugar having been extracted, the bagasse is used as fuel for power or camel fodder.

The fellah working in the field in bare feet, clad in blue coat and short wide trousers, reminds one of an American girl in gay slacks. Laborers in purple, orange or henna *arbiyehs* carry baskets of vegetables to market on their bare heads and gayly clad women and children work in the fields with men while the keenly observant landlord in white, jogs around among them on a lazy donkey.

The fertile feddan produces cotton, sugar, rice, corn or dhura, wheat, rye, barley, tobacco and a variety of luscious vegetables and, as seed time and harvest overlap, there are four or five harvests in the year and no season of unemployment for the fellah. The fellah's

real work is in watering the fields upon which little rain has fallen in six thousand years. The canal system of the Nile furnishes the water which is turned into the fields at flood with festal ceremonies but there is always watering to be done. Everywhere I heard the mournful wail of Egypt, the creaking, groaning, moaning dirge of the ancient *sakka* or water wheel by which buckets of water are drawn from the canals.

The wheel is usually revolved by a blindfolded water-buffalo, driven by a stolid boy with an apparent repugnance to his work. Fellaheen lift the buckets and distribute the water at different levels. The *shaduf* or water bucket might well symbolize the servitude of the fellah to the soil.

Egypt, once one of the granaries of the world, now grows cotton which is bought by agents who bring scales to the field to weigh it, evaluate the quality and haggle over the price. Now we hear of the Egyptian cotton crisis even as we hear of the woes of our southern cotton growers and one wonders why Egypt now imports flour and millions of cigarettes when grains and tobacco might be grown at home. And why are there not more factories and mills when capital hunts for opportunities where labor is cheap? Perhaps Egypt is for Egypt alone as suggested in the refusal of a Rockefeller Museum of Archaeology.

Though many fellaheen are poor, underpaid laborers, some farm on the shares with a more equitable division than formerly and more and more they are buying small farms. But taxes are high, particularly those on land bordering the canal; the Delta is becom-

ing crowded and Egypt, like other nations, faces economic unrest.

In approaching Cairo, one reverts to Egypt's historical background, remembering that Egyptians like Ethiopians and Libyans are Hamites and that art and literature were fostered on the Nile soon after history began on the Tigris and Euphrates. This traveler pauses for only a short resumé. Manesho, a very early priest, listed thirty dynasties of Kings or Pharaohs beginning about 5000 B. C., with the shadowy Menes believed to have founded Memphis, the first capital. In the Fourth Dynasty (2700 B. C.) the Pyramids were built and in the Twelfth Dynasty, Egypt reached the zenith of her culture (2300 B. C.). To the Eighteenth Dynasty belong the great kings as Amoris and Thotmes II. The empire was extended to the Tigris and Euphrates. Karnak belongs to this era. The Nineteenth Dynasty continued building and conquest and included Seti I and Rameses II and the exodus of the Israelites under Menephtha.

Then came decline but Alexander the Great added Egypt to his glories founding Alexandria, long a seat of learning, where a Ptolemy conceived the Ptolemaic theory that the sun revolves around the world even as the world revolved around the glory of Alexander the Great. Though the glory of Alexander was eclipsed by an early death, it was nearly a thousand years until Copernicus promulgated his system in which we now follow the sun! But in 30 B. C., Caesar annexed Egypt and the Greek Ptolemies to Rome, and took one of them, Cleopatra, to himself, and we have 365 remind-

ers in the year that he carried away the Egyptian calendar.

Sulieman, the Magnificent, brought the red flag of Turkey to Egypt and Napoleon with dreams of conquering Egypt climbed Cheops but came down promptly to conquer other worlds. Latterly, Egypt was mandated to England and she has been thus Hellenized, Latinized, Orientalized and Anglicized but remains Egyptian. The Union Jack hung with the green flag of Egypt at the time of my visit but the green flag now floats gloriously alone.

King Fuad then ruled under the British Protectorate, a matter of interest to me for Madame Hesched Bey, who entertained and took pictures for me in Istanbul, was chatelaine in the home of her brother, who had returned to Istanbul leaving his daughter with King Fuad, his late wife's brother. She gave me intimate glimpses of the Royal Family. I suffered keen embarrassment when admiring a shawl, embroidered in gay worsteds by the Queen of Egypt, for Madame insisted upon giving it to me in the oriental custom. Madame, who spoke English and French perfectly, had lived in the royal households of Turkey, Afghanistan and Egypt and was a delightful companion.

By the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty of May, 1937, Egypt became an independent kingdom under Farouk I, son of the deceased King Fuad of the Mohammed Ali line and a beautiful Egyptian. He was the first independent monarch for four centuries and the first in the line of the Pharaohs for twenty-five centuries. The boy Farouk, who had attended the coronation cere-

monies of King George VI and Queen Elizabeth, returned with his mother and sisters, was received at Port Said by a twenty-one gun salute, passed through flag-draped streets in Cairo among his subjects who were wild with joy, to the suburban palace at Koubbeh. He was soon invested with the jeweled sword of Mohammed Ali in the Royal Mosque, El Refai by Shiek Mustapha Maraghi, rector of El Azahr University and the oath was administered by Parliament. He immediately announced his engagement to Sasi Naz Zulficar, a commoner, whose beauty is reputed to rival that of Cleopatra and her name was changed to Farida, the Only One.

The handsome boy became King on his eighteenth birthday in July, 1937. He was married in January, 1938, by a simple Moslem ceremony but with great social eclat and was crowned with his wife in February, 1938. Who did not thrill to the romance of the handsomest royal couple in the world? None suggested any blot on the escutcheon of this handsome scion of the line of the treacherous Mohammed Ali. Two children have joined the Royal Household.

The royal lad with a liberal English education for his age, is democratic and progressive in his ideals; shows great good judgment and has a deep sense of responsibility to his people. Egypt has a Parliament of two houses after the English plan and he at once appointed Mohammed Mahoud who selected the cabinet. Egypt was welcomed into the League of Nations. King Farouk has a task that will test his mettle in an 85% illiteracy. The recent marriage of his sister Faw-

zieh to the Crown Prince Shahpur, son of Shah Riza Pahlava of Persia, unites the Egyptian and Iranian royalties. His position between English and Italians now requires wisdom, as well as planes and ammunition.

Cairo, capital of Egypt, yet makes magic for the traveler. This Paris of Egypt, a city of 250,000 with a delectable climate and a turquoise sky unmapped by clouds, like a prism, turns its various facets to those of different tastes. Arriving at 11 P. M. from Zagazag, I drove at once to 40 Sharia (Avenue) Sulieman Pasha in an *arabiyeh* or native carriage. I remained at the Y. W. C. A. for several days and then joined friends to enjoy the comforts and traditions of Shepherd's Hotel.

Early the next morning, accompanied by a young woman from Scotland, I visited mosques. We drove through broad boulevards bordered with palms, noting the feathery lebbek or Nile acacia, tamarisk, pepper, mimosa, mulberry, sycamore, banyan and linden trees which adorn the city. The gorgeous purple bougainvelia and orange bignonia vines and poinsettia flowered in profusion. Looking up expectantly, I had hoped to see a mocking bird in these tropical surroundings, though I had heard that there are no song birds in Egypt, but it was a skimming kite with long pointed wings and forked tail that had delighted my astonished ear, with a sweet but abbreviated song. Great flocks of crows announced hoarsely and saucily that Cairo is an oriental city. Kites, ravens, and crows, scavengers as they are, have everything their own way and have

developed a superiority complex. Those who would keep them out of their homes must be vigilant.

There are more than four hundred mosques in Cairo, many of them very beautiful and historic. The old mosques of Saracenic architecture date from the hated Mamelukes (1254-1811), descendants of Turks and Circassian slaves, who had a penchant for the fine arts as well as for beautiful women and fine horses. This Byzantine influence is shown in the minaret, arabesque, dome and graceful arch. We visited first the Mosque of Baku remarkable for the artistry of the minaret and then drove to the Mosque of Abdul Hassan, with highest minaret so beautifully mirrored in an artificial lake. It is neighbor to the lovely modern El Refai, the Royal Mosque, in which King Fuad was so recently buried.

After visiting the Mosque of Amr, the oldest in Cairo, so strangely but artistically striped exteriorly in red and white, we climbed to the Citadel, a castle of the twelfth century superbly set upon a hill. It is a city in itself including the Alabaster Mosque of Mohammed Ali, the tomb of the founder of the present dynasty, the most beautiful mosque in Cairo, built from the stones which once covered the pyramids.

We passed through the Barracks of the Citadel where English Tommies were polishing accoutrements and grooming their horses. Here I had the first thrilling glimpse of the Pyramids of Gizeh, clearly etched against the cloudless sky. Then we entered the dreary palace of sanguinary and ghostly memories, for here in 1811 Mohammed Ali invited the 470 of the Mame-

luke Cavalry to a banquet where they were cruelly murdered, only one escaping. Having occupied Egypt for the Sultan of Turkey, he then established his own dynasty after centuries of Tartar misrule. From the windows of the palace we looked down upon the tombs of the ill-fated Mamelukes.

We viewed from the outside, the nearby University of Cairo, the minaretted El Azhar in which Dr. Selim Hassan Bey was then rector. Here young nationalists, formerly organized as Blue Shirts for athletic and military training, have been demilitarized becoming Boy Scouts and here all Islam now studies arts, sciences, and modern languages, medicine and law, but may not enter the Institute of Archaeology without a University degree *cum laude* and three languages. But it is most interesting that Egyptian girls now engage in field athletics and esthetic dancing dressed, or undressed, as in the occident. All Americans visit the American University, one of the five in the Near East, with great interest.

We spent the afternoon in the Egyptian Museum entering the precincts through handsome gates of wrought iron grill work. The building is of substantial yellow brick, domed and faced on the ground floor with a colonnade of graceful arches. Only the cognoscenti should write of a visit to the Egyptian Museum.

One of my classmates, in very early years, married the late Professor Hogg of Oxford University, a famous Egyptologist. How we sympathized that she must live in the dry-as-dust atmosphere of ruins and

mummies! But when we returned for a reunion at our Alma Mater, I was so fascinated by her accounts of her husband's activities that I have ever since pored over archaeological reports and gloated over fragments from Karnak, the Rosetta Stone and other treasures of the British Museum at every opportunity. My interest is a sentimental rather than a scholarly one but even a dilettante may enjoy the Egyptian Museum which houses records of man from 4000 B. C. It is now directed by Dr. Selim Hassan Bey, formerly at the head of the University of Cairo, who has many "finds" to his credit.

At this time the Tutenkamen relics, closely guarded in the Jewel Room by Egyptian soldiers, were attracting great attention, especially the Golden Mask and a series of coffins. The Mask, inlaid with lapis lazuli and carnelian, and a carved wooden coffin overlaid with the much desired polychrome faience and a solid gold coffin captured the interest of all, but other objects suggested the small elegancies of life in this era, as a perfume box, an ivory handled fan with ostrich feathers perfectly preserved, statuettes, canes, chairs, etc. This visit was more illuminating than one to the Valley of the Kings at that time for the mummy of Tutenkamen was being rewrapped at Luxor and tourists were conducted into the empty electric-lighted tomb, six at a time, for a two minute view. One may not decipher many hieroglyphics or study many of the wall decorations in two minutes or indeed see anything. But now rewrapped, King Tut lies under a glass plate under the electric light in his tomb, visited by thousands who

have forgotten the sinister influences imputed to the mummy when he emerged into the modern world.

It goes without saying that I was attracted to the statues of Ra-Hotep, High Priest of Heliopolis and his wife Nefert, which are of equal size, indicating equality of men and women in this era. The most casual visitor cannot miss the statue of the Father of Archaeology, the Frenchman, August Ferdinand Mariette, which stands at the head of the main stairway in frock coat and Egyptian fez!

In archaeological mood, I went next morning by tram to Gizeh, rubbing shoulders with fellaheen who carried burdens and sticks of sugar cane which they stripped and chewed audibly throwing the fodder on the floor. The experience was interesting but I understood no word but "backsheesh." One cannot always "sprinkle iron" and I soon learned the polite reply, "Al Allah — I commit you to God."

Pestilential sons of "The Shiek" surrounded me when I arrived near Mena House and what a numerous family is the Shiek's. Conveyed to the top of the hill near Cheops, the Great Pyramid, I asked to be left alone and subsequently heard a number saying ironically, "She wishes to be left alone." And who indeed can bear inconsequential comment before the Pyramids and the Sphinx?

But these are not now the Pyramids of my dreams. They are just as tremendous and impressive and even more interesting, but the glamour of mystery has departed. Dr. Selim Hassan Bey was at that time directing excavations west of the Sphinx to the first and

second Pyramids. As I watched the sad spectacle of women and children carrying baskets of sand on their heads from the excavations, emptying them, returning again and again, urged to haste by the music of a chantey and the crack of the overseer's whip, I marveled that such great excavations have been made in such a primitive and unhappy manner.

All guide books describe the Cheops but it is of interest to remember that immense stones were quarried east of the Nile and brought to the west bank by great feats of engineering and that 100,000 men were given employment for twenty years. Cheops or Khufu of the fourth dynasty not only glorified himself in his tomb, supplied an early model for our W. P. A., but left in his tomb and adjacent temple tombs and passages, a permanent record of life in his times.

The Second Pyramid and the Sphinx, with the body of a lion and the face of a man probably memorialize Khufra, the brother of Khufu. The memory of Mark Twain is kept green among the pyramids for all tourists are reminded that he climbed the Second Pyramid though it is never suggested that he has any other claim to immortality. The Sphinx which has held the imagination of the world for centuries, though no longer "wrapped in awful mystery" drew me irresistibly as I studied the monstrous head sixty-five feet high, from different angles, particularly as it faces east suggesting the worship of Ra, the sun god, sacred to early Egyptians.

After this morning of quiet enjoyment undisturbed by sons of the shiek and official guides I returned to

Mena House for a late luncheon perched ludicrously upon a camel, gaily caparisoned in dirty rugs. As a very tall New Yorker, a Mediterranean cruiser, gracefully draped over another dirty camel passed, I heard him question his loquacious guide, "What do they usually give you?" The reply was, "Some give me ten dollars."

My gratuity for about five minutes was only five piasters in excess of the charge but I was cajoled into buying a Rameses lizard and other useless impedimenta, soon thrown away, in the full knowledge that the old oriental philosophy, "Always cheat an unbeliever," was yet in full force.

Mena House is a study in occidental and oriental contrasts, a luxurious English hotel where one may have a "jolly luncheon" or a "topping dinner" served by the blackest of Sudanese in the whitest of uniforms. Here, where myriads of electric lights are mirrored in an outdoor swimming pool, one may dine under the stars looking up to the Great Pyramid through Ishmail's Walk, an avenue of lebbek or feathery Nile acacia, or he may enjoy this desert oasis in an afternoon of golfing, an evening of dancing or wander into the moonlight to romanticize in antiquity. But this tired and dusty traveler prosaically motored back to Cairo for dinner, feeling that there is something incongruous about a modern hotel among pyramids.

The next morning, I followed my secret heart when I motored to Heliopolis, only fifteen miles from Cairo, the ancient On of the Hebrews where Joseph married a daughter of a priest of On and Moses and Zipporah,

his wife, attended medical school. The monument, the Egyptian Obelisk in New York, was excavated at Heliopolis. Heliopolis, a fashionable suburb with lovely villas and gardens, modern hotels and clubs, now has an ultra-modern airport. Early in 1940, General Maxime Weygand, Commander of the French Near East Army in Syria, formerly Marshal Foch's Chief of staff, reviewed British and Egyptian troops at Heliopolis, later joined by Punjabi Indians and Gurkhas from Nepal. Here modernity overshadows ancient history.

But I am not forgetful that there were three medical schools in Egypt, at On or Heliopolis, Memphis and Sais which was near the Rosetta mouth of the Nile, for Dr. Kate Mead finds that Euripides and Heroditus wrote eulogies upon the intelligence of Egyptian women and their skill in industry, commerce, medicine and law. She quotes an inscription found at Sais, which indicates that women were teachers as well as students in medical schools, "I have come from the women's school at Sais where the divine mothers have taught me how to cure diseases." In her *History of Women in Medicine* she published the picture of a *stele* (3000 B. C.) showing a woman doctor presenting her patient to Isis, curing a boy of poliomyelitis or infantile paralysis. Dr. Mead finds the writings of Euripides, Heroditus and Pliny corroborated by papyri and tablets, particularly by those of Georg Ebers in Leipzig, Sir Flinders Petrie in London (2500 B. C.) and we have the Edwin Smith papyri in Chicago (3000 B. C.). She shows that women were the original doc-

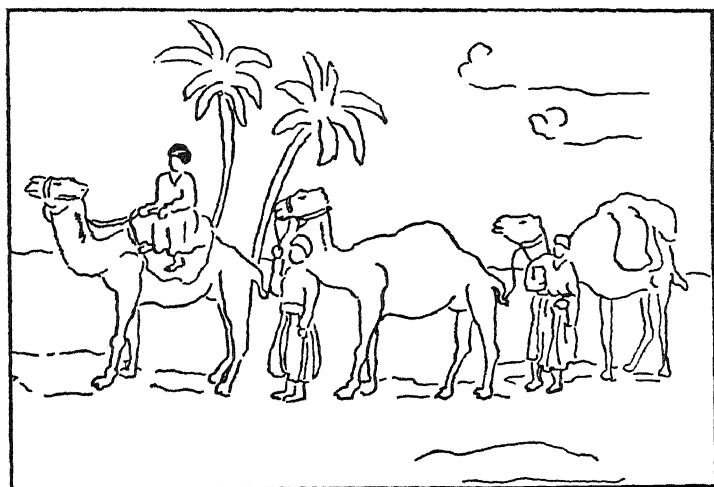
tors, men engaging in the manly pursuits of war and the hunt. When Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell entered medicine first in U. S. and later in England she only heralded a renaissance of women in medicine. I thrill to stories of Greek and Egyptian women doctors for these are the roots of my professional family tree! Dr. Mary Kalipothakes has furnished me with an account of the scholastic and medical achievements of a group of women doctors now practicing in Alexandria, who are worthy successors of the scholarly women doctors of ancient Egypt.

After this digression in professional reverie, my mind reverted to the story of Moses in the bulrushes, for I had noted the reeds along the Nile — and papyrus was made from the reed or bulrushes on the Nile. The Greeks calling it *byblos* gave us the word Bible and the word paper from papyrus. Because it was so expensive, Egyptians wrote on tile, leather and stone, thus preserving the antiquities of Egypt, and here one may well reflect upon our debt to the culture of Egypt, for Greek and Roman carried to western civilization the beginning of learning in mathematics, medicine, architecture and the fine arts.

Yet archaeologically minded, I went with Cook's on a Nile boat to Bedrechen and by donkey to Memphis, the first capital of Egypt under King Menes, (4000 B. C.). Nothing remained of temples and palaces of that era but antiquity was suggested by an alabaster sphinx and a colossal Rameses II lying in Nile mud. But in 1937, Sir Flinders Petrie, the Nestor of Archaeology, uncovered and outlined the Temple

and Tomb of Ptah (4000 B. C.). Ptah is identified with medical history.

My experience with the "Ship of the Desert" was enlarged by riding through the sand to Sakkara. He was urged with a goad or pulled by a rope like a mechanical toy but could not be managed like a puppet show. He sank to his knees for his burden and rose by installments and kept me guessing where or when he would next unfold or extend. With lack of rhythm in bringing down his hind feet, the hardness of the wooden saddle and the burning sun, my experience was complete. He was not the fleet steed of the cinema rushing with outstretched neck like a giant defeathered ostrich into a primitive battle nor yet was he a ballerina. He was a surly beast. The many Oriental arguments that a



Washington, Gladstone and Napoleon, divested of the appealing names and gay trappings of tourist service now become dusty but trusty beasts of burden.

camel is a better investment than an automobile, carry no weight with me, though I am convinced that he outwears a motor. He outwore me in two hours. The dream of being rested and gently lulled by a swaying camel or of languidly leaning against soft cushions in a silk-curtained palanquin is an oriental fantasy! The silvery tinkle of a camel bell is — poetic license. Hereafter I donkeybacked, but how dependable is the camel!

The excavations at Sakkara include some of the first dynasty and antedate those of Luxor and Thebes. The house of M. Mariette, who began excavations here in 1850, is carefully preserved. The great archaeological find of 1937 came in the Step Pyramid of King Zoser, where excavations disclosed the culture of that era to be equal to that of Greece in 500 B. C. This gives some plausibility to the statement that human intelligence has not advanced a degree since the time of the Pharaohs. In 1936 Professor Selim Hassan Bey found the tomb of Demed (4500 B. C.), for which he had searched for thirty years. Here also was found the tomb of the famous Ptah-Hotep, author of the "earliest book" which gives instructions in social matters, even suggesting collective bargaining! (Dr. J. H. Breasted's *Dawn of Conscience*.) How Americans love to dig down through the centuries!

The return to the boat was made by docile donkey and we were refreshed, after a rewarding but strenuous day, with tea as we continued the homeward journey on the Nile.

My last drive was to visit the Delta Barrage fifteen

miles from Cairo, a colorful ride through luxuriant vegetation much like that in the Land of Goshen. At the Barrage, the largest on the Nile River after the Assuan Dam, the Model House is of great interest. Here are the plans of the methods by which engineers regulate the distribution of water in Egypt. Nilometers or gauges measure the height of the Nile which following its 4000 mile course rises very rapidly in the August flood and the barrages care for the measured inundation of the Delta fields. A nilometer had been seen on the island of Rhoda in Old Cairo.

The National Health office and laboratories formerly in the old hospital of El Aini have been rebuilt on Rhoda Island. Not more than fifteen per cent of the population of Egypt is definitely healthy and nearly all diseases born in the cradle of endemic disease (India) travel to Egypt. The Nile has not been an unmixed blessing for it has brought in its inundations two devastating worms, the hook worm, *ankylostoma* (see India), and a water fluke called *bilharzia*, for Dr. Bilharz who discovered it (1851). The Egyptian National Board of Health conducts clinics and a few years ago there were fifty-two of such clinics for the treatment of these diseases and distribution of information as to prevention. Now traveling clinics have added to the efficiency of the service. Dr. Hassan, the progressive President of the National Health Board, reported to the National Nutrition Committee of the League of Nations in February, 1939, that 34% of the population suffered from the nutritional disease of pellagra coexistent with infections of *ankylostoma*

and *bilharzia*, and that rickets was common north of Assuan where milk was not so much used. This report indicates the progress of Egypt in matters of health.

As in the Orient and latterly in the U. S., there are many drug addicts in cannabis Indica or hashish and marihuana in Egypt. Many years ago these were punished by pulling their teeth but the practice continued. The medical profession in Egypt forges ahead in research. The Near East Association of Tropical Medicine often meets in Cairo and those who attended the International Congress of Ophthalmologists in 1938 returned enthusiastic.

Moving to Shephard's Hotel, I became a woman tourist, visiting with friends on the verandah, listening to international gossip and enjoying the music and fascination of cosmopolitan Cairo. With an American woman, I visited shops and rambled in the "moosky" or famous bazaars. Mellowed by the excellence of coffee and influenced by supersalesmanship, we bought some lovely things by the generally accepted plan of several times feigning to depart without purchases. Bargaining in the Orient where there is never a *prix fixe* is a fascinating game.

Wandering in native quarters, I found large families riding out in rude carts which bulged over with children. Here women yet wore the *milayah* or cloak and a veil was held by a brass band across the nose. Children were gaily clad and men wore the turban or tarboosh, the fez belonging to higher classes, and the *arbiyeh*, *galabieh* or long robe. Some women antedating westerners had finger nails tinted with henna, an

ancient custom with Egyptians. The traveler who comments on the number of handsome old men who have lost an eye through irritation of sand is not entirely right. A sandfly carries a germ which causes an inflammation resulting in the loss of an eye. Trachoma, caused by a germ, is a common cause of blindness all through the Orient.

In Esbekian quarters, Italian, Levantine, Turk and Greek smoked long water pipes at sidewalk cafes. Water sellers in gay attire sold various fruit juices as well as water through the streets, jingling their glasses to create a thirst. The khans or caravanseries of which I had read had been replaced by hotels. The real Egypt of the Pharaohs may yet be seen among the fellaheen or peasantry but the typical Oriental must be diligently sought in Cairo for the modern city might be Paris or any large European city. Egypt is alluring and Cairo is fascinating.

There are many evident and some elusive reasons why Cairo is yet a page from the *Arabian Nights* or perhaps the Garden of Allah, which like a Circe lures and holds the traveler. Though I had not seen a *kham-sin* or sand storm, had not ridden in a *dahabiyeh* which George Ade says "sounds like a disease but is a boat" nor even in a romantic felucca and had spelled out no hieroglyphics, I had taken Nile water and, "He who drinks Nile water must return."

“SOMEWHERE EAST OF SUEZ”

*If you've ever heard the East a-calling
You won't ever hear aught else. — KIPLING.*

- I. The Gateway to India.
- II. “On the Road to Samarcand.”
- III. “Each Day I Walk with Wonder.”
- IV. Following the Gleam.



THE GATEWAY TO INDIA

AT Port Said, I boarded the *Morea* for "Somewhere east of Suez" and we soon entered "the ditch through the desert" which unites the occidental with the oriental world. As we passed slowly through the hundred miles of the Suez Canal, there were memories of Verdi, for Ishmali Pasha had importuned him to write an opera celebrating the completion of the Canal and the opening of the Italian Opera House in Cairo. After repeated refusals, he named a price believing it to be prohibitive but it was promptly accepted and today the world sits rapt in enjoyment of *Aida*.

We passed less slowly through the hot, dry, thirteen hundred miles of the Red Sea which has borrowed a reddish appearance from its algae. Some have claimed to have sighted Mt. Sinai, where Moses received the ten commandments, but no glass could ever have brought it in view. Passing through the dreary strait with the euphonious name of Bab El Mandab, we arrived at Aden where the British Consul resides and the Hotel de Europe sent out a gorgeous creature in red, white and gold with a long staff that might have graced the beadle in Cologne Cathedral, but his aplomb collapsed in whiskers and bare feet!

Aden, a protectorate of Great Britain, has a population of about forty-six thousand and the Gulf of

Aden, an arm of the Arabian sea, is a hot, dry, and gloomy region where it seldom rains. Water and oil are stored in great gray tanks along the shore which must now be targets for bombs since English Somaliland has fallen to the Italians. The town is a key to the Suez Canal and a coaling station for steamers. Stories of shark-infested waters added no note of cheer as, with another passenger, I was transferred directly from the *Morea* to the *Razmac*, a new fast mail steamer en route to Bombay. Ships at port had never looked so unsurmountably high as the *Morea* and *Razmac* on open sea. The steps and rope ladder aroused apprehension. Even Ariel might have felt confused in winging his way over the undulant waters. There were only eight passengers on the *Razmac* and we had the freedom of the ship and fine service.

After many days of desperately deep and "salt estranging sea" and disturbing vibration, I arrived in Bombay in keen anticipation of adventure in India. Long steeped, marinated, and saturated with stories about India, I could have imagined that I had lived there in some former incarnation, had I any animistic tendencies.

Taking a gharry, a four wheeled Indian carriage, at the wharf I passed through the cosmopolitan city, so Indian withal, and the film of my dreams unrolled. I soon arrived at the Y. W. C. A. in Mayo Road and settled in the room of Dr. Margaret Balfour, then out of the city on her research for the League of Nations and the Government.

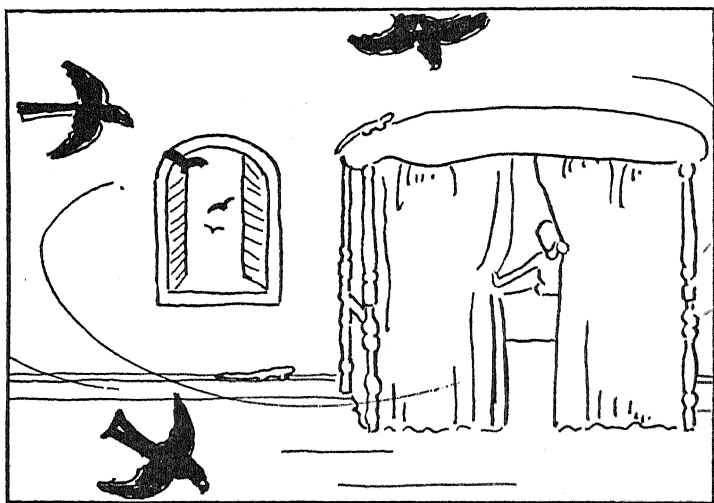
It was a large room with three floor-length, bal-

coned windows, overlooking a park, then a riot of color. There were poinsettias and such poinsettias, bougainvillia and bignonia, palms, cypress, gold morrhul and the flame-of-the-forest with its great scarlet blossoms, birds of brilliant plumage, green parrots, skimming kites, hovering ravens, cawing crows and the impudent, quarrelsome Indian starling, the mina bird, clacked around on the ground. There were gay turbans, red stockings, multi-colored scarfs, red and orange sashes, bright *saris*, gold embroideries, white sun helmets and white togas. There were noisy insistent vendors of tinsel toys and gaudy jewelry, coolies in small loin cloths, business men in the dhoti, many in bare feet, women with cumbrous nose, ear and ankle rings, their mouths red with betel chewing. The shining brown bodies of all but naked boys and children shimmering in the play of a fountain completed a moving picture before my windows. One could not be insensible to the beauty of it all.

But a haze hung over the city, perhaps partly from the smoke of the Hindu burning ghats but quite certainly smoke from cow dung cakes, the fuel of the poor. Despite the colorful beauty of the city, there lurked in the byways and on the outskirts of the city, sordidness, poverty, superstition and disease.

My room was oven hot and turning on the electric fan, a huge windmill contrivance suspended from the center of the ceiling, and drawing aside the canopy, a constant equipment of Indian beds, I rested drowsily, dimly conscious of the incessant chatter of birds and the musical rhythm of a chantey sung by workmen in

the distance. But a clicking noise attracted my attention to a green lizard on the ceiling catching flies and soon a "consternating crow" flew in at a window and perched upon the canopy of my bed, then another and another and, all cawing raucously, they refused to be permanently dislodged. I had inadvertently opened a screen door to a window balcony.



So This was India.

“ . . . ravens, crows and kites
Fly o’er our heads and downward look on us
As we were sickly prey.”

So this was India, paradoxical, tantalizing, alluring India, from which some may wish to escape but to which all ever long to return. Heterogeneous India, upon whose age-old customs and institutions modern

ideas of living and sanitation were being slowly, so very slowly, engrafted. The climatic, racial, religious and financial difficulties were almost at once apparent.

Historians tell of Aryans who migrated from the cradle of mankind to India and Persia as well as to the west, and of the development of the Indian and his religion, of Persian, Chinese and Tatar invasions, of the legendary Semiramis of Nineveh, of the victorious Darius of Persia and the conquering Alexander of Macedon and of the great Tamerlane, the Tatar. All of these invaders carried away much, destroyed more, but left an impress upon Indian civilization.

The understanding traveler must know something of Indian literature in the ancient Ramayana and Mahabbarata, Indian epics of philosophy, and of the religions of India, especially of Brahmanism or Hinduism and Buddhism, the religions of one-third of the population of the globe.

He must have an appreciation of the influence of the Moslem invaders, the six Great Moguls and Moslem architecture. He must know the history of the East India Company and that after the Sepoy Rebellion in 1857, Great Britain entered India through conquest (1858) and that India is a Crown colony of eleven provinces but that two-fifths of the country consists of native states of varied sizes and importance which have autonomy, except as to foreign relations, and are governed by hereditary princes both Hindu and Moslem.

Visitors in India, like blind men feeling an elephant, find what they seek. My picture of India differs from that of those who emphasize all the sordid and

gruesome details of Brahmanism. I confess to righteous indignation that all the muck of India is stirred and messed and the germs scattered to the four winds in sensational stories of sexual perversions and atrocities *ad infinitum ad nauseam*, stories that might be duplicated by any woman doctor in any land, but happily never are. The Indian's religion has never taught restraint in sexual life. In the words of that immortal, delightful old hypocrite, Sairey Gamp, "Who deniges of it Betsy? Who deniges of it?"

A diligent search for the pornographic doubtless reveals all that is related, but aside from the fidelity of salacious stories lies the crux of my resentment, for among the shocking portrayals there is no mention of any accomplishment in education, health and sanitation by Indian, English and International agencies. These were so patently evident in Bombay and other cities that the most casual observer could hardly overlook them.

Visits in Palestine and Egypt had so orientalized my outlook that I was not surprised that birth and infant mortality rates were tremendously high and that maternal morbidity was unequaled in the world. Social custom requires that women must be attended by women and I visited some of the women doctors who had sought not the wealth of the Indies but a route to the heart and health of India.

A monstrosity called a topi was purchased at once. It is a cork sun helmet, often mistakenly lined with red under the delusion that the actinic rays of the sun rather than the heat, addle the brain. But the pesky

thing was soon discarded for an equally ridiculous Bangkok hat and an umbrella, though the "parabrella" fashion had not yet been introduced by Queen Elizabeth and Premier Chamberlain. I continued sight-seeing, looking like an animated Chinese ideograph of a missionary, a woman with an umbrella.

The fine Cama and Albless hospitals were soon found in a garden of palms and flowers occupying a city block and here I presented my letter to Dr. Eliza Turner-Watts, watched her perform some surgical operations and give a blood transfusion. With her assistant, Dr. Jhirad, a Jewess of Sephardic type, who has now succeeded her as Principal, and Miss Dodabog, M. D., Dr. Watts conducted me through the hospitals from the T. B. verandahs, where flocks of crows kept the patients company, to the laboratories. Let none disparage the scavenger crow, remembering only his saucy depredations.

These hospitals are the philanthropy of two Parsees, Messrs. Cama and Albless. The Seth Gunderdas Hospital and Medical College connected with the University of Bombay are other Parsee philanthropies. Few visitors tell that there are five fine universities in India, at Bombay, Madras, Calcutta, Allahabad and Lahore. Though these might be co-educational, few Indian women enter them on account of social and religious customs. Professor Hira Patil of Agra Medical College, who visited me in the summer of 1939, says that co-education is more common and more native women are studying medicine.

What traveler in India has reported the earnest en-

deavor along the line of medical education among women? Sixty-five years ago the Countess of Dufferin Association established medical colleges at Vellore, Ludhiana, Madras, Agra and Delhi where native women were trained as sub-surgeons, nurses and midwives. The Poonah Seva Sedan Society has long sent out sub-surgeons and midwives. The Lady Chelmsford Maternity and Child Welfare League was well established. Lady Reading Baby Week was observed and health films were shown in villages while doctors were subsidized for rural communities. The Dais or Midwives' Improvement Association trained nurses, going into communities, gathering native midwives and giving an intensive training. The Victoria Memorial Fund had long provided similar training, requiring a minimum of seventy-five lectures. There were maternity hospitals in every capital.

The world famous Haffkine Institute for Research where Dr. Margaret Balfour, variously commissioned, had her headquarters, was visited. This Institute is another Parsee philanthropy and here W. H. Haffkine developed a vaccine for Bubonic Plague. The cause of the disease, the *bacillus pestis*, was isolated by Alexander Yersin, a pupil of the Japanese Kitasato, who was a pupil of Koch, but to the Parsee, W. H. Haffkine belongs the honor of a treatment vaccine. Unfortunately his life was saddened at one time by the accident of forgetting, when greatly hurried, to treat the culture with carbolic and there were some deaths from accidental tetanus — though not more than in untreated cases.

There were in India in 1926, seven hundred fully qualified women doctors who were principals of hospitals, surgeons and teachers in medical colleges. The number of foreign women has increased and the number of natives is constantly augmented through Indian medical schools. There is now some co-education in medical colleges.

Though there is a slow but continued improvement in Indian conditions, it cannot be hoped that the 320,000,000 Indians will ever whirl in the flying trapeze of reforms with Occidentals. Religion with the Indian is a pattern of living rather than just a belief or wishful thinking as with us and the masses attribute disease to the wrath of heaven and propitiate the gods instead of seeking medical advice. Even the educated become apathetic about health.

The first Hindu worship that I saw was the simple morning *pūja* of a priest in a Shiva or Siva temple. In the Hindu trinity, Siva is the creator, Vishnu, the preserver and Kali, the destroyer. One need not be greatly shocked by the representation of Siva, the creator of life, by the phallic column or *lignam*, of which there are millions in India where phallicism or sex worship originated and spread to the Near and Far East and over the world. One must accept it as symbolism not counting it against the Indian as a part of a sex complex. The priest placed a marigold on the column saying "Siva Om " and going to the wall of the temple served Siva's interesting family in the same way, Parvati, his wife, Ganish, his ugly son and Hanuman, the monkey god, placing flowers and leaves one by

one with libations of Ganges water as he repeated the magic word "Om." Then he touched the feet of the god, if a column may be said to have feet, and afterward touched his own head thus "taking the dust from the feet," the Indian token of homage. This service, I saw later in larger temples with many worshipers and more priests, some of them blowing trumpets, pounding gongs and beating drums to gain the attention of the gods. Intelligent Indians assured me that they regard the images as symbols but the ignorant, always seeking the concrete, believe that the gods live in the images. Christians should find this explanation plausible, remembering the bitter controversies about transubstantiation.

A box of ancient books sometimes occupied some long and dreary hours of Sabbath afternoons of my childhood, after I had glibly recited my catechism and psalms. Among the books, was Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*, fearfully and wonderfully illustrated, and I took a child's fearsome delight in the story of Anne Askew, who undaunted by tortures, insisted upon her disbelief in transubstantiation until she was burned at the stake in the Smithfield Fires before the church of St. Bartholomew. A quieting bed-time story was that of John Rogers who also denied transubstantiation and was graphically pictured as tied to a stake, the flames leaping high around him, consoled, as the caption read, by the presence of "His wife and nine small children and one at the breast." John Foxe, rest his troubled soul! lies in the churchyard of St. Giles, Cripplegate, London, where within lies John Milton whose monument

has been thrown down by Nazi bombs. When tempted to criticize Oriental religions harshly, I remember that Christianity is an Oriental religion and that these and other western incidents in Christian history have not improved practice in a religion of love.

Dr. M. Kamalaker of Surat Woman's Hospital, a high caste Hindu with a European education, assured me that educated Indians deplore the abominations that have arisen in their religion and explained informatively the development of caste from a classification of priests, soldiers, business men and laborers.

Some comparative study of religion is illuminating. Even after witnessing the disgusting spectacle of animal sacrifice in Benares, Brahmanism held my interest, not approval and admiration, for I remember that the Christian religion has been sanguinary. Cain's offering of the fruits of the field was less acceptable than the animal sacrifice of Abel and jealousy arising from this fact led to the "first murder." And Abraham, ready to offer up his own son Isaac in sacrifice, was only deterred by seeing a ram caught in the thicket, which he was directed to substitute. It appears reasonable to suppose that Indians, Aryans even as we, have had their imaginations colored by the tropic sun while my forbears in the stern and bleak environment of Scotland developed such grim beliefs as foreordination and predestination.

Much of the culture and education of Bombay originates with the Parsees or Parsis. They too are Aryans, followers of Zoroaster, often called Sun or Fire Worshipers, who escaped from Persia under Moslem inva-

sion in the eighth century. They are not only educated and cultured but very philanthropic and they live up to their belief in a wise Creator, Mazda, the soul's immortality and a personal responsibility for thoughts, words and deeds. No other city in the world has sixty-seven thousand citizens who assume such tremendous responsibility. It is unfortunate that there are fewer than two hundred thousand of them in the world. They have no converts and marriage to a Parsee does not bring membership in the sect.

It was an imposing sight to see them in Bombay as they came close to the water's edge on the bay, wearing their peculiar cork hats covered with black and yellow oilcloth. With eyes turned reverently toward the setting sun, they untied the *kusta* or sacred cord worn around the body, prayed until it had been stretched full length, retied it and went quietly home. They do not worship the sun but regard it as a manifestation of the Supreme Creator, Mazda. They have no temples except those in which the sacred flame is carefully watched that it may never burn out. Their prayer repeated many times a day is from the ancient Zend, "I am a worshiper of Mazda, I praise good thoughts, good words, good deeds."

A visit to their five Towers of Silence in Bombay where the dead are exposed for vultures to devour, converted me to this seemingly abhorrent custom from a sanitary point of view, though it must always appear a gruesome procedure. We timed our visit for 11 o'clock, the hour for funerals, when vultures always hovering around the towers appear in great numbers.

A funeral passed into the park surrounding the towers, friends and relatives, walking two by two, carried a twig between them, the *peiwand*. They deposited the body upon the ground and we saw no more for keepers took it up and would divest it of clothing and place it in one of the galleries built around a well, which are arranged for men, women and children. The vultures which then hovered around the tops of the towers in great numbers would remove every vestige of flesh from the body in half an hour and the bones would be eventually dislodged into the well below to become dust. Disposal of bodies by cremation, burial or in water would be sacrilege to Parsees for fire, earth and water are sacred elements.

In comparing funeral customs of orientals with our own, one becomes thoughtful about them. Robert Frost's *Home Burial*, describing a New England custom, suggests a companion poem, and I furnish an outline. The place is Frankford Springs, Pa., a little village with a classical Academy and two churches, now a deserted village after an oil boom. A funeral cortege of spring wagons, surreys, buggies and an occasional phaeton with fringed canopy and men on horseback enters the Presbyterian cemetery. Two little girls, sitting on a back garden fence, screened from maternal vision by shrubbery, disobediently drop to the ground on the other side, and run across a pasture lot to join village children peering through the graveyard fence. Close to the fence is an open grave and beside it a pile of hard yellow clay from the excavation, held in place by boards. No evergreens soften or disguise the awful

truth. Relatives and friends come from the carriages, the women with rustling of silk and fragrance of lavender. Men, red-faced from choking collars, remove their hats and women, heavily veiled in black crepe, sob softly. The minister in quavering voice prays so feelingly that women cry audibly. The casket is lowered into the grave with ropes. The grave-diggers, standing by, reach for their shovels which lie upon the clay and push the hard lumps which rattle down against the rough box with a thundering resonance never to be forgotten. Some women shriek, one faints, but all remain stoically watching the grave filled and rounded. With streaming tears, we speed home through the pasture lot unmindful of the terrifying cows, knowing that we should never again be satisfied with our perch on the fence, the sound of rattling clods and an occasional outcry for they "had taken it hard." We paid in the flesh for our emotional orgy for punishment was summary and effectual — and I am glad that it was.

The crudities of rural burial have been replaced by many refined cruelties. Impoverished families pay their last penny on the installments of small insurance policies that undernourished children may have a fine funeral. The necessities of life are sacrificed for a transient elegance for which a whole family long carries a burden of debt. Among the well-to-do, the "deceased" is placed in a funeral home. I should prefer to be, like Mr. Mantalini, in *Nicholas Nickleby*, a "body" (without his choice qualifying adjectives) than a "deceased" and who feels that a funeral director's rooms constitute a home? The deceased is prepared by

mortician, cosmetician and modiste to look natural as life and much more beautiful. She is clothed in fine linen, silk and velvet, reclined in an unnatural position on a bed of roses, though her life has never been so described, and lies like a piece of Dresden china surrounded by carriage loads of flowers. Relatives and friends grieve over her and the curious crowd around her for days. Then the tense emotional strain comes to a climax in obsequies. Hospitals refuse the floral pearly gates and harps as too suggestive for patients. The price of them might have relieved suffering. Relatives have only a memory of sorrow prolonged until emotions reached a breaking point. Such funerals inspire one to live as long as possible and should soften criticism of Hindu Burning Ghats and Towers of Silence. Fortunately there is a reaction to ostentation, and quiet and sane customs may be evolved.

An understanding of the nine main religions of India would add interest to travel but a knowledge of two thousand sects would be confusing. Those who travel with sympathetic understanding must remember that we have many more in the U. S. where it is our proud boast that every man worships as his conscience dictates. Father Divine domiciles his black divinities in the vicinity of the home of our President. Esoterics build a million dollar temple in Chicago for a modern Persian religion. An elegantly costumed woman affirms that there is a gold in the coffer of the I Am's, finds it there and carries it away. The House of David, a communistic religious group, flourishes at Benton Harbor, Michigan. Nudists walk in the dew of our parks.

A Russian-American incorporates a Church of Venus or Aphrodite or a Church of Love in New York. All religions of the world are copied and our ingenious people invent new ones every day, some as an escape from grief or frustration. Others are inspired by cupidity and in some the phallic column, like the fifth column, lies hidden. Let us be tolerant with India.

To my question as to whether there was any hope of overcoming Indian superstition, a Scotch resident replied, "No, Madame, I have little hope of overcoming my own," a reply typical of the sympathetic tolerance which I found everywhere in India. Mukergee says, that every Indian has the colors of the peacock in his imagination. Perhaps those who have none of these gorgeous colorings find difficulty in making that "Passage to India" sung so long ago by the prescient Whitman.

The proposed visit to Gandhi was omitted for two friends, on returning, reported substantially the same things on separate visits. They went from the station at Ahmedabad along the Sabmarti river, one of them in a bullock cart, to the *ashram* and into a little whitewashed room with an earthen floor. One said that Gandhi came in animated and happy, almost running, the other finding him in different mood said that he came slowly and looked tired; that he sat cross-legged upon the floor before a small lap desk and had two clerks and the other, that he spun as he talked and had an English secretary — Miss Forrester. They agreed that he was small and just as ugly as he is pictured and that he wore only a small loin cloth or *dhoti*,

that he talked like a lawyer but looked like a *garu*. How little to learn of one of the most influential men of all time! He now lives with "Untouchables" at Wardha.

Aside from satisfying a curiosity in visiting an Oxford man, a lawyer who had given away wealth that he might better give himself to India, there was no reason for disturbing him, for my opinion of Swaraj or whether the Nationalists or Moderates have the right is of no value, not even original. And what may I now say except that at another time I just glimpsed a shriveled little old man?

Gandhi's program, about which travelers, English and Indian, talked, appeared to be a Utopian dream of great simplicity yet his sincerity appeals to the Indian with his spiritual heritage of great antiquity. Though the *charkifae* or spinning wheel does not insure the farmer, Gandhi's spinning has significance in typifying the breakdown of caste and furnishes an example to those who have heretofore spent months of unemployment in weaving cloth and rugs, but now work in cities for less than a living wage. Eighty per cent of the population of India engaged in agriculture.

Gandhi holds with tenacity to the Hindu belief in metempsychosis and that nothing may be killed, a sadly inhibitory position in health matters. He says, "We have no right to take the lives of mosquitoes, flies, rats, mice, lice and fleas. They have as much right to live as we have." Strangely, I found Moham-medans who believed him! He is a dangerous guide in health and sanitation, for these make India the cradle

of endemic disease and his influence in this respect handicaps the Health Service in India. He employs an able English doctor for himself but very inconsistently calls medicine, "The concentrated essence of black magic."

Mohandas K. Gandhi becomes a political power in his hunger strikes because the *dharma* is an old Indian custom in which natives sat on the verandahs of some temples without food until the gods answered their prayers. We visited one of these temples near Calcutta in which Great Britain had found it necessary to legislate against this pernicious practice. Gandhi holds India in his hand and must not die in jail. He was first imprisoned in 1922 but in 1933 he scored a signal victory over Great Britain and the All-Indian Congress against their combined efforts to allocate "Untouchables" in separate outlying communities.

As Britain seeks military aid, Gandhi asks definite promises of freedom. Lord Linlithgow evokes emergency measures as Gandhi is joined by Ali Jinnah of the Moslem League and the powerful Jawharal Nehru of the All-India Congress and naturally by Ambedkar, leader of "Untouchables." Gandhi counsels passive resistance while Activist Bose demands Dominion status now. The influence of Empires and dictators pale into insignificance before a penniless little wisp of a man, weighing less than a hundred pounds and long past seventy years of age.

Colonial troops always respond to the call to arms and fine looking troops were those I saw in India. Already entrenched in the Near East they have been join-

ed by the colorful Nepalese Gurkhas which I saw only at a great distance. All Indians would join in resistance to any attack through Khyber Pass or elsewhere.

Many Indian reforms are instituted at Poonah but at Bombay I heard of Ambedkar, an "Untouchable," sponsored financially in his education by the Geikwar of Baroda at Columbia in New York, in Germany and in London. He staged a rebellion of "Untouchables," by entering the practice of law and politics and with the coöperation of Gandhi has been successful in the organization of millions of these pariahs.

Inquiries about industrial conditions in Bombay and Calcutta revealed many interesting circumstances. The World War gave tremendous impetus to industrials especially in textiles for India produces enormous quantities of hemp and has become second to the U. S. in production of cotton while the steel and iron industries at Jamshedpur have out-Birminghamed England. Gandhi has tried to rescue many of the thousands of industrials workers from an economic slavery by a return to agriculture.

Reliable Indians told me that labor relations are managed by an agent or jobber who hires laborers at the lowest wages in the world, excepting those in China, often loaning them the money to buy the job from him when he becomes their Shylock indefinitely, taking not only a pound of flesh but body and soul in usury. He keeps stores from which they must purchase everything they use, as formerly in company stores in the United States, and they live in crowded rooms, often in cellars without light or water (Indian houses are quite gen-

erally without light and rarely have water within) and they pay half of their meager wage for rent. It was said that in Calcutta, long famous for the worst slums in the world, conditions beggar description and that they were hardly better in Bombay and elsewhere. The Tata Iron Mills at Jamshedpur in Behal, which manufacture pig iron and steel rails, are owned and managed by the Parsees more humanely than many others while conditions in those under British control are somewhat better than in Indian industries. Statistics show that families, refusing to be separated, great numbers of men, women and children, work together in coal mines, hemp mills and other industries. In reply to my question, it was said that there is medical inspection and there are copious medical reports but industrials pay enormous dividends in India and must continue to do so and jobbers continue to hire and graft — as elsewhere in the world.

A drive through the environs of Bombay afforded the first glimpse of living conditions among the very poor. The windowless homes throughout India are built of clay or mud which hardens and whitens in the blatant sun. There is a central court or patio and one of the enclosing walls is partitioned for family use while the opposite wall is used to domicile domestic animals, as in many other countries, and Indians must have a cow if possible. The well, cistern or water tank which occupies a prominent place in the court, is the center of family life, since there is no plumbing in the house. Here the Indians, who eat with their fingers, wash their hands before and after meals, bathe often

many times a day because of heat and sand, brush their teeth with one finger, wash their mouths and sniff water ceremonially and pound the family laundry against a stone. They take water for drinking and cooking from the same source and there is always a busy sweeper, stirring up a dust in the court.

We saw many hovels which could hardly be dignified by the name of house where a bony cow was tied in front of the door in a little front addition or porch. Scantily clothed or naked children, often joined by the aged, mixed cow dung with soil or sand and threw it against the side of the hovel or upon a board or the ground to dry for use as fuel. But we are told that some of our covered wagon pioneers used the same fuel advantageously. The same valuable product of the sacred cow was used as a cleanser of floors and this is understandable, for it is an ammoniacal, though inelegant, substance that might scrub a floor very effectively and inexpensively. These scenes were common over India in slums and outskirts of cities, in rural villages and were often found sandwiched between fine buildings in a city. Wealthy Indians, like the wealthy in other countries, live well but often retain native habits. Many however copy the English as to dress and eat like them five meals a day, the early breakfast, or *choata hazri*, breakfast, luncheon, afternoon tea and dinner, a formal meal.

Heat, poverty, and caste have set their seal on India through many generations until the masses appear to feel no more need of education than for a nylon or polaroid, of which they have never heard. But this is

not the whole story of India. With an eighty-five per cent illiteracy there are yet more than fifty million who are more or less literate, while some of these are highly educated. These receive little notice from those searching for thrills for a sensation-ridden world.

Let us clear the atmosphere of some misconceptions of India of today. The suttee or widow who immolated herself on the grave of her husband, is a woman of the past. Drowning female infants was long ago abolished by law. It is true that Hindus desire male children to perform the annual *shradda* ceremony for only sons may pray their parents through transmigration into reincarnation, even as in China only sons participate in ancestor worship. Americans, of the last century, educated sons, who inherited property while girls received only a dowry and the old maid became a servant to the family. Indigenous midwives yet practice in India but thousands of them have been trained for about seventy-five years in a great number of projects and, contrary to general belief, ignorant though they be, they are generally lovingly sympathetic, not cruel, in their ministrations. Statistics upon child marriage have been available since 1926, through Dr. Margaret Balfour who made a survey for the League of Nations in coöperation with the Government. A partial report in 1926 read, "In 3984 marriages in All-India, ten were under fifteen and only seventeen under sixteen years of age." In Bombay, "In more than 2000 marriages, only six were under fifteen years of age." This survey was later completed showing that child marriages were not now common. Life in India is shorter

and maturity comes earlier. There is legislation against child marriage.

The astounding conclusion of a writer about India some years ago, that all Indian ills arise from sexual causes was staggering for Dr. McCarrison, Director of the Indian Health Service, had completed a long, painstaking and classic survey, one of the first of its kind, showing that poverty, ill health and other ills were largely traceable to climate and nutrition. (See Chapter IV.) Dr. Curjel Wilson has just returned to London (1940) with a manuscript for a book on nutrition, the result of years of research, under the Royal Society of London.

These subjects have been especially mentioned because wrong impressions about sociological and medical matters have been created by one-sided reports, and obsolete stories, and I write not in controversial mood but because all remedial agencies are too often utterly ignored, thereby discrediting not only the Government, the able and devoted Health Service but the medical profession whose work underlies all social reforms. This traveler did not pass through India like Pippa who found that, "All is right with the world," but made an earnest endeavor to find those who were trying to make it better, and she found many.

There are child marriages, incompetent midwives, sex atrocities, parents kill infants and some widows commit suicide the world over and they do so in India but her poverty is appalling, not a comparative poverty, as with us, an inexcusable, remediable and therefore shameful poverty, in the midst of plenty. On the

other side of the picture, reports of the League of Nations, International Health Board, the Far East Association of Tropical Medicine, Journals of Medical Women in India, Medical Women's International Association, and Quarterly of the Medical Women's Federation of Great Britain all indicate progress in all social movements and that the medical profession has done well and continues to do well for India despite all handicaps. A report of the All-India Congress of Obstetrics and Gynaecology in 1940 says that in thirty-nine thousand obstetrical cases in the Bombay district seventy-three per cent were hospitalized, a higher percentage than in occidental countries. No incompetent midwife attends in a hospital!

Traveling alone that I might have a variety of companionship and change plans at any time, I found many at Bombay from which to choose. With some of these, I motored about the city, visiting brass and cloth markets, Victoria Gardens, Hindu Burning Ghats, Moslem cemeteries, and the lovely Malabar Hill residence district, and I made an excursion with Cook's to the Caves of Elephanta. There were no invitations to exclusive clubs in Bombay and I just glimpsed the elegant Taj Mahal Hotel at luncheon, for those traveling without dinner clothes would face an unpleasant social *impasse* in the evening. For here the English, as elsewhere, surround themselves with a wall of social conventions that has never been scaled. No explosives have ever dented it. Should German ingenuity invent one which would blow it into fragments, even the smallest of these would be recouped and reassembled so successfully that

they would again entrench themselves behind it. Their fidelity to principles and conventions is praiseworthy.

Street scenes in Bombay surpassed my highest expectations. The streets were like a pageant in some oriental bazaar. Only along the Dalmatian coast, the African littoral of the Mediterranean and in Cairo had I before seen such gorgeous coloring. Gharries, rude ekkas, tongas, grotesque equipages, and trappings, carts drawn by meek-eyed bullocks or heavy oxen passed shining motors. The streets were bordered with stately edifices, adorned with fine carvings, brilliant shops, and dazzling bazaars, side by side with miserable hovels. Gardens of flowers and palms were glimpsed ever and anon among them. All nations, many colorfully attired, others in white and some scarcely clothed at all, jostled occidental moderns and the whole kaleidoscopic scene of red, blue, orange and gold was harmonized by the soft sunlight of India.

But Bombay is only the Gateway to India.



“ON THE ROAD TO SAMARCAND”

THE traveler must continually make decisions as to how his time may be most profitably invested. First, I journeyed to Jaipur, the capital of the native state of Jaipur in old Rajputana, the “rose-red city, half as old as time.” Rajputana is a north-west district of India of twenty-one states with a native population of strong war-like people who have never been conquered by invaders. The name Singh, meaning lion, appears in many Rajput as well as Sikh names but the Rajput wears a Hindu topknot while the Sikh may be distinguished by long hair and whiskers.

There are four classes of travel in India, the last for servants and pariahs. The first and second compartments differ little except in price and have lavatories attached, perhaps showers. All are entered directly from the station platform and are locked between stations. There are a few coupes but compartments generally have two, long and very hard leather-covered benches or couches, occupied by day by four or six persons while a shelf above each is lowered at night, converting a parlor into a sleeping compartment for four people. There are double screens for the windows, electric fans, or *punkahs* and meals are served in the buffet car, compartment or at station restaurants.

For a long journey, one buys a ticket in advance

and finds his name posted on the outside of a compartment upon arriving at the station and another duly placarded as he makes changes en route with consideration as to sex and nationality. At junctions, he rushes frantically along the platform reading placards, often missing his name when misspelled, and finds no one who can supply any information for railroads appear to operate under the Secret Service. The traveler carries a receipt for his fare but no ticket to be punched or collected and he is never questioned. At junctions with narrow gauge roads and there are three gauges, as some roads are operated by native states under their own systems, the tourist wanders around like a lost Pleiade. Footsore and weary, I entered at times *clopin-eloquant*, the first compartment in which I found a vacancy among nice looking white women and occasionally a clairvoyant guard appeared mysteriously and moved me to another compartment without comment. The system by which Cook's and the railroads transport travelers over India must be Indian magic.

All travelers carry a bedding roll, and English friends in London, Paris and Bombay insisted that I must travel with a servant but, having no prestige to lose, I depended upon the omnipresent coolie, who pleads to fetch and carry at every turn of the way, for I had learned in one short experience that a servant led one into very unwise expenditures. My baggage was the minimum, consisting of a pillow, two sheets, a traveler's rug, a fine mosquito netting, an aluminum water bottle and my clothing. No vaccinations had been attempted except that for smallpox. Typhoid

immunization had not been satisfactory. The case of medicines, recommended for emergencies, remains unopened, a souvenir. Food was chosen carefully and I saw water boiled or required the aluminum bottle returned to me too hot to handle or I drank bottled mineral waters — in which I did not have much faith, in India.

My companion for a part of the journey to Jaipur was a charming young woman from New York, who had left her party with the *Franconia* for a side trip to Jaipur. The popular idea that travel in India is a hardship is a fallacy. There are no luxuries, but at the proper season of the year, one with a reasonable amount of endurance, fortitude, patience and a sense of humor may travel all over India comfortably. There are always esthetes who will be happier along the well beaten paths of life. Those who would know life will travel despite inconveniences.

The journey lay at first through a rather fertile country and past manufacturing cities as Baroda and Ahmedabad, but soon ran into a country much like our so-called Great American Desert. Everywhere there was sand and ever and anon there were little villages of mud huts with the inevitable, contaminated water cisterns or tanks in the excavations made by removing mud for the huts. There are a million and a half such villages in India. There are hundreds of thousands of deaths annually from malaria for the water in the tanks soon becomes stagnant and breeds mosquitoes. The anopheles mosquito carrying the plasmodia which

cause the disease, is a non-musical acrobat who stands on his head when he bites.

There are some wells in the villages which are not such a menace to health from surface drainage as might appear for sand is a good filter and sweeping is a fine art in India; a whole caste sweeps and the tourist who can escape the dust raised by their assiduity is an "artful dodger" indeed. Only a short time after the cessation of the monsoon, so eagerly awaited, the desert is again dry as powder. But the heat here is not so intense as in southern India where "only mad dogs and Englishmen go out at midday." One sees what the railroads have done as to water for all along the way are wells marked, "For Hindus" and "For Moslems" that there may be no occasion for a clash between them.

The desert has a physical beauty of its own which holds the traveler, orange brown so far as the eye carries, dotted here and there with little villages from which a misty smoke arises. Groups of men meander lazily over the landscape, one wonders where or why. An occasional camel is urged none too gently to kneel and rise for his burden. In closer view, a rude cart is drawn by a tired bullock, the driver twisting his lumpy tail, which has been twisted, the vertebrae broken and dislocated until the poor beast's nerves have been shattered and each twist is more painful than the most cruel beating. The traveler senses the odor of the misty smoke arising so picturesquely from the villages for it is that of the fuel of the poor, cow dung cakes, and this

odor is with him so long as he remains in India, permeates and clings to his clothing and the memory lingers on!

Mangy dogs collect around stations seeking food, but owing to the belief in transmigration of souls, the hosts of retrograde souls, though old flea-bitten dogs, must not be put out of misery, even though they go mad tormented by disease and vermin. And these cause rabies or hydrophobia! But only a few years ago, vagrant dogs roamed the streets of London as pedestrians threaded their way through their ordure, the English explaining that in the unhappiness of the aftermath of the World War, the poor could not be deprived of the comfort and sympathy of their dogs! Some of these Indian animals, which I supposed to be dogs, were jackals, for old ones are cast out of the pack and wander about for food often howling disconsolately. One of these gave me a bad night at Darjeeling, howling at my screened door, like a lost soul, the most despairing cries that I have ever heard. Indians believe that the howls are those of a *preta* or lost soul. Because the jackal's lungs are so powerful, his flesh is used as a remedy for asthma and other lung affections, but he cannot be killed.

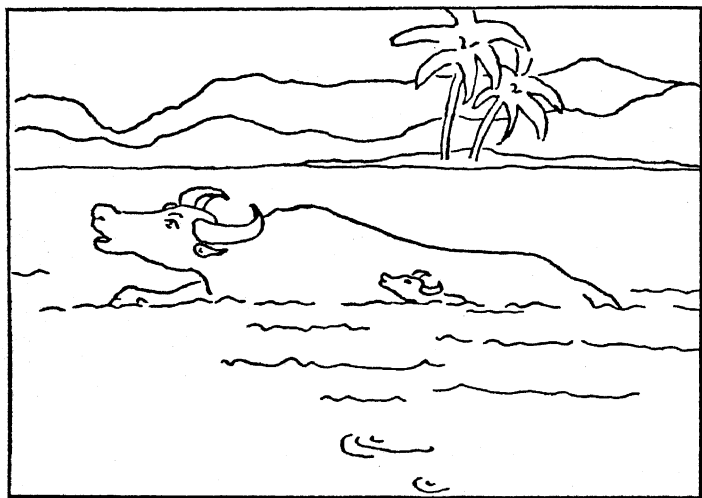
Crowds of all but naked men and entirely naked boys bathed and drank at the wells along the railroad and, as the train sped along, windows disclosed Hindu and turbaned men, some in long robes (Mohammedans), defiling the landscape with shocking nonchalance. At each station, men from third and fourth class coaches rushed madly forth en masse, responding to

the call of nature in plain view of all passengers, though lavatories are provided. But is this scene more indelicate than that of the *pissoir* of the Paris boulevards where a demi-screen, "half conceals and half reveals the soul within" as it discloses his feet below and the top of his head above and odors leave nothing to the imagination?

As the train passed through areas of arid sand, it was evident that the soil provided little food for man or beast. There were mixed herds of scraggly sheep and goats which furnish the tough, lean lamb chops for tourists. Here were bullocks, cows, an occasional camel and water-buffaloes. These herds were driven about by boys in quest of water and such scanty pasturage as might be found. Though I scanned the landscape for the home of some man of wealth who might own the herds, it disclosed nothing but groups of huts scarcely distinguishable from camel stables and indeed animals are quite generally housed in a part of the family home. There are few homesteads in India for natives live in villages and travel to their farm work in the vicinity.

As there are neither fences nor hedges, these herds often make woeful depredations in fertile areas among rice paddies and other plantings and a cow may be surreptitiously turned into the crops of a neighbor, with impunity. She is a sacred animal! It was surprising to see many water-buffaloes for, having no sweat glands except in his nose, the beast goes loco in hot, dry climates. The female is a milch cow and the male a draught horse. Neither buffalo milk nor butter are appetizing. The butter looks like very anaemic cheese and is pasty

and tasteless. Ghee, clarified butter, is an abomination! No mother buffalo favored me with a demonstration of her feat of carrying a baby on her hind foot while swimming. Perhaps the next monsoon would furnish sufficient water for a buffalo aquacade!



A Water-buffalo Aquacade.

In passing along, I remembered Gandhi's contention that the maintenance of cattle cost nothing in public pasturage but that the English had confiscated public grazing grounds. He was answered, however, that cattle fed upon filth were diseased and that they received insufficient nutriment, cows often giving less than a quart of milk a day. Government experiments in scientific farming and rotation of crops have been successful in breeding cows for milk and butter but no

attempt can be made to use the sacred cow for meat and he who measures “milk the gift of the gods” is ungrateful indeed. But Rajutana is not all desert. There are hills and forests, jungles and tigers, peacocks and cranes and all the fauna of one’s dreams of India but about many of these, I may yet dream for I penetrated no jungles and joined in no tiger hunts.

Before arriving at Jaipur, the route changed to a narrow gauge road where by some mischance no compartment had been reserved but, determined to continue the journey, I climbed with great sangfroid into a vacant compartment, but was summarily dislodged and literally thrust into that of the only other white passenger, an Englishman enroute to Jaipur. The volume of Shakespeare which he was reading served as an introduction. We visited the long, hot, dusty afternoon and arriving about midnight, found that we were both booked for the Jaipur, one of the two hotels of the city. His servant managed my meager luggage and we taxied together to the hotel and he subsequently met me at meals, arranged my sight-seeing itinerary and upheld my morale for several days when we were the only white people and I the only woman, foreign or native, in evidence about the hotel. In this first venture from well-beaten paths and the protection of the blessed Y. W. C. A.’s, I slept in a room opening upon a long veranda with screened but unlocked doors and windows with a goodly roll of dollar bills under my pillow. Men servants glided in at daybreak with the *choata hazri*, or little breakfast, spread it before my canopied bed while others prepared

my bath in the adjoining bathroom by carrying pails of water to a wash tub.

The bathroom at Jaipur was typical of those introduced by the British into India, Burmah, Malaya, Malaysia and other oriental possession and protectorates many years ago and it has been copied throughout the Orient but rarely so well serviced. A fourth of the cement floor space, separated by a substantial cement ledge, inclines to a drain and the bather dips water from the tub, pouring it over his shoulders. A wash bowl and water pitcher stand upon a table, overlooked by a small and misty mirror, while the toilet is a commode which secretes a granite pail, always meticulously serviced by "Untouchables." Fine hotels, exclusive clubs, government buildings, hospitals, Y. W. C. A.'s and like institutions have *plumbing*, which like that of Britain is proverbially erratic. English *litterateurs* from Dickens, through the de Morgan era down to modern script writers have found inspiration in English "drains." The fastidious American, born and bred among plumbing is often too plumbing-conscious to enjoy the Orient. None are ever entirely happy with its substitutes. When I went forth in the morning, fakers were encamped around my door to intercept the only tourist in Jaipur, a gullible tourist, who bought crystals and Indian jade which might have been purchased cheaper at home. An Oriental scents an unsophisticate from afar.

This traveler slept soundly the second night in assurances of perfect safety. Where but in India do servants sleep at doors in watchful devotion, enter

noiselessly unannounced and like Arabs "Silently (and honestly) steal away?" After the Jaipur experience, I had no hesitancy in calling servants to dislodge disturbing lizards from the ceiling with their long poles. Though the Indian knocks them down and carries them out he does not kill them for, with malevolent snakes, vultures and bats, they are worshiped in conciliation. When a lizard falls upon an Indian's topknot, he may hope for great happiness but should it by great misfortune fall upon his skull his days are numbered. His dealings with lizards are therefore characterized by caution. These reptiles, for which I developed such an antipathy, are from four to eight inches long and though related to the Gila Monster and the "horrid heloderm" are perfectly harmless, but I had no confidence in them. Oft in the stilly night, when with a click they dropped upon flies, I felt that my canopy was blanketed with the slimy green creatures. When by day, a particularly robust one fastened his appraising eye on me, he said plainly, "There are flies on you" and I awaited his *blitzkrieg* as if hypnotized, but his was only "a war of nerves."

Jaipur, a modern Hindu city of one hundred and fifty thousand, was founded by the Maharajah Jai Singh in 1758, when he moved from the palace at Old Amber. With mathematical skill, for his hobby was astronomy, he plotted the city in rectangular sections with broad paved streets and plazas. Many of the houses have barred or latticed windows and all are gorgeously rose-pink, having been distempered years ago in honor of a visit from a Prince of Wales.

The hotel proprietor secured permits for visits, and I taxied first to the Old Palace, then being rehabilitated. There were crocodiles, elephants and various other animals in the gardens, and peacocks, spreading their magnificent tails, paraded in oriental splendor. Their graceful movements suggest the use of their fat for rheumatism and arthritis but there is a fly in the peacock ointment, for killing one is punished by six month's imprisonment. But I found no tiglon, a hybrid with the body of a lion and the stripes of a tiger, a monstrosity said to be bred by Indian royalty. From the beautiful Hawa Mahal, or Wind Palace, women of earlier royal families had peeped at the world and viewed processions through finely carved stone lattice work. The astronomical observatory of Jai Singh, with its strange and massive ancient instruments, was visited with the inquiring interest of an American.

Several thousand lapidaries ply their art upon the semi-precious stones mined in the vicinity. Bazaars glow in the sunlight and brass shops tempt tourists. In a wedding procession, I saw some of the gloriously colored and gold *saris* of Jaipur and the colorful groupings around the wells in the streets would have held an artist captive. Quite surprisingly hundreds of beds were sunning in the streets.

Jaipur is an important native state and my English mentor, *au courant* with Indian affairs, told me much about native states, particularly Jaipur. This dignified Englishman of military bearing had introduced himself by name, saying only that he lived in a Club in

Bombay but came often to Jaipur, and I had surmised that he was a literary man interested in drama. But as I now edit my diary, remembering his intimate knowledge and keen interest in Indian matters, sympathetic consideration for natives and evident desire to have visitors know Jaipur, a governmental relation is suggested. At any rate it was my good fortune to have the viewpoints of a good will ambassador for India with much reliable information.

As previously noted, two-fifths of India consists of five hundred and sixty-two native states governed by hereditary princes, Hindu and Moslem. These have complete autonomy except as to foreign policies. A Rajah or Maharajah rules like a kindly shepherd, having a Dewan or Prime Minister and a Military Adviser, both often chosen from the English and there is a British Agent in charge of foreign policies. Each state has its own laws, courts, customs, money, troops and public utilities and institutions. Many states are large and some Maharajahs are wealthy while other minuscule states are practically unfinanced.

Some Maharajahs are philanthropic as those of Kashmir and Jumma and Inadore. The Maharajah of Inadore, influenced by an American ranee, has recently reduced personal expenses to contribute to health work. Hyderabad is ruled by a Grand Nizam, an "Exalted Highness," a Moslem of very ancient pedigree who married his sons to the daughter and niece of Mehmed VI, the last Sultan of Turkey. He is described as eccentric, literary and very parsimonious. My interest was piqued by his poetry and the prize which he gave

to Sarojini Naidu for a poem of her youth, a year in an English College. Bhopal appealed to my interest because it was the state of the "Abode of Peace" of Tagore and it had an added interest in that it had been well governed by Moslem women for a century, and the fourth had just abdicated in favor of her third son, that she herself might choose a worthy successor. The Grand Nizam, the second richest man in the world, is the richest in India while the Maharajah of Mysore ranks second and has more automobiles! The Grand Nizam ranks again, however, for his Hyderabad Squadron, with British pilots, brings down German bombers!

The Maharajah of Jaipur, Man Singh II, a modern, educated man, lived four miles from the city in the New Palace and played polo with enthusiasm and skill. He had a British Prime Minister and a British Military Adviser, and his loyalty and ability were so patent that one British Agent cared for Jaipur and the neighboring state of Jodhpur. Perhaps native states are more friendly to the Crown than the eleven provinces taken by conquest and Jaipur was especially pro-British. Maharajah Mohdo Singh attended the coronation ceremonies of Edward VII. Chartering a ship, he took sufficient food and water for his visit and a plat of Indian soil upon which to sit when eating! The importance of a state is indicated by the number of guns in its salvo. Though another had twenty-one, the number by which our navy salutes the President, Jaipur has seventeen guns! Those interested in old Rajputana may find gorgeous antique Rajput paintings

in the Metropolitan Museum in New York and in the Boston Museum.

In the afternoon, the Englishman, having finished his business in Jaipur, suggested that he would like to show me Old Amber where the Old Palace is of historic interest. Black-faced, long-tailed Langur monkeys swung down from trees as we motored along the seven miles of old ruins. These are mistakenly called "Flying Monkeys." There are flying foxes in Ceylon, seen in great numbers near Kandy, which have web-like wings like those of a bat. But Langurs, though air-minded, leap instead of fly, often jumping considerable distances. They are tame, living in ruins and tombs and making raids upon food in the vicinity. They are used in tiger hunting for they follow the trail, chattering along in the trees. When we came to the foot of Amber Hill, myriads of them swung down expectantly, biting any extended but empty hand.

The richly caparisoned Royal Elephant, with tusks heavily gold-banded, carried tourists in his colorful howdah through the village and up the zig-zag hill to the Royal Palace where a guide related its history. Native women sold boutonnières of such fragrant flowers as gardenias, tied upon a whittled twig. My guide book, the cover page a resplendent picture of the elephant, yet encloses one of these pathetic bouquets, my companion having said, "I like to buy things from them" without a suggestion of the patronage accredited, perhaps erroneously, to the English in India.

The Palace at Old Amber, once a fortress, is surrounded by an embattled wall. Deserted for a century,

the rooms are well preserved and the delicate mosaics, carved marbles and glass work are well worth a visit. There is a temple within the Palace in which a goat is yet sacrificed to Kali every Thursday at 11 A. M.

The next morning another guest arrived, a young Swiss doctor who spoke English perfectly, quite obviously another English university man. He had come to India in research on malaria, the scourge of India most difficult to control. In some places 90% of children in schools have the enlarged spleen caused by the ravages of the plasmodia. The nice young doctor, who wore a monocle, would see much malaria in India, but perhaps with his other eye! The Englishman extended to him the same cordial helpfulness that he had given to me. A concert in the park was suggested for the evening but this traveler rested, joining the men to motor to the train, regretting since not to have heard an Indian band.

We left Jaipur at the witching hour of midnight, for there are no trains at convenient hours, the Englishman for Bombay, the doctor presumably for the School of Tropical Medicine at Calcutta, while I arrived in the morning at one of the very "Gates of Samarcand" which in India is called Agra Fort Station. One has no disappointments upon arrival, for Agra is a treasury of the art of the Mogul period and Akbar's red stone fortress, the Fort, appears silhouetted against the morning sky. I glimpsed at once the gilded spires and white marble domes of the Pearl Mosque, "as white and quiet as a nun," the most perfect of all small mosques. The Great Moguls, Baber, Humayun, Ak-

bar, Jahangir, Shajahan and Aurungazebe gave a great art to India and I had anticipated the Taj Mahal since childhood! One suspects these Moguls of a physical alertness not common in India today. Modern India is certainly not dynamic.

The American women, whom I had planned to meet in Agra, were delayed and I forsook the pursuit of beauty temporarily for an adventure in the study of leprosy. The leprosarium at Perulia, Behal, opened by the Germans many years ago, was taken over by the C. M. S. (Church Missionary Society) after the World War. There were at this time eight hundred and forty lepers in the home and forty-eight healthy girls and forty healthy boys, children of leprous parents, in units a mile distant.

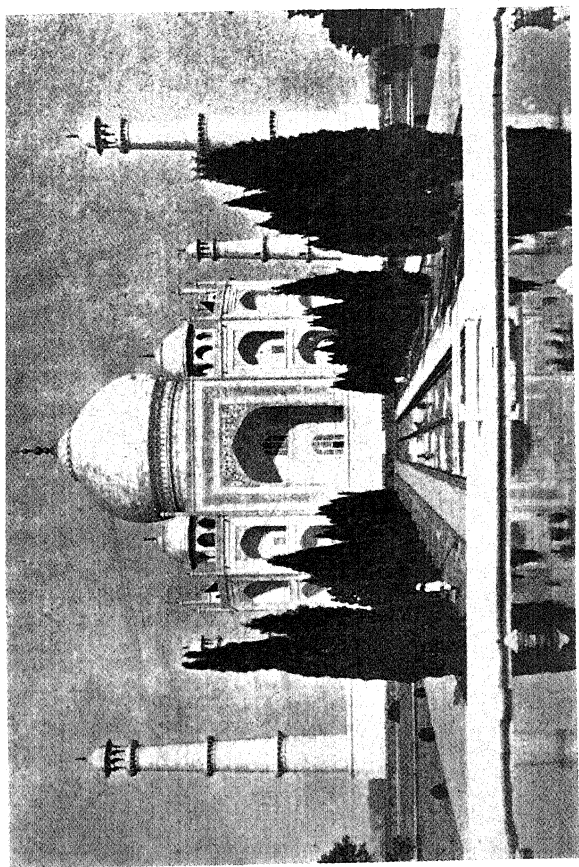
The lepers lived in three-roomed bungalows, four in a room, each having a daily ration of food and a few *pice* for extras to be spent in the leper store by dropping the money into a bowl of antiseptic, from which it was again distributed. There were many advanced cases, some burnt out, but many florid.

Men and women were vying with each other in building hospitals, the men slightly in the lead. Women laid brick, crushed limestone and made mortar quite as well as the men. These lepers had better homes and better and more plentiful food than they had ever known with healthful occupation in the open air, and intercurrent diseases were treated. Results in the chaulmoogra treatment were encouraging and patients appeared happy, smiling in the sad wistful manner of India.

The use of chaulmoogra began in India in Aryavedic medicine. Tortulis of Egypt first used it hypodermically and Sir Leonard Rogers, using the chemistry of Sudhamoy Ghosh, an Indian, found an active non-irritating principle. The Wellcome Research Laboratory of London worked on the chemistry but it was completed by Drs. Dean and Wrenshall of the U. S. P. H. S. in the University of Hawaii in *cynamil*.

My friends had not arrived when I returned from this short professional digression, but I met at once a charming English woman, who came from her house boat, on lovely Lake Dal at Srinigar in Kashmir, to spend the winters in Agra. She brought her servant, a tall, turbaned, bewhiskered Sikh who slept watchfully on a rug at her door and devotedly anticipated her slightest wish. She had subsidized a tonga, a two-wheeled Indian equipage with a gay canopy in which we sat with our backs to the white-clad *tongawalla* and the picturesque Sikh and rode out in oriental splendor!

Mrs. Hart, who loved India so much that she refused to return to England after the death of her husband, interpreted Agra delightfully. We made three visits to the lovely Taj Mahal by moonlight, finding it illuminated interiorly by gorgeous lanterns, the gift of Lord Curzon. This most beautiful structure in the world, a monument to the love of Jehangir for Mumtez Begum, stands upon an elevated platform with towering minarets at each corner, close to the banks of the sacred Jumna River. Its pure white marble walls rise high to a dome on which the apial, crowned by glistening crescent and



The Taj Mahal with Pool Reflections, Agra, India.

spear, points high into the heavens. The long rows of stately poplars, bordering avenues of approach, not a breath of air stirring them, were mirrored with the tall minarets in the pools below, under a low-hung moon.

The Taj is a song without words, the song of India. The first glimpse of the Taj satisfies one that he has been born for that moment but it must be described by oriental poets for who else may hope to picture its grace, symmetry and exquisite charm? In traveling

"Spend all you have for loveliness,
Buy it and never count the cost."

Memories of the lovely nights when Mrs. Hart and I sat rapt and inarticulate before this vision of beauty, are a part of my enduring dream of India.

We visited the mausoleum of the great Akbar, father of Jahangir, just outside of Agra, where three thousand men worked daily for a lifetime. We could only glimpse the great Agra Fort with the Palace and all the magnificence within its walls. The Moguls must have dreamed great dreams to have imagined the bewilderingly beautiful and colorful but harmonious decorations of their palaces. White marble, decorated with geometrical figures of lapis lazuli, turquoise, jade, chrysophase, carnelian, and other semi-precious stones, bound together and accentuated with black marble or onyx. And modern as in America the white marble baths were sunken in floors but were more luxurious than any modern baths. Some were decorated with traceries in precious stones. How feeble the English language in India!

With Americans, I motored to Fetehpuhr-Sikri, a distance of twenty-five miles where the great Akbar built the one hundred million dollar Palace upon the insistence of the hermit Shiek, Salem Chisti, who promised him an heir should he establish a residence there. The promised son, Jahangir, was born but Akbar's residence was transient and legend says that the hermit was disturbed by the noise of the court and moved away, but it is likely that removal followed his illness caused by the contaminated water supply. Here we saw English and American tourists, who ought to have known better, throwing coins into a great "greeny gray" tank that a Moslem might jump from a high tower into the slimy water and capture the money.

We approached the red sandstone Palace by a flight of steep steps which narrowed at the top to the Gate of Victory, finding in the courtyard of the mosque, the mother-of-pearl shrine and tomb of Salim Chisti. Tied to the dazzlingly white tracery of the screen enclosing it, were innumerable bits of string and pieces of rags left by pilgrims desiring children. An old guide testified to the efficacy of the plan while a number of tourists tied offerings to the screen as we listened to the guide's story. These red sandstone walls enclose a once magnificent but now abandoned city.

While pursuing beauty, one must take Agra as he finds it. The new city and cantonment is modern and sanitation is good. It is a beautiful city with good schools, wide boulevards and a Medical College for Women, but the old city is quite another story. We shopped where streets were narrow and dirty and at

times climbed ladders into second story bazaars. In the streets we saw the necromancers and sorcerers, who were anxious to make palm trees spring full grown and glorious, like Minerva from the brain of Jupiter, by hypnotizing the unwary visitor. Our tonga drove around holy men or fakirs lying all but naked in the sun in the middle of the street. Such a fakir is a gruesome sight; thin as a mummy, face smeared with ashes or cow dung, perhaps entwined by a snake, head crowned with a chaplet of wilted flowers, he lies with eyes set as in a trance.

Children sat in the streets pounding soft white limestone in small quantities, making perhaps a pint of paste at a time for workmen building or plastering in the vicinity. One could easily believe that these were some of the millions of hookworm victims for not even the music of a chantey nor the slap of an overseer hastened their sluggish movements. The hookworm, fastening to the mucous or lining membrane of the intestine, sucks the life away in blood. These hookworms lay eggs by the millions and when deposited in warm, moist places, they hatch and lie in wait for the bare feet and legs of some host. The Rockefeller Research Fund has done much toward eradicating the disease but in India it looks like a hopeless task.

Bubonic Plague or Black Death smolders all the time in Agra but there was an outbreak at the time of my visit and many shops were closed. Rat extermination is the remedy. The Plague is usually controlled by moving natives out of villages but, owing to the taboo against killing in India, the rats that are hosts to the

fleas that carry the *bacillus pestis* cannot be killed. The rats starve in an empty village, but not so the fleas, for they may live for years without blood. In a thousand species of fleas only a few attack man but the rat flea (*Xenopsilla cheopsis*) leaves a dead rodent, seeking a new host and he is not choosy as to whether the host be man, rat, cat or dog. As early as the middle ages it was noted that great fatality among rats was followed by an epidemic of plague. Effective control must be accomplished by using a poison gas that kills both rodent and flea as methyl bromid, but its use is so dangerous to human life that it is not always applicable.

The flea is anatomically constructed to pierce the skin and to pump his saliva into the wound, causing a swelling from which he sucks the blood. Gourmand that he is, he overeats and regurgitates millions of the bacilli, which he carries, into the wound. The glands, natural protectors of the body, act like sieves, collecting extraneous matter, become engorged, forming buboes and the patient may live only a short time. India is a happy hunting ground for those engaged in research in parasitology.

The vaccine of Haffkine is not very applicable in great epidemics. There have been several epidemics on our Pacific coast from Oriental infection, much to the chagrin of Californians. An infection of ground squirrels in 1938 gave uneasiness, but Americans have the tub habit and are not much subject to fleas. It is, however, wise to be on the *qui vive* for a friend's darling little Pekingese.

Ships now entering American ports are ratproofed

and with ratproofed wharfs and modern methods of fumigation, the United States will be protected. Our attention must be directed to our own plague, the first distinctly American disease, for I belong to the contingent not convinced that syphilis originated in America. Tularemia, named for Tulare County, California, where it originated in the wake of the earthquake at San Francisco, is a *first* of which we are not proud. It is transmitted by rabbits and squirrels and controlled by a serum.

My American friends arrived and again I visited the Fort and the Taj with them. Is the Taj, its pure white marble inlaid with jewels and gold, so chaste in the moonlight, more lovely than it is when irradiated and glorified by the soft, burnt-orange sunlight of India?

Since Benares was on our itinerary, we did not visit Mootra, less than forty miles distant, where the bathing ghats furnish a rendezvous for priests, who are not accredited with holiness and three thousand widows who have never considered self immolation on the graves of their husbands, and Hanuman, the monkey god, swings teasingly, everywhere. We journeyed on together to Delhi in perfect understanding without feeling any obligation, one to the other, about seeing, feeling or enjoying anything at the same time or in the same way.



“EACH DAY I WALK WITH WONDER”

BOOKS might be written about Delhi, seven cities in one, the other capital of the Great Moguls and the new capital of India of today, which is only about five dusty hours by train from Agra. It is, as many other cities, sacred in English history to heroes in the Indian Mutiny of 1857. Around the comparatively modern city, built by Shahjahan in the era of the great Elizabeth of England, are clustered groups of ruins from which one may fashion a historical tapestry, adding a decorative border in Raisina or New Delhi, the new capital city. He may fringe it with antiquity in Humayun's Tomb and the Tower of Kuteb-Minar, five and seven miles distant. In Delhi, the most modern city of India, modernity meets antiquity at every turn of the way as the motor or tram car traverses landscaped parks, among modern architecture and ancient ruins.

Arriving at Queen's Station, we motored not to Maidan's Hotel with other tourists but to the Y. W. C. A. where I had made reservations through an English introduction. Though I have enjoyed some of the fine hotels of the "Swiss Family Hotz," I cannot say enough about the service, helpfulness, dependability, and hospitality of the English Y. W. C. A.'s in the

Orient, where I have met some of the most interesting women in the world.

One of the guests at Delhi was an English nurse who had been rescued when an English vessel had been struck by a German submarine off Malta, in the World War. Her story, continued through several dinners, was in this respect so identical with that of Vera Brittain in *Testament of Youth* that I was mentally transported to a dinner table in Delhi, when I reviewed this book, and coincidence was further strengthened when I remembered that the nurse's name was Vera!

It was my privilege to have a card to the Indian Legislative Assembly then convening in the old Capitol near the Y. W. C. A., for the new Capitol at New Delhi was not entirely completed. One not conversant with Indian politics must refrain from inconsequential comment but the whole world asks why England remains in India. Since Britain has no more fantastic or altruistic ideals than other nations and no Laputan theories about anything, there is only one answer, it pays. But there are weightier reasons than pounds sterling in the need of India for protection for other valuable possessions and her commerce generally.

The Assembly which I visited was of course one of eleven Provinces, for native states have no representation. It was rightly a strongly Hindu Assembly for two-thirds of the Indians are Hindus. Now in 1940 it is practically a Hindu body. The annual budget was under consideration and the proceedings were more dignified and orderly than some which I had witnessed in the English Parliament and at Washington. Since

I was not present at the opening of the session, I do not know whether or not the day began with the national anthem, *Vande Mataram* which now gives Moslems such mortal offence.

There was now autonomy in municipalities and practical autonomy in many provinces, but Hindu and Moslem, with bitter hatred toward each other, had but one common desire and that was to "Scour the English hence." That the English foment this hatred, as a prominent Moslem of the United States insists, was not apparent to a visitor nor does it appear reasonable. Aside from the vociferous Moslem minority there are as many smaller minorities as religions, mainly nine with approximately two thousand sects. These speak various languages from various roots. Prakrit, popular dialects of Sanscrit, the ancient classical language of early Hindus and the oldest Indo-European language, is generally spoken in north and east India while Dravidian or pre-Aryan dialects are spoken by fifty millions in Burmah and Malaya and southern India. Urdu, originating in camps and bazaars, is a common language of Moslem invaders and conquered Hindus while Bengalese, now studied by many scholars, is from old native languages and Arabic. And there is a tremendous illiteracy which is estimated at eighty-five per cent. In such a mixed and discordant population, there cannot be unanimity in constructive policy.

Since 1926 strife between Hindu and Moslem has continued and Moslems ask for a geographical cleavage of India. As a large proportion of Moslems are con-

verts or descendents of converts from the lower caste Hindus, such a north and south partition would be political rather than racial and chaos would probably result in moving about. Relocations in much smaller areas are troubling the world. Kemal Ataturk appears to have made the only successful exchange in populations in Greece and Turkey.

There was diversity of opinion upon all political questions in 1926, but Indian Moderates and Nationalists must now forget dangers of invasion by the Russians on the west and Mongols and Afghans from the north, as they think of Japan which may now "Come up like thunder out of China across the bay." With a long unprotected coastline and only a few small cruisers, India now needs England as much as England needs India—or the Philippines need the United States.

While political economists and sociologists wrestle with world problems, a woman doctor sees only that Britain has given to India all of the best things that she has in railroads, education, sanitation, and health measures, and that only the rugged and staid dependability of the English Tommies keeps the heterogeneous and temperamental Indians from eating each other up like the Kilkenny cats. My impression, not a studied opinion, was that Britain had met many difficult problems with efficiency and wisdom.

We arrived in Delhi in Holi-week, which has no connection with holiness for it is a saturnalia. We were warned about going into the streets, for a part of the celebration consists in throwing red paint or dye over

everything and everybody and tongas were often turned aside by police where festivities raged too furiously. The festival has the abandon of Mardi Gras in Havana, orientalized. Having planned for only five days in Delhi, I continued my sightseeing without untoward incident.

Whether there was any clash between Hindu and Moslem at this time I do not know but any excuse is sufficient for trouble. Many festivals afford opportunity for quarrels. At Kabani, the Moslems sacrifice a cow sacred to the Hindus, riot ensues and police wield long bamboo "lathis" before peace is restored. At Mohurram, which memorializes the glorious death of two soldier grandsons of Mahomet, two paper towers or *tazias* representing their monuments are carried in the gay procession. Invariably the towers are caught in a sacred peepul tree, so carefully watered to satisfy the thirst of its spirit. A Moslem cuts off a branch thus assassinating a Brahmin believed to be reincarnated in the tree and there are broken heads; the police are powerless and troops must be called out before the riot is quelled. But I saw no riots in India.

Delhi, with a population of two hundred and fifty thousand, is scattered over many acres and the city has every scheme and movement for race betterment actively represented. Here is the Lady Hardinge Medical College for Women, one of the most significant institutions in India. Here the purdah system for seclusion of women, yet required by twenty-five millions, both Moslem and Hindu, is observed.

This college was built and equipped by native sub-

scription solicited by Lady Hardinge from wealthy rajahs and maharajahs or hereditary rajahs, to commemorate the visit of King George V and Queen Mary when the coronation durbar was held at Delhi, upon removal of the capital from Calcutta. It is an integral part of the University of the Punjab and was named for Queen Mary but Lady Hardinge met a tragic death and Queen Mary requested that it be named for the founder. A large memorial fund was contributed after Lady Hardinge's death and the college is now supported by taxation.

The college was opened by Lady Hardinge in 1916 and formally dedicated by Lady Chelmsford in 1917, with Dr. Kate Platt of London, as Principal, who was later succeeded by Dr. Grace Campbell of Glasgow. Dr. Campbell has been quite recently succeeded by Dr. Ruth Young.

Carrying letters from Dr. Platt to Dr. Campbell, the Dean and Miss Jesson, the bursar, I taxied out to Raisina, where the new capital was nearing completion, to visit the college. It is situated in a garden spot, an oasis of forty-five acres and it is architecturally beautiful. Miss Jesson conducted me through the buildings which accommodate a hundred medical students and one hundred and fifty patients of different races and religions. Each student has a room and all hostels have separate kitchens and dining rooms to provide suitable food for each race and religion. Thus Indian girls are induced to study medicine where social usage and religion may be retained.

In the center of the compound surrounded by fine

buildings are flower gardens, tennis, badminton and basketball courts and playing fields. In the library, I met many of the bright girls and learned that music, the drama and literature had a place in their lives. One of them sitting upon the floor played beautifully upon an instrument, like a mandolin, called a satar.

Dr. Campbell was found in the operating room of the hospital, which is the finest in the world entirely staffed by women, not excepting the fine South London Hospital. There was a clever arrangement of curtains on the one hundred and fifty beds that *purdah* might be observed. Here again there was much bone tuberculosis said to be of bovine origin yet Dr. Learmont, an authority in Peking, had told me that it was very prevalent in Manchukuo where children have no milk.

The famous *serai* or obstetrical cottage wards, which Jane Addams had described to me graphically after her visit to India, were visited with great interest. The *serai* were necessary because the Indian family ties are so strong and women are not allowed to leave home for treatment without their families, including father and mother. Back of the hospital patient's room, the family cook and eat odorously. Dr. Campbell replied to my inquiry as to the cause of so many Caesarian sections in India, that the lack of vitamins appeared to be the cause more often than the youth and under-development of the patient. The college course here is seven years and diplomas are recognized over the Empire, though few will ever leave India where the need is so great. Ceylon was advertising for fully trained women

doctors at this time. Nurses are especially well trained.

My professional tendencies now assuaged, I joined my companions in sightseeing, motoring to the Fort where I was filled with breathless wonder at the remnants of ancient art. But all of the glories of the Fort and the Palace and the various other buildings within its walls have been described and catalogued by guides and travelers and the beauties sung by poets.

The White Marble Palace, in which Great Moguls held the most magnificent court that the world has ever known, yet stands, but the Peacock Throne is no more. A charming book of travel has placed it in the Treasure House in Istanbul with a collection of other magnificent thrones, but it was carried to Persia and gems have been so scattered that it can never be reassembled. The Kohinoor diamond, weighing one hundred and four carats, said to have formed one of the eyes of the peacock, was presented to Queen Victoria and belongs to the Crown Jewels of Great Britain.

The throne which has held the imagination of the world through the years is described as having seat and arms of pure gold, while the back was formed by two peacocks with outspread wings which were studded with emeralds, rubies and precious stones, while the eyes were immense diamonds. We noted the oft quoted inscription over the entrance to the Hall of the Palace which is translated, "If there be heaven on earth, it is this, it is this." But it did not prove to be a lasting heaven for the Great Moguls, for heaven must be entered from within, never through external gates.

We just glimpsed the interior of the Jumma Musjid,

the Cathedral Mosque of India, having visited mosques in Turkey, Egypt, and Jerusalem. We rambled among curio, brass and ivory shops and through Chandni Chowk, the street of bazaars. Sheer silk scarves and ivory carvings were beautiful if one could be sure that the latter were not just elephant bone instead of tusk. Silk weaving was most interesting and we had noted this handiwork of women, stretched in dyeing for miles along the side of the railroad, as we approached Delhi.

We motored to Kuteb Minar to see the fascinating monument, ornamented with carvings and overhanging balconies, giving it the general appearance of an armadillo from a distance. It is reputed to be the highest and largest of its kind in the world and it may well be so, for it is the only one of its kind and will probably retain that distinction. One is assured of a most satisfying view of Delhi in the distance by ascending two hundred and thirty-five feet by three hundred and seventy-nine steps — but we were more easily satisfied. Once I learned dimensions and counted classic columns, now I enjoy them. Nearby is a smaller and more ancient monument, a pillar of copper, iron and zinc, dating from 31 A. D., but those interested in archaeology are not greatly impressed by A. D. dates. We were not unappreciative however of the beauty and grandeur of former generations in India. We visited the Tomb of Humayun, the second Great Mogul, and returned to the city, spending the afternoon in motoring among various objects of interest, noting again the historic breach in the wall near Kashmir gate and hearing again the story of the Indian Mutiny of

1857, of the massacre of fifty men, women and children, and of the heroic John Nicholson.

Though my holiday at this time covered a period of nearly two years, only a galloping tourist who keeps up with a Cook guide ever accomplishes half as much as planned. A visit with Mrs. Horatio Hart, who had invited me to her house boat on Lake Dal, at Srinagar, in Kashmir, was regretted as well as another to an ophthalmologic clinic arranged annually at Shikapur, where specially selected specialists have an opportunity of seeing an unlimited number of cases of trachoma and operating many cases of cataract to which Indians are subject. One of our Chicago women had been chosen and brought back illuminating pictures. And I had hoped to visit Amritsar where the Granth, the sacred book of the Sikhs, is enshrined in the Golden Temple built in the center of a great water tank. Only Sikhs, however, enter the temple.

The history of the Sikhs sounds like a fairy story. Anak, a wandering minstrel, born at Lahore in the fifteenth century, gathered both Moslems and Hindus around him and, when he died, "blended his light" with a successor but the fifth gurn passed the religion on by writing the Granth, the Sikh scriptures. Like Buddhists they have Nirvana as their goal and reject reincarnation. They fought with the British in 1857 and became staunch allies and may be found as soldiers and policemen throughout the Orient, many of them now in Egypt with the Nepalese Gurkhas for the British program. The present status of Sikhs may be expressed in the words of a taxi driver, "A few gener-

ations ago we killed our girl babies, now we rear and educate them."

One always wishes to travel farther! It would have been a romantic adventure to have gone through the strongly guarded Khyber Pass through which the picturesquely bellicose Afghans have so frequently burst into India. Madame Hesched Bey, widow of the last Lord High Chamberlain of Turkey, who entertained me and took pictures for me in Istanbul, told me stories of King Amanullah's Court when she was Lady in Waiting to Queen Sourleye. Later, King Amanullah, in forcing modern innovations upon the Afghans, was obliged to flee so precipitately with his family that the stork was all but intercepted in one of his frequent visits and Kemal Ataturk gave him haven in a Palace on the lovely Bosphorus, with the wise provision that the wily King have no communication with Turks. His successor, Nadir Khan, also met with a bit of misfortune in being mysteriously killed as he left his harem one night. The Afghans were ruled for a time by regents but now his young son, Zehir Khan, has ascended the throne. The *bon vivant* Amanullah lives gaily on the Lido and Riviera but instigated an uprising in northern India to recover the throne, which was promptly quelled by an Indian Rajah. Zehir Kahn is very pro-British in contradistinction to Amanullah whose loyalty wavered from Russian to British, influenced by the better bargain.

With American companions, I turned south toward Calcutta. At Cawnpore, ten hours on the way, tourists are attracted by the Resurrection Monument, where

guides tell the sorrowful story of English victims of the Sepoy Rebellion being buried in a well. My interest in Cawnpore was entirely modern, for Sarojini Naidu had just presided here at the All-India Congress, thus having the highest honor that may be conferred by the Indian people.

Sarojini Naidu, a high caste Hindu reared in luxury, had an unusual education. She wrote poetry at sixteen, attended school in England through a prize from the Grand Nizam, wrote three volumes of English poetry and was acclaimed by Arthur Symons and Edmund Gosse as an authentic poet. She married Dr. Naidu, had two children, and lived among Moslems at Hyderabad, presiding over a happy home. She was an exponent of purified Brahmanism and of Moslem-Hindu unity. She became ultimately the leader of the Swarajists upon imprisonment of Gandhi.

The Indian Press sang her praises at the time of my visit, saying in effect that her presidential address was masterly, that she omitted no important issue and offered something constructive at every point. Her popularity as a speaker and her poetical expression, which so pleased the Indian people, had been marked at the All-India Congress the year before and here at Cawnpore, she swayed India as no other had ever done. Sarojini Naidu, in the source of her influence, is undoubtedly one of the most significant women in the world. It was my privilege to meet her later in Chicago.

Lucknow is only a little more than four hours from Cawnpore and my friends had a letter to the Isabella Thoburn College, where I found a young woman of

whom I had known. We were hospitably received at this American Missionary College and directed wisely in the use of our time. The name Lucknow had very unhappy memories for me, for as a child I had insisted upon accompanying my cousins in Pittsburgh upon all possible occasions, from Barnum and Bailey's shows, to opera and art exhibitions. Upon one occasion we went to see an exhibit of the immense canvasses of Vassali Verestchagin. One of these canvases, *The Execution of the Sepoys at Lucknow* made such an impression that I have never been able to erase it from memory.

We drove to Kaiser Bagh Palace and to the Residency where this execution took place and a native guide recited the painful story which has always so disturbed me. That an Indian could repeat the story of the execution without any apparent feeling in the matter appeared incredible for, with all sympathy for English victims, I did not wish to hear it. Continual reference to the Sepoy Rebellion is bad psychology for both Britain and India and distressing to visitors. This visit spoiled my enjoyment of the lovely Imambara and Husseinbad Imambara.

We had dinner with the students at the college and the little girls, washing their hands and drying them upon a towel, sat on the floor, eating with their fingers from brass trays, as at Tagore's School. We followed only the example of the trays from which we too ate curried rice. None of the girls wiped their hands upon their *saris*, as I had seen some Indian women do, but continued clawing through the rice until dinner was

finished when they again washed their hands, going outside of the house to do so. This custom is a potent factor in spreading disease. Merchants hearing of visitors at the college came in numbers bearing their wares, for the most part carvings in so-called ivory, in fact nearly all elephant bone, not tusk. Some of the carving was very elaborate and beautiful and we bought some pieces which are too fragile for use in any way. The signs of the times were read in a debate in the college upon the subject, "Should Schools be Co-educational?" the participants being Hindu, Moslem, and Anglo-Indian.

We had learned to place our palms together with fingers pointing upward in a prayerful attitude saying in salutation, "*Namaskaram*" and to say "*Jao*" to annoying fakers and to urge a leisurely *tongawalla*, "*Jali karo*" but had no use for words directing him to go slowly. We learned here at Lucknow, how to repeat some sentences, enlarging our vocabulary in Hindustani or Urdu that we might direct guides and drivers when out alone, but the spelling of these words remained a mystery. We learned that *hawal* is an Indian sweetmeat, and what quantities of it the Indians consume in the festivities attendant upon the obsequies of a Sacred Bull!

Entraining one evening we arrived early the next morning at Benares, where we domiciled with an Anglo-Indian widow, to whom we carried letters and she at once sent us forth with an English speaking taxi driver. We visited first, the Golden, Monkey, and Jaggernath Temples. As we approached the Golden

Temple, a holy bull projected his huge bulk in our path. It was Thursday morning and worshipers thronged the entrance carrying little brass pots of Ganges water and flowers, mainly marigolds, to decorate the lignam of Shiva already covered with flowers and drenched with water. Shiva, the Creator, is the patron deity of Benares and his emblem, the golden trident and perforated disc, gleams brightly on temple and palace.

We looked in, rather than entered into the milieu of almost naked priests and pilgrims walking through the slime of water, fragments of flowers and cow dung as they passed joyously from shrine to shrine. Priests banged on drums and gongs and rang bells and the sacred bull, festooned with flowers, was fed as he complacently nosed his way through the crowd. And outgoing pilgrims bowed low before the priests as they deposited contributions from their scanty savings for these ministers in the sacred temple.

At the Monkey Temple, repulsively fat monkeys, festooned with wreaths, were continually fed by visitors who buy the food in the temple. Some of the monkeys, with fingers glittering with jewels, scampered and chattered so impudently about us that they appeared to be pleading in monkey fashion "Backsheesh." Disgustingly fat priests threw wreaths of flowers over our heads and followed us expectantly. The number of priests in a temple varies from one to forty, many of them are the most ignorant menials — not Brahmans.

At the Jaggernath Temple there was animal sacrifice at 11 A. M. Four goats were offered to Kali, the

third of the trinity, the destroyer. Each was tied to a post in front of the temple and his legs were held by a woman while he was beheaded with one stroke of the executioner's knife. We watched the preparations, turning our heads at the crucial moment and continued our drive after one beheading. The head was carried into the temple and presented to the image of Kali, and the body was sold as sacred food.

Though animals are worshiped as gods, benevolent and malevolent, and killed only in sacrificial worship, Indians have no compassion for their suffering. Old cows fall down in weakness and are devoured by scavenger dogs. Old dogs, driven mad by vermin, fall to earth and are devoured by carrion. Buffalo calves to which water is so essential, are sometimes tied in the sun to die. Cows are fed exclusively upon mango leaves to produce a colored urine valuable as a dye, but the cow dies a horrible death. Goats are skinned alive because the larger stretched skin brings a better price. Bullocks driven by their knotty tails are overloaded and beaten until they fall dead. There are no advocates of euthanasia among animistic Indians. This callous indifference to suffering appears paradoxical in the gentle Indian.

Temple worship in some southern temples resembles a wild orgy, notably in Medura where the gods are sometimes taken for a ride or for a vacation in the country, the people gathering along the noisy and triumphal progress contributing generously to the gods. Thus enriched, the crafty priests return to the dark, filthy, germ-infested temple to traffic in the ignorance and superstitious fear of pitiful worshipers who have

no conception of the meshwork in which they are so inextricably entangled, nor of the simple primitive religion from which these corruptions have developed. I cherish no hope of ever visiting Puri during the Juggernaut excursion, for reasons other than that the climate is then unbearable.

Gandhi, Tagore, Sir J. C. Bose, Madame Naidu and other exponents of purified Brahmanism have a task that is more than Herculean for the bathing tanks in these temples, polluted by sewage and contaminated by bathers suffering from all of the horrible diseases so prevalent in India, rival the Augean stables. In these dark unventilated temples, heat and moisture afford a perfect medium for the culture of germs and parasites. These cesspools of infection, so intimately connected with religion, are the despair of those interested in sanitation. Pictures of southern temples can never be overdrawn. The English have now succeeded in running airshafts through many of the roofs.

The first illuminating glimpse of multitudes of worshipers and priests milling in a wild din through the odoriferous wash in three of the finest Hindu temples in Benares was rather overwhelming. But these were ventilated and there were here no septic bathing tanks as in Medura, for all ceremonial ablutions are performed in the Ganges and the worshipers carry little brass pots of sacred water as libations of the gods.

We continued our drive among bazaars and Mohammedan temples and to the Mosque of Aurungzebe, the last Mogul. After tiffin we returned to Hindu

interest in a visit to the Palace of the Maharajah of Benares or Ramagar Fort.

Benares, a city of three hundred thousand people and a thousand temples of Hindu, Moslem, Jain, Sikh, and Christian, becomes a city of six hundred thousand in seasons of pilgrimage. Though there are other sacred cities, rivers, and *kunds* or pools, the Ganges is the most utterly sacred river in the world. Pilgrims arrive daily. Ten thousand come each month, some joyfully, for pilgrimages are recreational as well as religious; others sorrowfully, as the aged and diseased. They come fourth class on trains, so packed that arms, legs, and turbans protrude from windows. They come on bullock carts, or rude ekkas, they walk or are carried to bathe in the sacred Ganges, which washes away all sin. Or they come to rivet the last earthly look upon the sacred stream. Bodies of those long dead, often those who have died of infectious diseases, are carried here to be burned on the funeral pyres of the ghats or steps. Sorcerers, and priests, merchants, and tradesmen and those on pleasure bent join in the pilgrimage. Today, pictures of the back eddies of human life along the Ganges flow through my memory.

Early the second morning we drove from Long View Estate to the Ganges, picking up a white clad guide from a hotel. We chartered one of the rickety old boats and settled comfortably in wicker chairs upon the upper deck and traversed the three mile cliff-like bank of the Sacred Crescent, with steps or ghats leading down to the water's edge, while the voluble guide told his story in English.

This sunrise picture will always be a colorful memory. Pilgrims hurried down the stone steps with their shining brass pots; the Hindu would not use a leather water bottle as a Mohammedan might do, for it might mean that an animal had been killed. They bathed joyfully, perhaps reverently, received the red mark of Brahma on their foreheads and hurried away with the sacred water to the temple service. Carriers of the yellow and white bundles strapped on poles, the color depending upon the sex of the deceased, came to the burning ghats where some pyres were already burning. The steps were crowded with beggars, holy men, priests, the lame and blind, lepers and fakirs. Coolies unloaded merchandise and children played in the water. Moslems engaged in the family washing, beating it on flat stones. An occasional *dhoby* pounded the clothing of some westerner on a stone until not a button would remain on the shredded garments. Goats to be prepared for sacrifice were led down to the river and other goats, apparently unattended, and an occasional placid cow wandered around on the banks and the city with its splendid palaces and magnificent temples rose high above, in the glorious coloring of the early morning light. But one is happier not to examine the picturesque pageantry of the sacred curve of the north bank of the Ganges too closely.

After the boat ride we mingled with worshipers on the ghats. We noted the dead carried by two at head and foot as they came singing what was interpreted as "Ram is true. He creates and destroys." Wood was purchased and, after much chaffering, a spark of the

sacred fire purchased by the nearest relative was carried around the pyre smoldering in straw and thrown upon the body. The husband had placed sandalwood and ghee (clarified butter) upon the body, which is entirely consumed by fire when relatives can afford to purchase sufficient wood — but some bodies retain the semblance of humanity. Ashes or remains are thrown into the sacred river and relatives bathe in it and return home. Divers search for jewels or other valuables that may have been overlooked or purposely consigned to the Ganges.

Some Sati shrines commemorated the self-immolation of widows who had thrown themselves on the funeral pyres of their husbands. Though many played in the sacred stream, worshipers for the most part observed a ritual, plunging eagerly three times under the water, washing and rinsing the mouth and putting water in the nose and then drinking the contaminated water. Women exchanged wet *saris* for dry most modestly. All bathers paid a fat priest, who sat under a canvas or straw umbrella, for putting the red mark of Brahma upon their foreheads and then hurried to the temple service with their offerings of Ganges water. It is a religious rite to have the head shaved and barbers galore plied their art on the ghats. Holy men (and it is said that only a very small percentage of these could be called holy) wearing wreaths of flowers, faces smeared with ashes, and snake charmers with festoons of snakes wrapped around their necks lay on the ghats as in a trance. Benares is an opium center in India.

Smug Brahman priests, lazily reclining under bamboo umbrellas, read sacred literature for a consideration; holy bulls or docile cows, wearing strings of colored beads around their necks, ruminated tranquilly. Merchants thrust their wares forward insistently and guides begged to serve us. No cinema will ever produce a more moving picture of superstition and human degradation. Sacred books say that pilgrimages are unavailing for a chronic gossip, a pleasure lover, the cruel, the cheat and the unbeliever. These exceptions would considerably decrease those who would obtain merit, and the favor of the gods would appear to be an exclusive gift. But the water of the sacred Ganges, carrying life, health, and the favor of the gods, is sealed, certified, and shipped in various containers all over India. The sale of this Ganges stock, though *all water*, never depreciates because of non-payment of dividends.

It is not strange, however, that a primitive people evolved a worship of the Ganges. Americans have a sentiment about the Mississippi for there is majesty in the strength of "Old Man River." The Germans, with patriotic and romantic feeling, weave legends about Father Rhine. The Russians center folklore on the Volga. The English believe the Thames, incomparable and all the life of Egypt arises from the Nile. But the Ganges, flowing through a parched and arid land, gives life to millions in the most densely populated region of the globe.

On the third day we drove into the country visiting

Sarnath, reminiscent of King Asoka (250 B. C.), in ruins, and museum fragments of early architecture. No modern king or dictator has ever expressed by word or deed more ethical ideals than those of the stone-engraved Edicts of the Buddhist, King Asoka, whose people were steeped in the superstitions and corruptions of hundreds of sects. The sympathetic tolerance of one of these edicts might well be transferred from two centuries B. C. to 1940 A. D., as a message to the world.

"The King — desires that all sects should dwell in peace everywhere, for they all desire the control of the senses and purity of mind. Men, however, have different wishes and different passions; they will perform the whole or a part of what they ought to do. But even he whose charity is not abundant, may surely always possess control of the senses, purity of mind, gratitude and loyalty."

Later, the guide assured us that a certain banyan tree was the identical tree under which the wandering Prince Guatama Buddha (568-685 B. C.) meditated on the "Eight Right Paths." All must agree that these paths were righteous. This northern Prince gave a philosophy to all India whereas Brahmanism furnished none except to the three or four castes represented by the head, shoulders, torso, and feet of Brahma, leaving the lowest caste and a thousand sub-castes without a religion. Outcasts or pariahs which we now see as servants were "Untouchables." Buddhism extolled poverty and had Nirvana or repose in unconsciousness for a goal and was largely embraced in India, but was

practically driven out in the eighth century. Now, in all its impurities, it is the philosophy of millions in China, Japan, Burmah, and Indo-China.

There is effort toward sanitation even in Benares. Health officials are keenly conscious of their responsibilities when pilgrims from thousands of small villages, where sanitation is practically *nil*, enter Benares, and they are examined for infectious diseases. All pilgrimages are followed by epidemics the world over and the path of a modern health officer in Benares is beset with difficulties.

Here at Benares, I carried a letter to Dr. Thungama of the Ishmari Hospital, where she is doing a great work but is greatly in need of more trained assistance. That women have a sympathetic insight, devotion and patience in medical work, has been wonderfully demonstrated in India. Though not an entrepreneur for women in the medical profession, I see their service as one of the gleams of light in the Indian picture.

“Does the pilgrim count the miles
When he travels to some distant shrine?”



FOLLOWING THE GLEAM

IN Calcutta, which is about eighteen hours distant from Benares, one may see everything from Nautche dancers, atrocious American films, animal sacrifice or a leprous beggar to an Englishman in dinner coat or plus-fours.

We taxied to the Y. W. C. A. hostel, 26 Free School Street, where I had forwarded my letter of introduction to Miss Gilmon, who received us with charming hospitality, and gave me a commodious corner room graciously furnished with small personal articles. We went shopping to replace my sand-filled wardrobe that I might not be socially ostracized in Calcutta and en route to Hongkong, where my trunks lay in Cook's godown. This little excursion gave us the first glimpse of Calcutta as we rode through the Maidan or broad boulevard of the city, noting Queen Victoria's and many other fine monuments, the beautifully white government buildings and the clean, modern business district. Nothing suggested that Kali, the Black One, was the patron deity of Calcutta and that somewhere in the city there were revolting spectacles of animal sacrifice — and slums.

We motored through the city by way of Burra Bazaar to the Jain Temple on the outskirts of the city. These temples, scattered through India, had long in-

trigued me and interest had been emphasized by a recent rereading of Kipling's *Kim*. It was in hostels of the Tirthankeras or Jain monks, that Kim often found refuge in his wanderings as *chela* to the Thibetan Lama in his quest for the wonderful river.

In the temple we found the enshrined images of the jewel-bedecked Tirthankeras, who have attained Moksha. These images represent ideals to the intelligent, but the ignorant, seeking the concrete, worship them as gods. Representing pure mind, the images have no individuality, but look alike and sit cross-legged with a foot on the opposite knee, sole upturned.

Jains do not engage in any occupation in which life is taken even indirectly as in lifting root vegetables or in burning candles or other lights by which moths may be attracted to their doom. The Jains are therefore tradesmen or merchants, often jewelers, or engage in professions. They have hospitals for beasts, birds, and insects, and hostels for their monks who travel about continuously but delay after a heavy dew or the monsoon until the ground has dried, that they may not trample upon worms and insects in the soft soil. This million and a quarter of Indians cannot be accused of cruelty to animals except as they oppose sanitation in the matter of killing suffering animals and disease carriers.

We left the following day at 3 P. M. for the hill city of Darjeeling, the capital of Bengal from March to September, when Calcutta becomes unbearably torrid. Changing trains at Parbatipur at 11:30 P. M., we slept through the night and settled in the open cars

of the Himalayan Railway, at Siliguri, at the unholy hour of 5:30 A. M., and soon began the ascent of the scenic Himalayas by zigzags, loops, spirals, and the famous switchbacks. The open cars are similar to our gondola cars used among our western mountain scenery.

We passed through fine tea gardens, belts of forest, looked down upon great rivers and into deep valleys and up at snow-capped mountains. We visited with those travelling from station to station or to Kurseong, Ghoom and Darjeeling.

A group of attractive Anglo-Indian girls was returning to a school near Darjeeling, which cares for the education of many of these pathetic girls, who have no social standing with the English and are taboo with high caste Hindus. Many of these beautiful girls have only one noticeable stigma, a grayish tint to their lips. They won my heart completely.

The lonely Englishman in India is to be pitied, for many cannot afford to bring an English wife, who must return to England frequently, until acclimated, or lose her health. He is often separated from his children who are returned to England to be reared and educated by relatives. Marriage with a Hindu, who is not only a Caucasian but an Aryan or even one with Moslem admixture who is also Caucasian, is not miscegenation. This grave problem in India cannot be compared with an occasional Madame Butterfly or misalliance with Mongolian or other races among foreign American residents. Americans who are inclined to draw color lines more sharply than the English, find their sympathies very strangely mixed in India. It is not sur-

prising that a large proportion of those in mental hospitals are Eurasians.

An English woman, pointing out her former home, said that an elephant came out of the forest trampling their garden and, their patience exhausted with his depredations, they shot him. But they expiated their crime by weeks of digging a grave only to find that the huge beast could not be buried deep enough and they moved from the vicinity for their sin had found them out—it “smelled to high heaven.” Perhaps this was one of the wandering elephants of Bhutan, for which the British agree to pay, should any be killed on Indian soil! This was the woman’s story not mine.

At Kurseong, we had a view of Fort Elam on the Nepalese border held by the colorful Gurkhas, the famous fighters of Hindu descent, for which the British pay a subsidy. Originally belonging to China, Nepal, Bhutan, and Sikkam have become British protectorates. The Gurkhas have now joined the Punjabis in Egypt.

Here at Kurseong, we had the first view of “The Snows,” a ridge of mountains running from Kinchenjunga to Mt. Everest, a magnificent view which carries one into another world. Kurseong is a favorite location for sanatoria or rest homes, so necessary to occidentals in becoming acclimated. Approaching Ghoom, all the responsibilities of life fall away, the horizon is lost and we speculate upon the possibility of a happy landing for any aviator in the vicinity of Mt. Everest!

Ghoom is the highest point of the Himalayan Railway and here children followed the slowly moving

train crying, "Backsheesh" and infants in arms held out their tiny hands for tribute. We stopped at Jore Bungalow Bazaar for a few minutes and mixed races gathered around the train, for its arrival is the great moment of the day, for both pleasure and business. One of my purchases was an immense square pendant from a pair of earrings, set with turquoise and other semi-precious stones which ornamented the ear of a Tibetan woman. Chubby, rosy-cheeked little Boeotian children followed us expectantly. These Boeotians are mixed Indians and Mongolians for Darjeeling lies close to Tibet as well as to Bhutan, Nepal and Sikkam.

The religion of these people is Buddhism with Lamaism, a corrupted Buddhism, in Tibet. Prayer flags flutter in the mountain breeze from the houses at Ghoom. A woman wearing the family wealth on a necklace and rings upon every anatomical part available for such decoration, turned a prayer wheel as she marketed, murmuring "Om, mana, pada, Om." Another quieted a child, which was strapped to her back, by transferring a big cigar from her own mouth to that of the child.

Bhootea Bustae village was visited in Darjeeling by walking around Birch Hill where there is an immense prayer wheel which cares very expeditiously for communal prayer and some visitors have been fortunate in seeing a grotesque Lama dance. Prayer wheels and flags offer a suggestion to the tired business man.

Varied scenery intrigues the traveler but the famed Himalayan Mountains Railway does not compare with scenic America until one arrives at Kurseong and

Ghoom, eerie and mountainous, which might be Shangri La. From Ghoom the train descended a few hundred feet to Darjeeling station and woman porters carried baggage up to the town which hangs apparently very perilously on the side of the mountain, and passengers rode up by ricksha. We were received by the Reverend Dr. and Mrs. McKean who made us comfortable during our visit. Dr. McKean is pastor of the little Scotch kirk and conducts a mission with both day and boarding schools. In twenty-one hours we had been carried from the intense heat of Calcutta to shiver under five blankets in Darjeeling.

It is futile to attempt to describe the mountain scenery or to compare it with Grand Canyon, Royal Gorge, the Canadian Pacific or the Swiss Alps, all so different. Confucius said two thousand years ago, that one picture is worth ten thousand words, and that may be said of the view from Darjeeling. Here one stands at an elevation of seven thousand feet between heights and depths, looking into verdant valleys three thousand feet below while crests and peaks rise as far above in the jagged snows, and Kinchenjunga towers over all at twenty-eight thousand feet, in unspeakable beauty and grandeur. Neither artist nor poet has ever adequately interpreted this "White Priest of Eternity" in its changes in sunrise, sunset and various atmospheric conditions. Imagist poets who eschew adjectives, clichés and figures of speech would experience soul cramp or remain inarticulate at Darjeeling! O, shades of Imagists! I throw all their cramping restraints over the precipice at Darjeeling, and call the

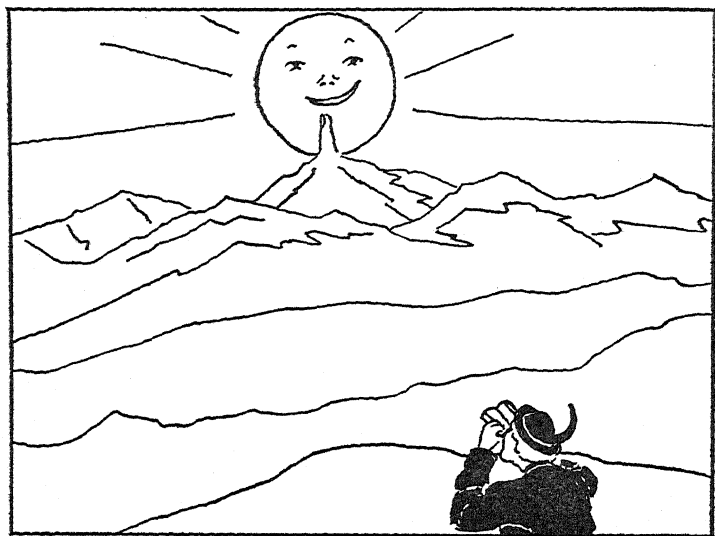
supreme and majestic beauty of Kinchenjunga *ineffable*, a word long known by sight which I have never before found occasion to treat with familiarity; a satisfying word to express the pent-up emotions of one who lacks "the fine accomplishments of verse."

Here at Darjeeling we stood upon Observatory Hill, on a wooded spur, amidst semi-tropical scenery with an Alpine background, where palms, tree ferns and evergreens were embanked with tropical flowers. The Mission Compound was landscaped as it might have been in an occidental metropolis but it had nature's own setting, and wild jackals skulked among the shrubbery and howled hideously at night, and leeches lay in wait among the lush vegetation to fasten upon the unwary pedestrian. Residents wear special gaiters.

The excursion to Tiger Point, for a view of Mt. Everest, is made by rising at 3:00 A. M. when one may be carried by coolies on a dandy, a kind of litter, or by ricksha with pantings and groanings, or he may ride a pony and, when all conditions are favorable, he may see, think he sees, or be persuaded that he sees Mt. Everest, the highest mountain in the world, described as a small white finger, as the sun comes up back of it. Though a few hundred feet higher than Kinchenjunga, it is not so impressive. The Sun, the master pleinairist, must paint the picture.

A fine specimen of subtle equivocation is the last paragraph! No, I did not see nor was I persuaded that I saw Mt. Everest, which may have been surmised when, like the corner druggist, I offered something just as good in Kinchenjunga. Now I call for registration

in a *Society for Promulgation of the Awful Truth*. There will be no dues and no perquisites, for virtue is its own and only reward in this exclusive, uninteresting and lethally dull society in which I have just qualified.



Mt. Everest, as Described by Imaginative Guides.

Government House, Eden Sanitarium and the Hotel rather dominate Darjeeling, the sanitarium being named for the late Sir Ashley Eden. We found activities at the mission both interesting and amusing. Mrs. McKean gave a tennis party to those attending the school of the Bengalese language — and never have I seen or tasted in any land so many kinds of rectory muffins, cakes, scones, etc., as she served for afternoon

tea. She invited us to visit the mission school where she taught rug weaving. The flat-nosed little girls were plump as little partridges. Some of these Mongoloid Indians wore native costumes but others were absurdly dressed from missionary barrels. Two wee tots draped in black and white checked "breakfast shawls" of grandmother's era sang the international kindergarten song with great gusto and dramatic effect, "This is the way I wash my face." And the faces had actually been washed, in contradistinction to those of singers in various countries, where I had enjoyed this classic.

Below the Mission Compound lay the market place all ablaze with the color of oriental peasantry from surrounding regions. Women wear gay scarfs, bright *saris* and much gaudy jewelry. Necklaces are made with coins about the size of a fifty cent piece and these are separated by rounds of red felt. These peasants are high pressure salesmen. A bright boy, who looked foolish, sold a turquoise necklace to me, as his last possession that he might return to the bosom of his family in Tibet. A few minutes later, having dried his tears, he was extracting necklaces from various pockets by the dozen. Beautiful furs may be bought very cheaply in the bazaars in Darjeeling but the curving is indifferent and the styling, impossible. A beautiful snow leopard cape made me wish for better Tibetan technique in these respects.

One is intrigued at Darjeeling by the Tibetans from that land of mystery and by stories centering around the Grand Lama. Perhaps Kipling's *Kim* will always keep that interest alive but the inaccessibility

of Lhasa, the capital, appears to belong to the past. Tibet is a suzerainty of China but English influence was extended into Tibet as early as 1904, when Sir Francis Younghusband penetrated the mysterious land and established trade relations.

Early in 1940, the six year old lad, Lin-Ergh, was reincarnated and deified because he had been born at the exact moment of the death of the late Grand Lama. The Chinese had insisted that the usual method of selecting a young Lama by drawing names from a golden urn be set aside in favor of Lin-Ergh, ostensibly because of this coincidence in the time of his birth, but in fact because the regent, who will serve until the Lama is eighteen years old, is sympathetic with Chiang Kai-Shek. A delegation represented the Chungking Government at the ceremony in Lhasa where delegates were blessed and presented with silk scarves. The Chungking Government was thus assured of the friendship of Tibet.

And Great Britain sent a Mission to the celebration under the British Agent General of Sikkam, a neighboring protectorate, who carried presents to the lad, a toy automobile and a cuckoo clock. They, too, were blessed by the holy child and presented with silk scarves, which had been blessed by Tibet's highest and holiest dignitary! And all united in a feast of tea and yak butter in which they were joined by about twenty thousand lamas of the vicinity. Thus did Great Britain also bid for Tibetan favor. But the Chinese and British did not come entirely in the spirit of the ancient "Greeks bearing gifts" for Tibet is virtually

and of a right ought to be a part of China, and Great Britain is a good neighbor.

An American may be amused by the incident but remembers, that whether a "fuzzy wuzzy" joins in the amazing spectacle of a coronation procession, Gandhi's scanty laundry floats from the window of a West End mansion in London or King Amanullah of the Afghans with his tremendous entourage serves himself freely in Bond and Regent street shops at the expense of the crown, the English carry matters off with dignity, retiring gracefully behind an impregnable wall of conventions and traditions. The British have an inexhaustible fund of loyalty and doubtless the Mission from Sikkam, knowing that "Britain expects every man to do his best," served with distinction even in presenting toys to a holy child!

On the return journey we noticed with more particularity the terraced gardens of the finest tea in the world, the dark green mango orchards and the bright green banana groves. Peasants water these from tanks at different levels, with long bamboo-handled scoops. All of the large gardens, orchards, groves, rubber plantations, and cocoanut topes of India are owned by corporations.

Returning to Calcutta we resumed our sightseeing in the Museum and in the Zoological Gardens, where we made closer acquaintance with indigenous animals and woman-like we shopped in the bazaars.

But the mecca of all interested in health work is the great school of Tropical Medicine and Hygiene, then directed by Lieutenant Colonel McGaw. It is

a monument to Sir Leonard Rogers, whose name like Abou Ben Adam's leads all the rest and for the same reason — he loves his fellow men practically. Since every Indian is a bacteriological menagerie and his spleen a malarial reservoir, research in endemic diseases is of paramount importance. Great contributions have been made by Sir Leonard Rogers, Dr. Ernest Muir, Sir Walter Fletcher, and by Drs. Ross, Mackie, Christopher, Smith, Knowles and Donovan, etc., and research results had been put into practice by the Indian Health Service, notably by Major General Symons, Director, and Major F. Norman White, Assistant Director. Lieutenant Colonel McCarrison made early and classic studies on the "Relative Value of National Diets" in different parts of India. He compared the health of the Madrases, who have a poor and unbalanced diet and live an indoor life, with that of the Sikhs living an outdoor life, on a diet of whole wheat, dairy products and greens, with very definite conclusions. Colonel Sprowson now heads the service in 1940.

The medical service of India is well organized, including military and civil government services but the rank and file of native doctors are wedded to the system of Aryavedic medicine following the teachings of Charaka, Sushruta and others which are very like those of Hippocrates, especially in ideals of ethics in medical practice. Galen's system of medicine appears to have followed the old Indian system and Charaka antedated Harvey in his theory of the circulation of the blood by many centuries. The medicine of Rome as well as

that of Greece was influenced by old Aryavedic medicine through the Buddhist missionaries of King Asoka. An Aryavedic Medical College was visited at Delhi and there are many scattered over India. There are two distinct schools of Indian medicine in the matter of treatment. One of these, mainly Hindu, practices under the systems of Egypt and Syria, while the other, holding to the ethics of Hippocrates, uses vegetable medicines and practices phlebotomy or bleeding.

There are many peripatetic doctors who, carrying their armamentarium in little brass boxes, travel among a million villages in India. They make diagnoses by palpation and inspection, and in severe illness make a secret and mysterious urinalysis by dropping oil of ginger upon the urine after the occidental method of using nitric acid as a reagent. The prognosis is read in the appearance of the drops as they spread over the surface, much as the cognoscenti read fortunes in tea cups. There are always barber surgeons, as in ancient medicine of all lands, whose knowledge is as meager as their surgical equipment.

Some Moslem physicians have an infallible system of prognostication. They ascertain the exact day and hour of the onset of the illness and, turning to a chart which they invariably carry, read under the day named what may cause the disease, whether the patient will recover and the duration of the illness. For instance, those falling ill on Thursday or Jupiter's day have been pursued by the shadow of a fairy. They have pain in the neck and umbilicus and the disease will continue ten days. What a convenient and time-saving

plan for socialized medicine! One wonders, however, whether the patient can always be persuaded that his symptoms are pains in the head and stomach corresponding with Thursday's table, for perhaps he has great drowsiness and the illness may last twelve days as on Friday the day of Venus. Or he may have Saturday's symptoms, with an onset on Monday, which are caused by the evil eye and continue seven days.

There are written charms to cure all diseases which may be attached to the body like an American "Magnetic Belt" but such a panacea, though probably worth a great deal (?) is too expensive for the masses. The Indians have a belief that sleeping with the head to the north is fatal, contradicting the occidental superstition that one must sleep in this way that the "magnetic current" may travel in the proper direction.

But the gods must be worshiped for favor and propitiated for illness. Evil spirits, however, may be summarily banished by shouting "Ram, Ram!" In India, every animate and inanimate form of nature appears to have a connection with some superstition. There are unique and varied methods of controlling the sex of children. There is one saying in Bengal which has a reasonable basis, "Never wake a sleeping physician." That is expensive in any land.

Modern occidental medicine is not well received among Ayurvedic practitioners, nor by Indians in general, but is making headway, because it has given control for many endemic diseases of India.

Bubonic Plague or Black Death, which in the fourteenth century is said to have taken nearly a fourth

of the population of the world, has been previously noted, but even if Pied Pipers could charm all the rats in India, neither the rats nor their boarders, the fleas, the hosts of the *bacillus pestis*, could be killed on account of the religious taboo against killing.

Hookworm may be prevented by sanitary precautions and may be effectively treated but the problem has not been entirely solved in India by the Rockefeller million dollar fund for research.

Cholera is rampant in India. The vibrio was long ago discovered by Koch, the father of bacteriology, and a cheap disinfectant has been furnished in electrolyzed sea water by an American chemist, Dr. Paul Freer. But there is no remedy for the disease, for the body is soon dehydrated, despite saline infusions.

Amoebic Dysentery, when not controlled by sanitary measures, may be treated with the less nauseating emetin isolated from *ipecacchuana* or *ipecac* by Captain Edward Vedder, of the U. S. P. H. S., who found that it killed amoeba while Sir Leonard Rogers of Calcutta used it hypodermically.

Malaria is one of the greatest problems in India, because of the expense and care needed in extermination of mosquitoes, carriers of the plasmodia, as well as the expense of great amounts of quinine for treatment. And there is yet more to learn about the treatment. Typhoid fever caused by the Eberth bacillus may be controlled through the water supply, but that is difficult in India. Vaccination to produce immunity has not been entirely reliable, while oral administration for immunity is a recent development.

In 1925 I spent a wet, but glorious day, in the Immunity Laboratory of Pasteur, then directed by M. Beredska, visiting with the only American assistant ever in this famous laboratory, Dr. Harry Plotz, who has bacillus No. 19X to his credit in the study of typhus. We sat among his cultures of the Eberth bacillus in his study of *Oral Administration for Immunization in Typhoid*.

Just after the war, the bacteriologist Fraenkel received a grant from the Prussian Ministry of Health for the study of oral immunization against typhoid. This research was made in Pasteur under Beredska, in Lodz, Poland and in Tokyo, and the report of it was published in 1938. This was the research, begun just after the war, upon which Dr. Plotz was engaged on the rainy day when I visited him in Pasteur Laboratory in 1925. And now at last after twenty years of work over the world, we have an oral remedy, which bids fair to be effective in preventing typhoid fever.

Parenthetically, there is a lure about laboratories to those who have worked in one, even in an unimportant way, and this morning in Pasteur's laboratory, in his own *sanctum sanctorum*, looking through a window at his home was a great adventure. Three Nobel prizes have come to this laboratory. Laveran's work on malaria was done here. Metchnikoff promulgated his beautiful theory of phagocytosis and waged the great immunity fight, upholding the cellular theory against the German humeral theory, from this laboratory — and here Bordet laid the foundations for the Wassermann test for syphilis. Victor Hugo says that, regard-

less of the attitude of the body, there are moments when the soul is on its knees. Such moments come to those who study the statue of Pasteur in the Sorbonne, or the monument with symbolic pedestal erected by international subscription in Place Berteuil, and especially to those who pause before his tomb in Pasteur Institute.

Owing to the killing taboo there are many mad dogs in India and rabies is therefore prevalent. There are fine Pasteur Institutes, in which serum is manufactured for its prevention, in the large cities of the Orient including India, but rabies in the human is common because the serum for prevention is not available in isolated regions and cannot be immediately procured.

Elephantiasis or *filariasis*, a disease caused by filaria or white thread-like worms, was demonstrated by Dr. Patrick Manson of Scotland, sixty years ago. These worms work their way inward from the skin and very slowly block the lymphatic system, causing enlargement of parts. A leg may become as large as that of an elephant. This disease, found not uncommonly in India, has no cure.

Leprosy, mentioned previously, is very prevalent, the victims numbering hundreds of thousands, but neither segregation nor treatment bear any relation to the situation. The mode of infection is yet undetermined though there has been world-wide study over rat leprosy and bottles of leprous fed flies and mosquitoes by such authorities as Stephanski, Rabinowich, Kitasato, and American leprologists.

Smallpox may be absolutely controlled by vaccination though the germ, probably a filterable virus, has never been isolated, but the task of keeping more than three hundred millions of Indians protected by vaccination is almost insuperable. Venereal diseases, eye troubles and scabies are commonly concurrent with other diseases. The responsibility and magnitude of the Indian Health Service is staggering.

Educated and cultured Indians have coöperated with Great Britain. Carmichael College Medical School and Hospital is a part of the University of Calcutta and the Medical School, headed by Dr. Kedar Nath Das and the entire faculty, render gratuitous service to seven hundred native men students. Dr. B. Shiga has made valuable studies on grave cases of malaria. It is a proud boast that this institution is conducted under native supervision at a phenomenally less expense than any of the same class under foreign control. The Anti-Malarial Society of Bengal is centered in Calcutta and Drs. Chatterjee, A. Mitra, and Babu Banerjee have given valuable service.

Certain Indian habits influence health profoundly as eating with the fingers which spreads infection, but especially betelnut chewing and the use of hashish. The red mouth of betelnut chewers, the red saliva running down from the angles of the mouth, is seen everywhere. It has been said that one-tenth of the human race have this habit. It is believed to be a digestant, stimulant and an aphrodisiac and taken as a medicine, it becomes a habit. It is now used as an after dinner mint. Though it may prevent decay of teeth, it causes

recession of gums and pyorrhœa and loosens teeth by the constant chewing of hard fiber.

Though opium is the curse of the Orient, Indian hemp causes more mental disturbances in India than opium. In a report to the Seventh Congress of the Far East Association of Tropical Medicine meeting in Calcutta in 1927, J. E. Dhunjiboy says that the hemp plant introduced into India for its fiber had no narcotic properties north of the Himalayas but that these were developed in the Indian climate. It is now grown, not for fiber, but as a narcotic in India, Tibet, China, Persia, and Syria. In our pharmacopœia it is *Cannabis Indica* and a number of my classmates experimented upon its effect personally, making reports. In India it is smoked as *ganja*, a mixture of stems, leaves and flowers, in the hookah or water pipe, and it is used as *bhang* or a decoction or tea flavored with anise, fennel, rose or cloves, and also as *charas*, — a resin from the flowers of the female plant, a concentrated product to which datura is often added. On the Himalayan excursion, I saw fields of *datura stramonium*, tall plants with large white flowers, which belong to the family of our thornapple or jimson weed, formerly much smoked for the alleviation of asthma.

The symptoms resulting from the use of hashish are mainly ecstasy, amnesia, mania, and dementia. The addition of datura or other drugs causes the frenzy known in India as "running amok." The Indians use also *cannabis sativa*, or common hemp, in confections. Since the use of marihuana, *cannabis sativa* or common hemp, has become prevalent in the United States,

there is widespread effort to check the evil for it has been found that it leads to delinquency and crime.

At a meeting of the Advisory Committee on Traffic in Opium and other dangerous Drugs at a meeting of the League of Nations in Switzerland, Mrs. Hamilton Wright referred to the cultivation of the coco (*coco erythroxylon*) plant in India. The Government replied that neither *erythroxylon coco* nor any other plant from which cocaine can be made is cultivated in India, and that Indians do not chew leaves of this plant which is grown only as an ornamental plant in botanical gardens. Indians, however, do get cocaine, manufactured elsewhere.

A report of this seventh annual Congress of the Far East Association was sent me by a member, Dr. Rosetta Sherwood Hall, founder of the Medical College for Women in Seul, Japan, and reports of these congresses have kept me familiar with Indian health activities. At this Congress, U. S. Eastern Health Commissioner, Dr. Victor Heiser, who has done monumental work in the Philippines, was present as was Rabinadrath Tagore who is in active sympathy with this movement. He came from Santinketan, or the Abode of Peace, which he calls his school at Bhopal, north of Calcutta. Bringing pupils with him, this cultured Nobel prize winner, produced a play for the entertainment of the Congress. His school, cutting squarely across tradition, is successfully coeducational, the girls living in three-storied houses while the boys live in bungalows. One of my memory treasures is a short visit with the gentle

Rabinadrath Tagore. There were in 1927, fourteen hundred members of the F. E. A. T. M., and this particular congress gave incalculable impetus to health in the Far East. Later congresses have felt "war's alarums" in both attendance and interest.

Major General Symons closed his address of welcome saying that, "India, the cradle of epidemic disease, is equal in area and more than equal in population to all of Europe excluding Russia, and her problems increased by a greater diversity in race, language, and religion." He begged visitors not to jump to the conclusion that more could have been done in public health, but to try to realize the difficulties with which the profession had contended.

Calcutta is a center of advanced thought. The disciples of the late C. W. Das forward his work in Hindu-Moslem unity. Sir J. C. Bose is universally known for his work in plant physiology so extensive that having demonstrated circulatory and nervous systems in plants and everything but speech, we have awaited plant psychology! Professor Todd of Northwestern University, Chicago, calls Tagore, Gandhi, and Bose the "Three Wise Men." I would add a wise woman, Madame Naidu.

Mrs. Anna Besant was lecturing on Indian Freedom at this time. This distinguished looking woman, with bobbed white hair, gowned in white and wearing white sandals, who has eleven volumes on Indian politics to her credit, was not quite convincing that India does not yet need Great Britain, however ideal the condi-

tion of freedom. In a few weeks, Mrs. Besant was presenting a young Indian protege as a Christ at a congress of theosophists in the Netherlands.

There are more than six hundred publications in India, some of these comparing favorably with many of our own. Some English papers are as conservative as the *London Times* which is published inside the impregnable wall of English conventions. One may learn much about India from the *Pioneer Mail*. *The Modern Review*, a magazine with international contributors, ranks high. Advertisements of potions for sexual impotence have been quoted to prove a national sex complex. In examination of many newspapers, I found that these advertisements differed in no essential from those published in many countries except in suggestions of magical properties. The following notice taken from a Calcutta newspaper in March, 1926, offers food for thought when making comparisons in the moral tone of different nations.

NOVEARBER STRI-DARMA PROTEST

“Four very unfortunate and very young women were fined eight rupees, without evidence, in the Bengal Court. Soliciting in the street must be made an offense for both men and women alike and the accuser must be in court. What is wrong conduct in women is wrong conduct in men. We demand an equal moral standard for all children of Mother India.”

Since my visit, there have been coördination and

cohesion in health work in establishing Health Schools in each province in charge of a woman doctor who directs health visitors from these centers. The first of these at Delhi, in operation at the time of my visit, was directed by Dr. Agnes Scott, who was awarded the Kaiser-I-Hind Medal for humanitarian service by King Edward VIII. His brother, King George VI, has recently awarded this medal to Dr. Ruth Young, Principal of Lady Hardinge Medical College; Dr. Edith Brown, Principal of the Medical School at Ludhiana, and Dr. Charlotte Houlton. Dr. Agnes Scott returned to India in 1939, examining a possibility of establishing refugee men doctors in India.

Those who have traveled in India, when reading that the Duke of Windsor had "gone to the front for Britain," in France, remember having heard there how he went more bravely in front in 1921, when he made a royal progress through India, as Prince of Wales. At this time of most bitter hatred for the Crown, he faced possible personal violence. Few would have dared the danger of facing an infuriated people. No other could have won their hearts. This young Prince Charming, who rode and golfed and danced himself into the heart of the youth of the world, was more than a playboy. He endeared himself to the medical profession by his sincere, intelligent and inquiring interest in tropical medicine while his sympathy with the poor, underprivileged, and suffering, enthroned him in the hearts of the world. Tenderness and compassion, the rarest of virtues, "become the throned monarch, better than his crown." What the Duke of Windsor could have done

for India in the last few years when Britain wasted valuable years of his life!

Any visitor in India may find evidence that, despite all handicaps, Britain has handled the matter of sanitation and health well. Many wealthy Maharajahs contribute generously to the cause of health and sanitation. The Maharajah of Jamma and Kashmir established welfare work under Dr. Janet Vaughan, while the Maharajah of Inadore has reduced his personal expenses for the same fine purpose.

The International Health Association contributes its quota. Organized in the middle of the last century, headquarters have been maintained in Paris for more than sixty years. Since 1922, the Health Committee of the League of Nations in conjunction with the Rockefeller Foundation has collaborated with the International Health Board in a systematic way. A few years ago, Dr. Richard Cabot made an illuminating report of this remarkable coöperation. The Interchange Medical Officers' Tour of India, the first in 1928, under the League of Nations enabled officers to exchange experiences and to "establish personal contacts and bonds of confidence and understanding between national health administrations in combating disease."

So throughout India, I found endeavor in health lines, in many places with accomplishment. In others results were not commensurate with efforts.

The work of American women in India is of more than ordinary interest. The first woman doctor to go to India was Dr. Clara Swain, a graduate of the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, who was

received with great cordiality in 1869. In 1874, she built a hospital and dispensary through the kind offices of the Nawab of Rampur and later became physician to the wife of the Rajah of Khetri. Through her influence the Ranee built a hospital and dispensary and she showered Dr. Swain with favors including the use of her camels and elephants, which, strange as it seems, was no small favor in pre-motor days. Women doctors in India have always made pilgrimages into outlying districts carrying medicines, often by litter or ricksha when it was necessary to walk for long distances.

Perhaps there is no American woman in India today better known than Dr. Ida Scudder, who founded the Medical College for Women at Vellore, a pleasant and comparatively healthy part of India in 1918. It is related that she visited her father and mother in India, and that one evening as she sat on their veranda, three native men, both Moslem and Hindu, came pleading that she attend their wives in dystocia or difficult labor. They refused the proffered service of her father, who was a doctor, scornfully, preferring that their wives should die rather than see a man doctor. The wives all died. Dr. Scudder returned to America and studied medicine. She settled in Vellore upon her return and later founded the Medical College in connection with the hospital, financing it mainly in America. Last year, 1939, two hundred and forty native women graduated and there were eighty-five yet in training. The hospital cared for three thousand five hundred and fifty-three in-patients, thirteen thousand nine hundred and eighty-two out-patients, while twenty-one thousand two hun-

dred and four had been treated in the Roadside Clinics through a motor dispensary. Dr. Scudder has been decorated with the Kaiser-I-Hind Medal by the British Government and returned a few years ago to receive an honorary degree in America.

One of my classmates, Dr. Lena Benjamin, has given her life at Nellore, not distant from Puri, famous for the horrible Juggernaut procession, and Dr. Sarah Parker Vaughan, another American woman, has a Bird's Nest, a philanthropy of her own, in Medura, the hotbed of Hindu corruptions. This home for street waifs is much like that of Lillian Tascher at Assyut, Egypt, except that a smaller number are taken but they are more highly educated. There were forty-five in the Nest, at the time of my visit, but many had flown, becoming doctors and nurses. Dr. Maud Allen of Los Angeles, California, has just retired after thirty-nine years in India.

Space does not permit mention of the many American women doing noble work in India, and it would be impossible to describe the work in two hundred women's hospitals in India staffed entirely by women as well as women's wards in various hospitals over India, under the care of women doctors. Those who paint a true picture of India must note some of the fine things that are being done and may find some interesting stories among those who are doing them. There are no more faithful, kindly, and capable women in the world than the English and native women doctors whom I met in India. Nor are there any finer men than the Englishmen in the medical profession, who

are doing outstanding work in research under great difficulties.

The traveler in India hears criticisms of English occupation, but one who has noted difficulties in education and sanitation catches a glimpse of some of Britain's problems. In India three hundred and twenty millions of people of many races and nine religions which include hundreds of sects, have different languages and ideologies. Moslems and Hindus riot continually. Moslem, Sunnis and Shias, disagree. Among Hindus, fifteen million "Untouchables" and many sub-castes demand social and political recognition. Three-fifths of India in eleven provinces, governed by a Legislative Assembly, under a Viceroy, are divided into Nationalists and Moderates, while the other two-fifths are governed as five hundred and sixty-two native states under Hindu or Moslem Princes. All of the various factions have but one agreement, a desire for political independence. But how it may be attained and how freedom may be used agitates the "Untouchables," led by Ambedkar, the Moslem League under Ali Jinnah, the all-Indian Congress, controlled by the remarkable Mr. Nehru and Gandhi. Even a federation with such diversity of demands appears fantastic to the casual observer.

The Occidental must be profoundly shocked by the slums of India, the worst in the world, and distressed by economic conditions among workers in mills and factories, though it is said that conditions are better in those under English control than in those directed by Indians. The complaint that all good positions

are occupied by the English is unfounded. To the traveler, India appears to be almost entirely staffed by Indians and statistics confirm his observations.

As to British monopolies and exploitations of Indian resources, a traveler can have no data to offer in defence while as to the justice of conquest, even when excused as humanitarian, there may be differences of opinion. But India belongs to the Indian, and the time and manner in which it is returned must be determined by Great Britain and India in justice and expediency. Great Britain has done much for India. However the matter is accomplished, there will be dissatisfaction.

All over India I found courtesy and kindness and some beauty. There are those who see only dirt in Naples and feel only fleas in Rome. My picture of India, though it has its shadows, is one of hope. The Hindu is a mystic and an Occidental finds it difficult to come close to him. There is a hazy quietude in the very atmosphere and the Indian has at all times a dignified reticence about himself and his country, and its traditions. One seeking information must have introductions to people and places where he may find what he seeks. Those interested in different phases of Indian life will of course find other pictures.

Even in the various religions, with all their corruptions, it is possible to find something admirable, as in the Parsee's emphasis of personal responsibility, the Hindu's joy in service, the Moslem's devoutness, the Jain's idealism, and the Sikh's simplicity. The sun shone brightly when I traveled in India and it is in itself a strong germicide. Many native and foreign folk

of broad culture and fine enthusiasm were sponsoring agencies for education, and *education* is the key to the whole situation. Criticism, unless constructive, is both useless and discourteous and statistics showing a higher percentage of crime in the United States, per capita than in India, should give captious critics, pause. Three Nobel prizes have gone to India!

And now I journeyed on to Rangoon, Penang, and Singapore, toward the equator which Mark Twain expected to find, a thin blue line. It proved to be, however, an entirely imaginary line, not separating North from South, nor East from West, in the great international problem of education. Over it the kindly sympathetic and understanding may always find an easy "Passage to India."

UNDER THE TROPIC SUN



UNDER THE TROPIC SUN

ONE morning I sailed from Calcutta on the *Tilawa* of the Apcar Line. As we were piloted slowly through the yellow Hoogley river to meet the blue waters of Bengal Bay, the jute factories along the shore recalled an unavailing attempt of the British, against child labor. The family ties are so strong and the need for more income so urgent, that women persist in working with their men in coal mines and factories. They bring young children with them who cannot be left alone at home. Every infant who can lift a hand, learns to work.

All went merry as a marriage bell, until we arrived at Rangoon, at the mouth of the Rangoon river, "where the flying fishes play, on the road to Mandalay." The Rangoon is called the Irrawaddy farther north and Mandalay lies on its banks. Fish jump high and play sportively and, aided by their fins, glide along the Burmah-Malayan littoral in schools of silvery sheen, at night a moon-drenched moving picture for romantic travelers.

At Rangoon came the disconcerting orders to vacate the ship, transferring to the *Elephanta* which had sailed a few hours earlier, for Bubonic Plague had broken out among the sailors. Passengers complied promptly, but I remained over night in arranging for

a comfortable stateroom on the long voyage to China. In the morning I found a faithful old white-haired, long-bearded, turbaned Sikh lying on a rug at my door, guarding a disobedient passenger. Evidently hydrocyanic fumigation had not yet been used, for we were both alive. Perhaps he believed, if the ship had not been ratproofed, that he could intercept the rats, that harbor the fleas, that are hosts to the germs, that cause the Plague, for the life history of the *bacillus pestis* sounds like the "House that Jack Built." Except in the rare and fatal pneumonic type it is not communicable from man to man.

It was with regret that I left the ship without seeing the sailors, not only because I had never seen a case of the Plague, but perhaps some of them were lascars! Since childhood, I have been intrigued by the word which appears so colorfully in all sea-faring tales. In attempting to untangle some of these tales, I had just learned that "Fifteen men on a dead man's chest," meant only that pirates were left upon Dead Man's Island, one of our Virgin group, in punishment. Yet here I missed an opportunity of a lifetime to see a lascar in this romantic atmosphere of that great sea novelist, Joseph Conrad.

On the *Tilawa*, a Mormon missionary returning from Africa sat on my right in the dining room while on my left was a young Moslem, Mullah Mahoud, en route, via Bangkok to Kobe, Japan to engage in silk importation. Both were excellent company for one interested in the viewpoints of youth.

My Mormon compatriot and I drove about Ran-

goon. Street scenes were steeped in color. Orange and yellow, rose and red were toned and harmonized by the Indian sky and the tropic sun. Burmah was a part of China until 1860, but is now a protectorate of Britain, straining at the leash. The Malayan people, who are Buddhists, speak a monosyllabic language derived from the Pali, one of the Dravidian or pre-Aryan dialects spoken in southern India and Malaya. They are hospitable and intelligent and the women delight in teaching their children. Rangoon was warmer than Penang and Singapore which are more directly under the equator, and pleasure seemed more important than work. Rangoon, the capital and largest city of Burmah, is an important seaport, activities centering around rubber, oil, teak, rice, and tungsten. Burmah Road into China now holds the attention of the world.

Though all diseases endemic in India are prevalent here, kala-azar or dumb-dumb fever, first studied in tea gardens of Assam, has been the despair of sanitarians in past years. The germ named for the discoverers, Leishman-Donovani, has long been known but the mode of transmission was more recently demonstrated by Napier.

We drove along Godwin Road to the famous Shwe Dagon or Golden Temple, the most magnificent in the world, climbed the stairway and wandered among the resplendent but hideous golden Buddhas. Visitors must walk reverently barefoot and I wrapped shoes and stockings, leaving them in the taxi and, feeling the disappointed guardian of accessories, walked up the blistering stairway and over the filthy pavements and

floors in anything but reverent spirit. Opportunists among waiting and watching fleas must have chortled in glee when a doctor chanced infection in Rangoon, the Plague Center of the world. Walking barefoot, any place in the Orient, is too high a price to pay for a glimpse of grotesque splendor. Refusing the footbath at the foot of the stairs that had served many, I rubbed my feet vigorously with handkerchiefs and put my shoes on in shame, happy that no conservative English doctor had witnessed my very American escapade. Tennyson was right, "Knowledge comes but wisdom lingers."

Malaya, which is about the size of England, consists of the Crown Colonies of Singapore, Penang, and some smaller provinces; the Federated States of Perak, Selangor, Pahang, and Negri Sembilan, and a number of Unfederated States as Kedah, Johore, Kelantar, etc., the latter subject to Britain as to foreign policy. These are loyal to Great Britain and under Governor S. W. Jones, resident in Singapore, have held firm, taxing every native in making a huge loan to help Britain in the present crisis. Malaysians unite with wealthy Chinese to check Japanese inroads in Malaya.

A congestion of small craft in the harbor prevented docking at the pier and we were landed in small boats. Penang, the capital city on an island, is the port to Malaya and Siam, now called Thailand, and the thought of a visit to Bangkok almost persuaded me to remain over for the next boat. One may be intrigued with the quaint customs of Siamese and the King's vagaries, but Dr. Pierra Hoorn, who has organized a

University Club of more than forty women, seven of them doctors, thinks that their interest in kindergarten and puericulture among the Siamese is of more moment.

Penang is a beautiful city and we chartered a motor to view the attractions, visiting first the Snake Temple, where dopey snakes writhe over altars and around the walls. Ophiolatry has been practiced among many nations, particularly by the Phoenicians and Chinese, who regarded the serpent as benevolent, but the Malaysans, regarding it as malevolent, worship it in conciliation, and it is unforgivable to kill a snake. Venomous snakes, particularly the cobra, are often controlled or "charmed" through their olfactory sense. A little snuff sprinkled on the head of a temple snake quickly reduces it to passivity while the odor of onions serves as an anaesthetic. Small bags of onions are tied on altars and pillars but, according to superstition, efficacy depends upon a definite number of bags and a special method of tying them!

The Turtle Temple was less exciting and we continued by following beauty in the Botanical Gardens, which are pages from a book of fairy tales, in the lush and verdant vegetation of the tropics. There were temple trees with white blossoms of more heavenly fragrance than the gardenia, the gold morrhul with lacy fern-like foliage and orange flowers, the cotton tree or flame-of-the-forest with large scarlet blooms. There were single and double hibiscus, poinsettias, bignonia, and bougainvella vines, pink and white oleander, giant cannas, rubber plants, banana trees and

other palms galore, including the Palmyra palm, and the tropical picture was complete for monkeys played and teased through the garden in perfect freedom.

We visited the waterfall and ascended the funiculaire to view the island, for it is a mortal offence to neglect a peak or funiculaire in any city. It seemed hardly possible that not distant, natives yet lived in trees for a part of the interior of Malaya, one of the richest countries in the world, is yet undeveloped.

The people of Penang are Malaysians, Chinese, some Indians and English. There are many fine Chinese residences. All diseases of India are prevalent, but rubber workers suffer from nutritional disorders. Teachers are being sought in United States because of the need created by the tin and rubber industries.

Alor Star, the capital of Kedah, an Unfederated State, governed by a Sultan, is only sixty miles from Penang. An English woman doctor who practices in Kedah says, that the country is very hot but very beautiful and that Alor Star is a modern city with airport, tennis and golf and a race track. Dr. Cicily Williams, of the Colonial Medical Service in Malaya, has been able to return to her post by airplane via India.

Many passengers returned to the ship wearing leis of fragrant flowers, and others carrying Penang law-yers, which are not legal advisers, but small knobby-headed canes of Penang palm. Malaccas were added to their cane collection at Singapore after we had traveled the five hundred miles through Malacca Strait



Saika House, Pehang, Malaya.

which separates the mainland of Malaya from Sumatra Island, one of the Dutch East Indies.

The Dutch East Indies extend from Malaya to Australia, comprising Sumatra, Celebes, part of Borneo, New Guinea, Java, the Molucca or Spice Islands, the Sundas (Bali, one of these, the traveler's Paradise, retains native customs and furnishes the sarong to Hollywood), and many others. The equator passes through the three first named and the hot moist climate makes vegetation luxurious, the exports including coffee, rubber, tea, rice, tobacco, cloves, nutmeg, pepper, kapok for our porch pillows, and cinchona for ninety per cent of our quinine.

The East India Company, founded on spices, built the Indian Empire but it is a changed world. Dietitians now eschew pepper. The soft breezes which wafted the fragrance of spices have become strong trade winds carrying oil, rubber, iron, and tin over the world. The glittering treasures of the Indies have been outshone by glistening ingots of silver. In Conrad's "first sigh of the Orient upon my breath," fragrance and exotic perfumes have become the odors of latex and oil. The orphaned Dutch East Indies, with a population of sixty million and many valued commercial products, are yet guarded by a Dutch Governor General and an elected Volksrad but their ultimate fate hangs in the balance. The mystery and romance of the Indies have become apprehension and fear.

The harbor of Singapore, the "City of the Lions," the Crossroads of the World, swarmed with miscella-

neous craft especially junks and sampans the little bobbing boats, upon which thousands spend a lifetime. After anchoring we went at once to an early luncheon at Raffles Hotel, a rendezvous for world travelers. This hotel was built by Sir Stamford Raffles, who developed Singapore from a little fishing village to a cosmopolitan city of six hundred thousand. It has now become a strong and invaluable British Naval Base, covering "hidden treasure," an underground arsenal. Singapore, on an island, is the capital of the Straits Settlements of Penang and Singapore and the residence of the Governor General. The island, twenty-seven miles long and about fifteen miles wide, is covered by the city and Seletar, the Naval Base. Following the World War, Britain began to fortify it, making it as nearly impregnable as possible, building two great docks, swinging and stationary, a naval and military base, the latter garrisoned by seven thousand soldiers. Oil is stored in great tanks and tremendous quantities of munitions are stored in an underground arsenal. Facilities for bringing in, refueling and repairing ships of all kinds, including superdreadnoughts of present size, have been completed (1938) at enormous expense. Compared with Gibraltar, Singapore is colossal.

The upkeep of Singapore Base is largely met by Malaya, one of the richest countries in the world. Exports of nearly one-half of the world's rubber and a large proportion of the tin in the world are heavily taxed, and opium adds to revenues. Great Britain buys quantities of opium from India and Persia and makes it into *chandu*, selling it at enormous profit with the

ostensible plan of the price limiting its use, but the population is largely Chinese, many of them very wealthy — and they are generally addicted to opium. It is, however, sold to addicts only, who must be certified as such by physicians. Americans make contribution to Singapore Base in buying rubber and tin, paying exorbitant duty. Ninety per cent of American rubber and a large percentage of tin have been bought from Malaya and Dutch East Indies. Speed the time when the guayule plant which furnishes rubber may be grown in the United States, and synthetic rubber may be produced in great quantities more reasonably priced as an insurance against future contingencies!

Great Britain controls trade routes at Singapore, among friendly states which provide a revenue for its maintenance. But there is a fly in the ointment in the probability of Philippine independence, the uncertain future of the Dutch East Indies, the Japanese occupation of Spratley Islands, the entrenchment of Japan in Malaya both commercially and industrially, especially in iron mining and shipping of great quantities of iron to Japan annually. The Japanese suggestion of an Oriental Monroe Doctrine, her desire for French Indo-China, unrest in Burmah and the unhappy episode of closing Burmah Road into China are vital considerations which must be discussed and settled by international authorities, not by a biased traveler.

Dr. Dutta, a passenger on the *Tilawa*, assistant to Sir Walter Fletcher in Burmah, had told me much of their work on bubonic plague, malaria, dengue and leprosy and had spoken of the Beri-beri Hospital in

Singapore. Knowing that no other travelers would be interested in hospitals, I motored there alone after luncheon. Beri-beri is a nutritional disease now recognized as due to a deficiency of vitamin B, but it is not a new disease for the Japanese Navy suffered a forty per cent incapacity from it more than fifty years ago. The definite cause of the disease was demonstrated by Indian research workers in the rubber plantations of Malaya when it was shown that polished rice, the principal diet of the workers in rubber plantations, is deprived of vitamin B by polishing and that beri-beri may be cured by supplying the diet with polishings or vitamin B substitute.

The hospital at Singapore was filled with incurables from long deficiency or refusal to take the cure. Formerly a hundred thousand died annually in the Orient from this devastating disease which is a polyneuritis or inflammation of many nerves in which the victim suffers pain, becomes paralyzed and dropsical. Here some patients pathetically crawled on their hands, dragging their paralyzed legs. Pellagra, a deficiency disease of our southern mountains, is often cured by the simple expedient of using the pot liquor in which vegetables have been cooked. This early afternoon, I continued to the very excellent St. Andrew's Hospital. In 1938 the St. Andrew's Orthopaedic Hospital for Children, who suffer from bone tuberculosis, was completed on the coast seven miles distant.

After these hospital visits, my mind was diverted from human suffering by a lovely drive across the gleamingly white causeway over the narrow strait of

Johore, to visit the estate of the famous Sultan of Johore. The trip through the jungle was a delightful escape from the blatant sun of the city and provided opportunity to see the smelly juice or latex as it flows from the rubber trees and gave an inside view of a rubber factory. Rubber, grown so extensively in Malaya, is not indigenous but comes from seed brought from Para, Brazil. The Sultan of Johore, one of the Unfederated States with capital at Johore Bahru, who has occupied the throne for forty years, is a colorful sportsman, but a family man withal, having had three wives and three sons by different mothers who upheld the trio tradition by marrying three sisters. Johore is a British Protectorate, with complete autonomy except as to foreign policies, and the Sultan is very pro-British. The gay gallant made a substantial subscription to Singapore base, as well he might, for his own protection, and has allowed the Crown to select the proper son for succession, that continued allegiance may be assured.

The next morning we visited Raffles Museum and Chinese and Indian temples. Singapore, a commercial crossroads, is also a crossroads for races and religions and sects whose names are legion. There are few Christians, and others usually designated as "heathen" worship innumerable gods. Yogis, swamis, bomos, etc., perform miracles of healing even as American quacks, but charge nothing for the service. There are temples galore but the Panther Temple is of uncanny interest. A huge, gilded concrete Buddha, clothed in the splendor of yellow silk draperies, sits in state, making west-

erners shudder in a too-faithful representation of human flesh.

While the Shwe Dagon in Rangoon is the most gorgeous Buddhist Temple in the world, the fine Sri Mariamman Hindu Temple is certainly the most amazing. Temples are compounds, enclosed by walls rather than single buildings, and life-sized cows sculptured in concrete lie placidly on the top of the walls of Sri Mariamman. Leis or wreaths of flowers or strings of blue beads hang around their sacred necks. A most astonishing tower rises six stories above the gate or entrance to the compound, ornamented with bizarre life-sized sculptures of men, women, and animals. There are literally hundreds of sculptures of girls holding parasols, torches, parrots, and unidentifiable objects, nude men and women, men and women with wings and others playing harps and violins. A British soldier carries a rifle. All of these colored sculptures are grotesquely unreal and as colorful as a California picture postal card or an old fashioned chromo. The ensemble might be described as a composite of Madame Tussaud's Wax Works and a Chinese toy shop, but it staggers the imagination of an occidental for its meaning is unguessed. A very realistic turbaned man held me "rooted to the spot" for he held a pistol aimed at the back of a flesh-and-blood Sikh policeman, on guard with his gun on the corner of the street below.

It seems incredible that there is, in this day and age, an annual ceremony of walking over a pit of red hot coals in Sri Mariamman Temple. The heat is described as so intense that the coolies who rake the embers with

ten foot poles must be continually sprinkled with water to enable them to endure it. A Leica would doubtless produce a picture resembling Dore's illustration of *Dante's Inferno* in which devils stirred the infernal fires. Unlike Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego, the Jewish captives of Babylon, the actors make no claims to passing through the fires unscathed for they frequently fall unconscious, and those who accomplish the feat are promptly treated for burns in the primitive manner with oil and mud. There were no regrets about not witnessing this horrendous performance.

The afternoon was advantageously used for a motor trip into the country among forests of teak, ebony, sandalwood, camphor, and giant bamboo with a guide to identify the trees. We drove through cocoanut topes and rubber plantations and returned to see a lovely sunset from a hill in a park above the city where I left the motor to examine a traveler's palm, said to provide water for thirsty travelers, but found not a drop of the fabled water. In the evening, merchants brought wares, spreading them upon the deck for the temptation of passengers. The semi-precious stones, including the zircon, golden topaz, aquamarine, white sapphire and Ceylon ruby, were bewilderingly beautiful. All Orientals sell cultured and manufactured pearls and seed pearls.

The League of Nations maintains an Epidemiological Service Station at Singapore, a strategic point from which outbreaks of infections are broadcasted over the world, but there was no time for a visit.

Here at Singapore, it would have been thrilling to

make an odyssey of the Dutch East Indies for the percentage of women in the medical profession in Holland is very high and Dutch women doctors are scattered throughout Malaysia. Then it would have taken an unconscionable time — and now when air service has been extended and perfected, one cannot travel. The survey of women doctors, which I had undertaken, was an inspiration for “Their line has gone through all the earth.” The pleasure of finding them in cities, villages, and islands of the sea, was matched when as an editor I have received letters from every corner of the globe. It gives one such a sense of belonging in the world. Nothing that I have ever done has been the source of so much unalloyed pleasure.

We were glad to have again the smell of the sea as we continued chugging and flopping along in the choppy South China Sea when at times waves rolled mountain high. Some of *les misérables* were confined in “durance vile” for several days and this traveler, who has never been seasick, confesses to permanent repugnance to the perfume of a certain soap used in the South China Sea.

We passed north of Borneo, the third largest island in the world. A woman who had visited in British North Borneo held a gallery spellbound as she told of life in the capital at Sandakan on the Sulu Sea. Here there was a good hospital and the necessities of life which followed the inflexible routine of colonials on far-flung islands. There were dinners in fusty, rusty, musty dinner clothes, only identified by long skirts and outdated coats, for even Wally Windsor could not

keep clothing fresh and fashionable in the tropics so far from Paris — or New York. There was afternoon tea with an incredible variety of pastries, spiced with provincial jealousies and gossip and an occasional garden party in fluffy ruffles and big billowy hats and always tea which kept everybody happy, hot and moist. The Wild Man of Borneo did not come to town but she had intimate acquaintance with gibbons, leeches, and mosquitoes.

Borneo, consisting of British Borneo on the east and Sarawak on the north and Dutch Borneo on the south, has few harbors for the shores are low and sandy. But I take issue with a writer of a travel article of July, 1940, who says that there are no railroads for, upon word of two residents, there is at least one short road. Rivers are depended upon for transportation and one of these is seven hundred miles long. The natives are Malaysians with various admixtures and there are many Chinese in Dutch Borneo and some along the northern and eastern coasts. The Chinese procure great quantities of birds' nests in the caves of Borneo for the great delicacy of their table. Gold, silver, platinum and oil, are among the exports. There are yet some Headhunters in the interior. The *status quo* of the Dutch East Indies and particularly that of Dutch Borneo interests Britain and the world.

The story of Sarawak heard then and often since, is of rare interest. James Brooke, a retired British officer in India, who ran down buccaneers with his own boat and crew, assisted a Borneo ruler to suppress a rebellion and was rewarded with a large portion of Borneo,

which achieved autonomy and became a British Protectorate. No Sultan furnishes so much popular copy to the press so unwillingly as the white Sultan of Sarawak. Sir Charles Brooke is distressed that his daughters have been publicized as Princesses with flowery names, saying insistently that they are Leanora, Elizabeth, and Nancy who have become Mesdames Harry Roy, Bob Gregory, and Lady Inchape. The ranee, Lady Brooke, well known in London for literary and musical ability, has now come to the United States bringing English children for refuge during the war. Dr. Elizabeth Gibson of London has enjoyed practice among Sarawakese at Kueling on the coast not far from the capital Kuching, an interesting location. She is visiting in London and is now unable to return.

We turned north and after many hundred miles of rather rough travel, we anchored at Kowloon, opposite the island of Hongkong where we had a never-to-be-forgotten picture of the city of Hongkong and Victoria Peak. Where did the electric lights of the city leave off and the starry sky begin? Which were stars and which electric lights? And below the whole lovely scintillating scene was mirrored in the waters of the harbor. Morning changed the scene into another of great beauty. There is no more beautiful port in the world than the landlocked harbor of Hongkong.

The city of Hongkong is a modern one with a population of a million souls, but nine hundred and fifty thousand of these are Chinese, happy now in British protection. It is said that there are now also a million of refugees, including some Chinese merchants

of wealth, who are awaiting an opportunity to reënter the business world, but many more are scarcely housed and yet more live in the streets. These, however, are yet safe from Japanese bombings in free China and have not yet fallen as prisoners into Japanese hands. Among these are many who have lived and visited in the United States who regret American luxuries, and ever hope to return.

We ferried across to Kowloon at will. Here at Hong-kong, I salvaged my trunks, which had been checked ahead from Port Said, at Cook's godown. Godown is a Malay word meaning storehouse. Colonials of considerable means live on Victoria Peak and others on the peninsula of Kowloon on the mainland which is also a part of the Crown Colony, commuting across on the ferry every morning. Here at Kowloon, we noted the Terminal Station for the longest railroad in the world running from Kowloon to the Atlantic Ocean at Calais, France, and branching to Cairo in Egypt. In present world conditions this railroad cannot be used.

With a passenger, I took a tram car to the Wire Rope Tramway for the ascent of the Peak. There are beautiful residences on the thoroughfare cut at regular intervals along the side of the peak. My vocabulary exhausted in attempting to describe tropical scenes, I turn to a guide book which calls it "vertigenous." We did not see the seven hundred varieties of butterflies mentioned, but perhaps they were out of season. We did note, however, the tree ferns, the nipa and sago palms, the bamboo and giant cactus, and the lovely

cultivated gardens among the homes on the terraced landscape.

The Signal Station stands at the top of the tramway. Here merchant marines are announced by signal but mail steamers are heralded by gunfire, perhaps suggesting that a letter from home has more than a commercial value. It is pleasant after the ascent, which is particularly steep, to find Bowen Boulevard which covers the aqueduct which keeps the Peak "vertiginous." Here one may take a ricksha or walk along the crest where chairs, at frequent intervals, invite visitors to rest in contemplation of the magnificent prospect of the harbor and city below.

At lower levels we visited the Botanical Gardens where we found everything grown in this region, noting particularly the Formosa palm. Among many fine buildings in the city is the Supreme Court Building. In 1938 the new streamlined Hongkong and Shanghai Bank which has been a great factor in cosmopolitan business for the past seventy-five years, rose high in the city opposite Kowloon. Here wealthy Chinese merchants now have substantial balances awaiting business opportunities. Dr. Agnes Dovey's vacation in England came when civilians were evacuated from Hongkong and she has joined in the Public Health Service at Ipswich.

We visited the shops showing among other things lovely Canton shawls, for Canton not distant, was not then receiving tourists or visitors. A Chinese mending woman on the street reminded me of a slight repair, and I had the experience of seeing her service and the

meticulous care which Chinese give to fashioning, sewing and mending garments.

The harbor, as at Penang and Singapore, was crowded with small craft as well as larger vessels, for merchandise for Tokyo and Singapore is transferred here, and there is a permanently resident population on sampans and junks, a large proportion of these never landing. And thousands of coolies live in Hongkong without a settled place to lay their heads, hundreds of these work in transferring bags of rice from boat to boat, carrying a colored stick for each bag and collecting at the end of the day an infinitesimal amount for each stick. Lighters, lifting heavy loads for ten or twelve hours a day, earn less than fifty cents a day (Mex.).

Hundreds of long poles, with little nets attached, were thrust up to passengers on the *Elephanta* for contributions of money or food. These little bags at the ends of poles reminded me of the collection bags in the church of my earliest recollection.

An excursion into French Indo-China has always been regretted. Though it was then somewhat difficult, it is now easy of accomplishment and one may visit Angkor very inexpensively and easily by motor bus. The Japanese situation must be considered now even if foreign travel were possible.

One cannot think of this harbor life today without remembering the last glorious adventure of that vivid young traveler and writer Richard Halliburton which began in Hongkong. With Captain John Welch he sailed from Hongkong on a Chinese Junk in February, 1939, for the San Francisco Fair and the voyage

ended in the depths of the Pacific on March 24 in a raging typhoon. One may raise his eyebrows as he reads Richard Halliburton's story of riding an elephant over the Alps, but who doubts that he actually climbed the Matterhorn and Fujiyama or that this glamorous adventurer not only ascended but lived on the top of Mt. Olympus. Though his last "Glorious Adventure" came suddenly to an end of the road, his readers yet travel eagerly with him along *The Royal Road to Romance* which never ends.

We now continued on the sixteen hundred miles to Shanghai. The *Elephanta* passengers were pleasant folk, below the average age of the blase tourist who has "gone down to the sea in ships," an incredible number of times, ever ready to fasten upon the unaware with his wondrous tales. No bibulous bar habitué annoyed with vinous affability! None of the atrabilious spurned the food but a group of elegantly costumed Chinese merchants expressed resounding aspirate appreciation of soup every day, and many of us were delighted when the menu provided curry with chutney, mango preserves, and cashew nuts. There were no bragging Americans or superior Englishmen among the passengers. No one sat in another's deck chair. No American audibly regretted the plenitude of hot water, soap, and towels in New York. No "bawth" steward, with towels draped over his arm like sacerdotal vestments, followed passengers insistent that the sacred rite of the bath be performed by the feat of climbing into the long-legged communal tub of Queen Anne architecture. No fat dowagers, sitting

heavily on deck chairs with needlepoint, were continually "speaking of operations" or reducing diets and no nebulous gossip disturbed the harmony of the *Elephanta*.

A most cosmopolitan group of people spent more than five weeks together in close association in which neither race, religion, social status "nor height nor depth nor any other creature" brought any discordant note, and the fine courtesy of the Oriental met us at every turn of the way. An Oriental may, upon occasion, use a bomb but he never forgets his dignity in the slightest discourtesy.

The Elephanta continued uneventfully to Shanghai, the tedium of the voyage only interrupted by rumors that we were skirting a typhoon originating off Formosa. We stopped at Amoy, China, to unload cargo and soon steamed into the Whangpoo river to Shanghai, the door to China. For the Whangpoo runs into the Yangtze only thirteen miles away just before that mighty stream, which makes a garden of central China, contributes its waters to the East China Sea. The Yangtze, though devastating in floods, furnishes a commercial waterway into the interior of China.

As *The Elephanta* proceeded, a panorama of harbor life opened before us in a great variety of sea and river craft including a big gray gunboat, floating the American flag. The hearts of Americans beat a little faster on sight of the stars and stripes which, apart from sentiment, then meant personal safety in foreign waters. There were ocean liners, merchant marines, barges, motor boats, and launches. An occasional

launch was superstitiously painted with great magical eyes on each side of the bow. And there were sampans innumerable.

The little sampans, basket-like boats propelled by an oar from the stern, swarmed around our ship, the occupants holding up their long handled nets, begged insistently for the ship's garbage. When it had been skillfully caught or fished out where it had fallen, it was emptied on the deck and eaten ravenously.

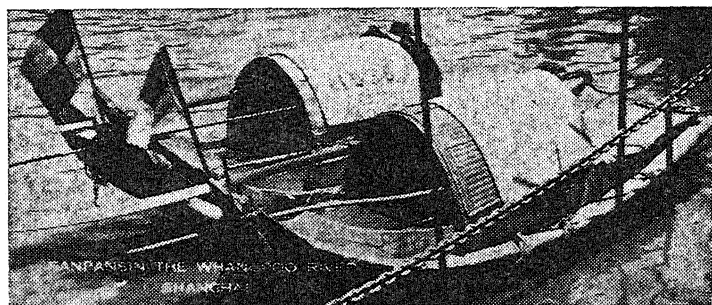
From the wharf where we disembarked, a tender conveyed us to the Bund or waterfront of Shanghai, passing wharves, godowns or warehouses, and factories and meeting a variety of river craft carrying passengers and cargo across to Pootung. In the polyglot hub-bub we heard little that was understandable. In about twenty minutes we came in view of the mouth of Soochow creek, which winds so tortuously through Shanghai to pour its turbid waters surcharged with odoriferous drainage, into the Whangpoo river.

Here, as at Hongkong and Singapore, was a city of sampans in which river folk spend a lifetime. Here babies are born and die in great numbers and many fall from the crude little boats into the dirty water and are quite nonchalantly fished out and hung up to dry, none the worse. In these little boats, shaped like a wooden shoe, the women "have so many children that they don't know what to do" and the loss of a few, though regretted at the time, is soon remedied. Margaret Sanger whose visit in 1937 was cut short by war would have found no converts to birth control here, for the masses do not wish to know what to do. They desire

many sons for ancestor worship, even as Indians wish sons to perform the shradda ceremony that reincarnation may proceed satisfactorily and disembodied souls may not roam the world.

A woman, with a baby strapped to her back, surrounded by small children, laboriously steered a sampan all too heavily laden. Nearby another boat bobbed about almost unbalanced by a bulky load but the sampan does not easily capsize. A boat festooned in red signifies a wedding while white decorations tell of death. Many of the river folk rarely leave the boats, cooking their rice, vegetables, and fish in the polluted water. That they survive may be explained by the theory that partial immunity has been established. And in brewing tea and cooking food, water has been boiled and therefore sterilized. It is certain that dysenteric diseases are not so serious as with westerners.

With this picture of the harbor and the mouth of Soochow creek mirrored in my eyes, engraven on my memory and the stench of contaminated water in my nostrils, I was set down on the Bund, the glorified



The Sampan is Propelled by Oar or Sail.

waterfront of Shanghai in a tumult common to all wharves. Then I taxied to the Missionary Hotel, having given my checks to the noisiest and most aggressive contender who delivered my baggage with courtesy and dispatch. And at last I was really in China.

The Missionary Hotel had been chosen that I might make inland journeys with those accustomed to native habits and the exigencies of travel in those troublous times and this choice proved fortunate as to location and personal associations.

THE BROKEN JADE

It is better to be a broken jade than a whole tile.

CHIANG KAI-SHEK

- I. And This Was Shanghai.
- II. Glimpsing the Garden of China.
- III. The Gentle Art of Healing in China.
- IV. "Above is Heaven, Below, Hangchow and
Soochow."



AND THIS WAS SHANGHAI

IN the small garden of my early years, intervals between replanting the beans which appeared on the tops of young plants and uncovering the corn to see the sprouts, were spent in digging through to China. Though I never quite arrived, the library globe was concrete evidence that the idea was sound and made it clear that everything in China was upside down. When I arrived in China in 1926, I found, as in juvenile imagination, everything upside down.

Refreshing history, Shanghai, a little fishing village, had been opened with four other treaty ports to the English in 1842 at the close of the iniquitous Opium War, by the treaty of Nanking. In 1926, Shanghai had a population of four million, one million of these lived in the International Settlement and one-half million in the French Concession, with twenty-five thousand Russians scattered through the city. Honkew was a Japanese village within her borders. Foreigners had built boulevards, erected fine Consulates and buildings, and Shanghai was a Paris of the Orient in gaiety and abandon of night life. Foreigners were dominant and had penetrated into the interior of China, creeping up under her very tunic commercially. There were now thirty-eight treaty ports, many inland. England, Russia, France, and Japan had from time to

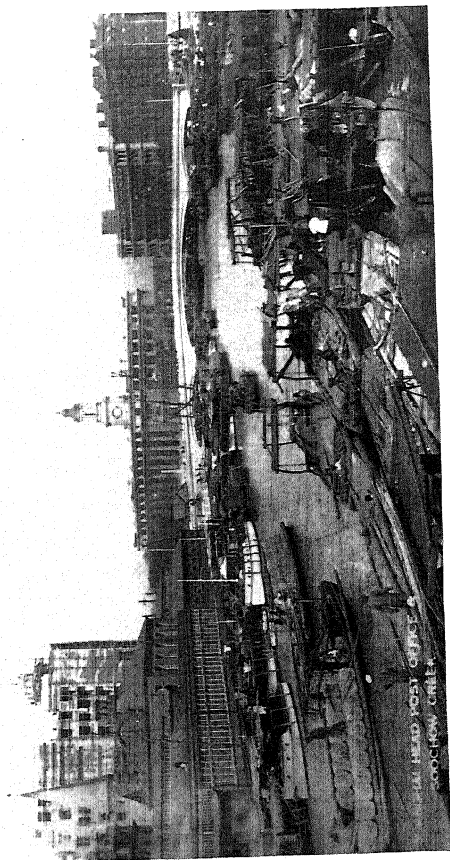
time, appropriated large territories and the United States had furnished the "Open Door Policy" of John Hay. The Trojan Horse was in China.

The very poor natives lived for the most part in dark and narrow alleys, mainly in a section called Nantao, the old walled city before China became a republic in 1912. Here they lived in squalor and filth with habits and traditions little influenced by "big business" or the wealth of cosmopolitan tax dodgers, who with wealthy war lords have not been interested that two million Chinese died annually of starvation and that thousands were found dead on the Shanghai streets each year.

Now in 1926, refugees, native and foreign, were straggling into Shanghai, fleeing the clash of northern and southern armies and their mutual hatred of foreigners. The southern army looked enviously at Shanghai where wealth was concentrated, while the General of the northern army gave assurance that he would place a million men around Shanghai. His starving soldiery eagerly hoped for this opportunity to loot.

There were suggestions that Americans, numbering about four thousand, would be removed to Manila. The atmosphere was tense and one felt as if living over a volcano, with eruption imminent.

Coolies were sullen and belligerent and the little street gamin twitched the corner of his tunic and shook it at me mockingly, his way of sticking out his tongue. Students were hostile and their bitterness against foreigners ill concealed. Train service was undependable or entirely suspended and boats were being attacked



And This Was Shanghai Bund.

on the Yangtze. Though conditions were very unstable, the mass of the Chinese held to their tradition of courtesy and merchants often cuffed annoying coolies while talking about us in most uncomplimentary terms among themselves.

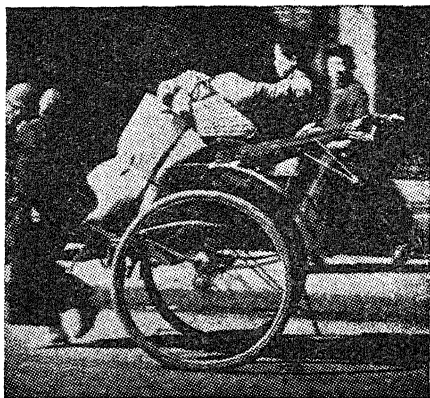
Remembering that the Chinaman is a born pacifist and that he believes it self degradation to strike any one, I soon lost fear of personal violence and wandered through native sections with a bag of Chinese money for an interpreter. In China, one in very moderate circumstances, may be burdened with money.

Petty annoyances arose from failure to understand the schedule of ricksha prices. Compared with these "the way of a bird in the air or a snake on a rock" is plain indeed. Experience soon taught me that it was a certain distance to a given place but an uncertain distance returning. The fare appeared to bear relation to pantings and groanings under my one hundred-fifty pounds and the number of assistants called for upgrades, etc., though I knew of no hill in Shanghai higher than the rise in the middle of Garden Bridge. Here many of the one hundred thousand pushers and pullers of Shanghai watched and waited, noisily insistent upon a share of the spoils.

One morning, I witnessed the amazing and ludicrous spectacle on an indignant and pursuing coolie, clutching a fleeing American by his nether garments as he attempted to board a tram car. Perhaps he had caused the coolie to lose "face" for so strong is the cult of "face," the Chinaman prefers death to being made ridiculous before his fellows and will visit vengeance

upon any who cause this dire calamity. When a coolie snatched my parcels and cried "Kang kweitze" (kill the foreign devil) and spat at me — never on me, I gave him what he asked or called the hotel boy, who settled to his own and the coolie's satisfaction, including a generous "squeeze" for all concerned.

When I learned that the life of the barefoot human horse was one of extreme poverty, I increased my *pour boire*. In seaport towns they live in the open the year around, sleeping on cargo, rope coils, on door steps, in boxes or barrels, or any available space, lying on their backs, with knees up and heads pillowed in their hands. And they earn scarcely enough for two scant meals.



Five Cents a Mile Includes Baggage.

One of my favorite diversions had been learning to count money and make exchanges in the Orient. Money talks, but in China it was the Great Chinese Puzzle to me for I never knew what it said. The unit is a tael,

a weight not a coin, and currency varies in each city and province. Life is too short to learn about little money and big money, but I suspected that I paid in big money and received change in little money including a liberal supply of counterfeits which the Chinese bite and refuse. I bought a bag of more than four hundred large pieces and many small ones for a dollar and could well afford to offer a handful and escape while the coolie bit and counted it, why refuse them a "squeeze?"

Three months establishes residence, when one may be relieved of the interminable finesse of Chinese business by a *compradore* or agent who buys by the chit system in which settlement is made at the end of the month, quite honestly according to Chinese customs. The Chinese servant is proverbially loyal and honest. The "squeeze" or clandestine commission charged upon everything is a national institution in which no one is in reality deceived.

The sacred books, the nine books of Confucius, as well as the Bible, teach love of truth but the teaching is not regarded more than in occidental countries. The Chinese bargaining is a battle of wits. Each leisurely transaction requires many conferences. Time has no value, a watch or clock, a "Melican Lark," is not a necessity and in the game of equivocation and circumlocution the best man wins. Strangely the Chinaman does not lose "face" when discovered in deception but compliments his antagonist upon his shrewdness and perspicacity. Directness and candor in either social or business life are regarded as crude and unsophisti-

cated by the Chinese who have been grounded in finesse for thousands of years and have learned to free themselves from business or social dilemmas by subterfuge. Even a coolie asks leave to visit his father's grave and sends a substitute which is interpreted as a resignation. But when preliminaries have at last been completed and a bargain consummated, they live up to it to the letter, honor their signatures and pay their debts.

A foreigner may be well served by a *compradore* but has none of the exciting reactions of personal encounter. Some mornings, after securing exchange rates in Nanking Road, I turned into a street lined on one side with money changers who stood smiling in their open-front offices. Here I sold dollar bills at different hong (offices) fascinated by the *swampan*, or abacus, and marvelling at the dexterity and accuracy of the computation. These brokers were genial and jovial and their bright slanting eyes saw everything. Pantomime, dactylism, smiles, and pidgin English furnished the meager language of our business relations. One morning, slipping on some decayed fruit, I fell ridiculously, scattering my small monies in every direction. From their hong the brokers rushed in deep concern and sympathy, helped me up, brushed me and gathered the small coins to the last piece without the suggestion of a smile, though I could scarcely restrain my own laughter at my undignified predicament. But they enjoyed it.

In motor bus and tram car, I found cosmopolitan Shanghai. The stately Chinese gentleman, who formerly rode in a gorgeous sedan, dressed in rich silk tunic

and trousers, with his queue pushed up under a tight cap fanned his neck this warm day. How comfortable he looked beside the trussed up foreigners, choked by collars and compressed by belts! Beside him sat a woman with goo-slicked hair in brocaded dress and slippers and another who had sacrificed beauty and comfort for high heeled shoes and nearby a flapper, a modern of moderns, with bobbed hair, short skirt and fancy garters. Farther to the front a woman in coat and trousers supported a basket on her knees. Across the aisle was a Chinaman in occidental dress perhaps from Columbia University accompanied by his chic young wife who may have attended Smith or Wellesley. I hope that they often relax in tunic and slippers.

There were always students who felt cynical about everything. Here on the tram car, tourists, natives, and merchants of all nationalities sat side by side, the Bolshevik with the Japanese. Modern progress had encroached upon an ancient civilization rather ridiculously as to dress and occidental manners and costuming had for a time appealed to Chinese fancy but, imbued with the spirit of Nationalism, many had returned to native customs. The Chinaman is certainly more comfortable in the summer in coat and trousers without underclothing, as he serenely opens his coat and fans his body. A satin coat, lined with fur in Chinese upside-down fashion, adds winter warmth.

The thundering resonance of the pipe organ was heard on evening walks where I discovered the stale American film, some pie-throwing comedy. Then I was convinced that Chinese have a sense of humor for

Americans were laughing at the same crude productions! Not distant, natives drank tea all day in a Chinese theater and visited as they enjoyed the drama as introduced by the Mongols. Here I saw fifty-six actors (never more or less—no women) engage seriously, without scenery and without curtains, in the legend of the *Willow plate*. No kissing and dancing here! Actors, who must have a great repertoire, have no social standing. Their drama, somewhat like our opera in being interspersed with music, is enjoyed as they applaud Hao! with undiminished enthusiasm, hundreds of performances.

One evening I stopped my ricksha in amazement at earsplitting sounds emanating from a closed *hong*, or office, having at first thought that I was to be favored with the spectacle of the Shanghai Fire Department in full action. But China has a most exaggerated system of nepotism. An old Chinese proverb says, "When a fire is lighted, the whole family should be kept warm." It is therefore incumbent upon a business man to employ all of his own relatives and those of his wife, "internal and external relatives," however unskilled, and they become co-partners, even to the hong sweep, an arrangement often ruinous, because out of all proportion to the profits in the business. This excruciating noise was that of a band of clerks, who sleep on counters in the shop, paying homage to the master, who lived on the floor above. The ear of an occidental attuned to the symphonies finds such cacophony as agonizing as the music of our jazz bands when they swing the classics.

The street scenes in Shanghai were definitely cosmopolitan. There were great numbers of motor cars, many taxies, and rickshas galore. Quite rarely I noted a man in a victoria. The sedan had almost disappeared from the International Settlement and big turbaned Sikhs policed the streets. A foreigner wrote me that the natives resented the new streamline motors because of their fancied resemblance to the turtle, so abhorred by the Chinese.

I watched long for the *kung shoo*, not a sneeze, but a salutation, before I saw natives alight from rickshas, raise clasped fists to face level and shake hands with themselves. It is not surprising that they often pretend not to see each other, etiquette requiring them to stand upon the ground and to prolong courtesies indefinitely, each insisting that the other more honorable one, be first reseated in his ricksha. Fortunately, natives merely nod to foreigners.

February is the favorite month for nuptials and I had arrived in April and did not at first see a wedding procession. Life revolves around the family and China thinks in terms of the family. When a boy arrives at the age of maturity his parents take a wife for him either directly or through a go-between, paying her parents enough to compensate for her education. She is then carried in gay procession to the home of the groom's family and becomes a part of that family as long as she lives, even though her husband may die.

The procession which I chanced upon was led by the proverbially noisy band which banged with a vengeance. It was followed by a motley procession bearing

the bride's dowry, trousseau, and furniture. We had no glimpse of the bride who was borne along in a sedan apparently almost hermetically sealed. The sedan was covered with red satin profusely embroidered, and we were told that the bride was enveloped in a red gown, wore a red hat and red veil. The procession trotted so briskly along that we had little opportunity of seeing the dowry.

Later, while walking through the old city of Hangchow with a friend, we noted a house on which the yellow census slips had been replaced by the red ones and the bride's dowry which had been carried in the procession was piled before the door. Prominently placed in this street obstruction was the wide brimmed birth tub or sitting pail, used by midwives in accouchement, which I had seen demonstrated.

My Chinese speaking friend, after instructing me in the etiquette of weddings, asked the master of ceremonies, quite properly in the Chinese custom, to show us the bride. We found her arrayed in red and accepting felicitations, very sullenly indeed and looking anything but happy for the festivities last for days until both bride and groom are utterly tired out. The practice of teasing the bride or bride-baiting, though it originated in the wish to see the bride smile, has become in some instances a persecution and brides have been known to commit suicide. This bride was pitifully young.

The arrival of relatives was heralded by the band playing discordantly, but the entrance of relatives into families may bring discord in any land. We viewed

the presents appreciatively and there is a definite requirement as to the character and number of the gifts exchanged by the groom's and bride's family. We touched and examined them and evaluated them generously and we took a part of the bride's gown between our fingers appraisingly, asking the price of it and expressing the opinion that it must have cost very much more! We praised everything extravagantly, smiling fatuously, and spoke to the honorable family with compliment and self depreciation and beamingly complimented the honorable guests. After we had asked the honorable ages of those present and expressed the belief that each was in truth very much older — for age in an honorable condition in China — the formal visit was at an end. These customs vary in some respects with the social and financial circumstances of the families. I had doubts of having acquitted myself creditably as I nodded assent to all that my friend had said, scarcely understanding it. One cannot learn to be so untruthful and self depreciatory in one lesson.

The first funeral procession witnessed was that of a business man. Burial does not immediately follow death; a casket may stand in the living-room for months or a year until an auspicious day for the funeral has been selected by priest or soothsayer. The blind-man seen on the street with his notched stick, because of his infirmity has developed the vision of "That inner eye which no calamity can darken." The almanac records lucky days but the oracle has the last word in augury. A friend's amah asked a holiday for her father's funeral and quite truthfully made the same

request a year later. The funeral had been postponed.

Caskets are made of longevity board six or eight inches thick and hermetically sealed after deposit of quicklime and charcoal, and there is no more health menace than in our own customs. The body of a wealthy man may be embalmed and placed in a richly decorated casket beside his ancestral tablets. Buddhist priests, elaborately costumed in pink and saffron, recite litanies all day and Taoist priests, garbed in blue and gray, continue the service through the night, often for months.

Paper miniatures of objects which have been loved or used by the deceased, as sedans, furniture, clothing, etc., are placed by the casket with foods, preferably pork, duck, goose, and fish. The foods are eaten by the family daily and replaced by others. Those in moderate circumstances often beggar themselves in these expensive customs, even as Americans often stage a funeral out of all proportion to financial ability. The Chinese expense is augmented by carrying the deceased back to his native village, often distant, to receive the ancestral worship to which he is entitled. There are associations in San Francisco for the specific purpose of returning members to China for burial.

The procession of which I write was seen in a native section near the compound of Dr. Mary Stone. The casket was carried by four bearers in white sheets who cantered along cheerfully compared with our lugubrious pall bearers, for death is not considered calamitous in China. No Mr. Mould, or funeral director, walks along with measured, funeral tread, carrying a hat at

mournful angle and emanating grief in exact proportion to the emolument, but here the "Dogs of the Devil," or professional mourners, earned their money by howling hideously. The true wife or *hein pi*, identified by white flowers in her hair, was led by a child as she cried aloud and was scarcely restrained from committing suicide. This tragic gesture was not spontaneous for it is part of the program for widows in all processions.

The paper miniatures were carried openly but the memorial tablets recording virtues of the deceased were carried in a sedan and I was told that the paper objects were burned at the grave, the smoke arising to solace the deceased, and food was left on the grave to which relatives return frequently with food and miniatures and repeat the ceremony. Mayor Wu's plan of mass marriages might have been adapted to funerals, for with drinking, eating, taxes, and religious ceremonials, funerals became prohibitive among the poor.

Shanghai friends were not sinologues but some who had lived long and abundantly in China directed my holiday wisely, notably Dr. Ethel Polk who had joined her aunt Dr. Margaret Polk and Dr. Anne Walter Fearn, founders of the first medical college for women in China at Soochow, afterward moved to Shanghai, connecting with the Margaret Williamson Hospital. When United States called for Red Cross workers in Russia, Dr. Polk organized a unit of Chinese medical women and students, conducted them to Vladivostok and set up a hospital in a box car. Here under her direction, the timid Chinese women worked among

starving and dying refugees of many nationalities, showing amazing fortitude, endurance, and initiative. Upon her return to Shanghai, from this extraordinary mission, she added the name Peters to her own, having met Dr. W. W. Peters, an educator, in Russia, who became the pioneer in promoting "wei shang" or the health idea in China in the Council of Health Education.

Accompanying Dr. Polk-Peters among her clientele, to legations, among Chinese and foreigners, I visited the unique hospital which was also the home of Dr. Anne Walter Fearn, the moving spirit in Shanghai society as well as a physician. Dr. Fearn later sold the lovely estate to a Consulate but only recently returned to the United States. She wrote her own story and passed away, directing that her ashes be returned to China to be placed in the common grave of her husband and their daughter, little Elizabeth.

With Dr. Polk-Peters, I visited the Union Christian College for Women where she was surgeon. We parked the motor in the French Concession to avoid trouble and walked to the hospital. A bandit's head had been nailed to the gate but the women doctors had not been molested. The doctor introduced me as an answer to their prayers for an occupant of the chair of obstetrics. As there were two vacancies in the faculty of the College it was facetiously suggested, "Take two chairs," but I had other plans. These chairs soon became not less dangerous than those of applied electricity.

We visited also the modern compound and hospital of Dr. Mary Stone, a native woman, of whom I had

heard at my Alma Mater, the University of Michigan. This hospital, subsidized by Americans, was then directed by the petite Dr. Phoebe Stone, for Dr. Mary was then an evangelist, having founded Bethel Chapel. Dr. Ida Kahn, another Chinese woman educated at the University of Michigan, had inaugurated hygiene and sanitation at Nanchang. Any account of the service of foreign men and women doctors must be limited to passing mention of pioneers in education.

The Chinese eat well and wisely under favorable circumstances. When we shall have taught them dietetics, they may succumb to acidosis, even as we have. For despite work upon vitamin deficiency and nutritional diseases, *homo sapiens* has hardly yet equaled the infant in rejecting allergenic foods or the rat in food selection.

Foreign restaurants, palatial hotels, and Russian dancers held no interest for me in Shanghai for Claridge, Ciro, *Cafe du Dom*, and *Folies Bergere* may be visited in Paris. In Rome, I eat as the Romans do — raviola and chicken, with some of the feathers. *Monsieur le proprietaire* of the little French restaurant, serves me the subtle artistry of French cooking with imagination and finesse. And I enjoy figs in Smyrna, grapes in Valencia, honey of Hymettus in Athens, but eat sauerkraut in Germany, and roast beef and plain boiled potatoes in England with equal relish. Many dinners not inspired by Brillat Saverin were eaten in China, including ancient eggs, lotus buds and bamboo sprouts, sesame seed cakes and duck livers, for I do not travel to seek gastronomic thrills but to see the won-

derful world and know the people who live in it, and only incidentally to taste what they eat. Chinese restaurants were visited to see the sing-song girls, the geisha of China, and here I drank only tea and *congee*, which is rice water, not rice wine — and had no regrets that I had not registered at the Majestic nor had a one hundred dollar dinner, often served in Shanghai.

With a friend, I had dinner at the home of a Chinese business man. The art of the chopsticks had been long before patiently acquired and I had vivid recollections of long parleys between our unimportant selves and the noble honorables at a New Year's dinner to honor the late Edward Arlington Robinson, after his poetry had been inspired by a visit to China. But one's table technique is easier with four hundred Americans and a few Chinese than with another nervous American at a Chinese dinner party in Shanghai.

The guests were properly placed facing the door and dinner began with oranges, candied walnuts and peanuts, the last had been salted by soaking in brine in the shell. The *hors d'oeuvre* was ancient eggs. These had been packed in straw, lime and mud and were pleasing to the eye and delicious to taste.

The main dishes were placed in the center of the table in communal bowls from which each served himself with chopsticks, none too skilfully, and the table became far from immaculate in consequence. There were shrimp, chicken, fish, and sharks' fins. This would be a shark-infested world were all fins consumed in China taken from sharks! There were asparagus and bamboo sprouts. The "Eight Precious Pudding" is

always served in the middle of the meal. Careful observation enabled me to apply correctly the great variety of sauces served in small dishes. The regurgitated seaweed in the gelatinous bird's nest pudding was quite as appetizing as some of the animal viscera which we prize so highly and the thought of its origin not more disturbing than that of truffles, so enjoyed in France. A bird's nest, however, is not so artistic in suggestion as nightingales' tongues! Quite surprisingly there were no "noodles."

Dinner closed with two soups, chicken cucumber, and lotus seed. Like Betsy Prig, I am inordinately fond of "cowcumber" and relished the *taste* of both, for the quantity actually captured from the streaming chopsticks was only a *soupcou*, but we could not enter competition in the tremendous aspirate appreciation of soup *a la Chinoise*. We accepted the steaming napkins to wash our faces but omitted the final mouthwashing and expectoration. Steaming towels actually appear in Chinese life as often as in Chinese novels. The beauty "shoppe" is not necessary to the wise Chinese woman, who knows the value of creature comforts as she refreshes her tired business man with hot towels and serves him "noodle."

When the host drank tea, the dinner was at an end for Chinese visit before, not after dinner, and I am haunted by the horrible suspicion that I made three swallows of that modicum of tea, instead of the polite three and a half. We departed at once and perhaps our hospitable host then voiced his real feeling about foreigners. Merchants then spoke abusively about for-

eigners in their presence, knowing that they would not be understood, and educated and cultured natives lapsed from obsequious courtesy into angry maledictions, describing foreigners as some variety of pig and often anathematized their grandmothers.

Chinese food was palatable and I ate no grasshoppers, robbed no birds of sunflower seed and ate neither nests of young mice nor python. The eating of python is matched by our canned rattlesnake, which is, in fact, delicious. Python is not a venomous reptile. Personally, I should like snake served as chicken and I eat *escargo* and *cerveille* under French names.

The wealthy or well-to-do Chinese live so well and eat in such noisy appreciation that the traveler becomes food conscious and the poor live on rice, vegetable, and fish diet, a good one when sufficient in quantity and properly proportioned. A celebrated doctor, Sir Johnathan Hutchinson, leprologists to the contrary, always maintained that a fish diet increased susceptibility to leprosy, and Americans have a superstition that fish makes brains. Mark Twain replied to a writer, "Yes, authors are recommended to eat fish because the phosphorus in it makes brains. But I cannot help you to a decision about the amount you need. If the specimen contribution is about your average, I should judge that about a couple of whales would be all you would want for the present. Not the largest, but simply good middle sized whales." Stocking fresh water lakes with fish will hardly bring a literary revival!

The Chinese are neither hedonists nor gourmands

but a happy, pleasure-loving folk who enjoy living and their literature indicates that they have always been food conscious. Only Charles Dickens has put food into English literature. Though small beer, kidney pudding, a "weal and hamer" and peditoes are hardly inspiring, the world loves Bob Cratchit's Christmas dinner.

The Chinese are born gamblers and there are many fan-tan gambling houses in Shanghai. They play cards and the stores were full of mahjong sets. Like other nations, they patronized lotteries, and regularly beggared themselves in the annual state lotteries. Even as sporting Americans, they bet on the dogs that race mechanical rabbits and on horses, but these were only the ridiculous, chunky Mongolian ponies. They played polo in the race course at Shanghai, having national and international meets in which Americans competed. Let none imagine that our boys in foreign waters have all work and no play. The boys on the United States gunboat, *Blackhawk*, gave an elegant dinner to two hundred guests when I was in Shanghai.

Chinese play baseball, football, hockey, golf, and basketball, but in the last the basket is placed lower. Boxing is taught in University centers and the whole local populace appears at athletic meets, cheering as lustily as Americans.

The shops of Shanghai were intriguing in authentic ivory, jade and old amber. One must always buy a mandarin coat and must therefore know something of heraldry. The phoenix, being a mythological bird, holds first place while the colorful golden pheasant

ranks second. Saucy bluejays and magpies do not rank highly and, quite surprisingly, the gorgeous mandarin duck has only seventh place. My coat was therefore embroidered with the phoenix and lined in China blue. Visiting a native furrier, I found him copying the latest French and American models very accurately, and I had a tailored suit recut and relined, without the sad experience of the man in the old story whose suit was copied so exactly that a patch appeared on the new garment in the identical spot on which one had been found on the old one.

One morning I wandered with my interpreter, the money bag, in old Nantao, which lies south of the French concession. Nantao was a walled city until China became a republic in 1912 and was only now beginning to modernize. The streets were so narrow that two sedans or rickshas passed, by one being lifted over the other by disgruntled coolies, for the streets were filled by domestic and commercial overflow. The houses and shops were crowded together, the cobble stone pavement without foundation was held together with iron clamps and the drains in the middle of the streets emitted an intolerable stench. As my ricksha wobbled perilously along, I could well understand why natives say, "Ho hang" or "go slow" instead of good bye.

Instead of asking what is the population of a Chinese city, one asks in Chinese parlance, "How many kitchens within these honorable walls," suggesting that China and Japan are called Flowery Kingdoms for reasons not horticultural. There were far too many squalid kitchens too densely inhabited in Old Nantao.

The old houses of tile and stone are built around a court and surrounded by a wall as in all China. Here I noted a pair of lovely antique stone lions which guard the better homes in China, the envy of Americans.

Near the center of the filthy city, I found a murky artificial lake and the so-called Willow Plate Tea Room on an equally artificial island. It was a drab old building representing the famous willow plate design, entered by a zig-zag bridge which doubtless mystified the evil spirits effectually. Though it bore the architectural characteristics of the fabled plate it had none of the colorful glamor of the romantic legend.

In the shops, were parasols, lanterns, fans, flags, kites, paper gods, ivory and cheaper jades, mahjong sets, curios, live birds, varnished ducks, food in all stages of decomposition, and fighting crickets in rice straw cages. I saw no cricket fights, but I learned that the pacific insects were trained in the art of combat and that a light weight champion sold for fifty dollars or more (Mex.). Lizards (*bona fide* lizards not lounge lizards) were also trained for the miniature arena.

In the streets the poorer classes walked or rode, sometimes in a wheelbarrow, enjoyed in proportion to its squeak, and any vehicle produced a beautiful squeak on the rough pavements. Children carried younger children in the streets aided by the attachment of a gourd on their shoulders upon which the burden was rested. Several barbers were noted, despite the paucity of Chinese hair, carrying stools on the end of poles. The customer was seated on the stool and shaved in the

street. The barber contributed to the distribution of infections by a finishing cosmetic touch when he massaged the eyeballs of his clients.

Here I saw public letter writers, for few know how to write their language. The dentist carried a collection of his gruesome trophies thus proclaiming his ability and experience in extraction, and false teeth were sold in shops where the customer chose what fitted him best and pleased him most. Jade and gold ornamentation were most popular with those able to purchase such luxuries.

There were only a few smokers of the hookah or long Turkish water pipe, but many sat along the streets smoking the chibouk, a pipe with bowl so small that it held only sufficient for a few puffs and had to be relighted continually in the smoky nut oil lamps everywhere present. In spite of reforms there were many opium addicts who had only a few wakeful hours a day, sinking into the arms of Morpheus for the afternoon. The reformed have now quite generally lapsed into the old habit. Dr. M. S. Bates of Nanking University, says that the use of opium was rare and heroin unknown before Japanese occupation of Nanking. But "today, opium and heroin are supplied by authorities and among those enjoying protection are thousands of youths of both sexes." He continues that there are fifty thousand addicts in Nanking. The Japanese, not generally addicted to opium, coin millions in smuggling and selling opium, and sell the soul of China by disguising heroin or "white flour" in foods and confec-



Barber, Street of Old Nantao, Shanghai.

tions. The opium dives in Tientsin are described as staggering the imagination.

A visit at this period links the past with the present. When civilization occupied the valleys of the Tigris and Euphrates, Mongoloids had migrated from central Asia to the Valleys of the Yangtze and Yellow rivers in central China. Here they established an empire under the Son of Heaven. Ancestor worship and probably the art of writing belong to the *Shan* dynasty (1750 B. C.). The *Chou* dynasty of many centuries ending 249 B. C., was the age of literature including Confucius, Laotze, and Mencius.

The *Chin* dynasty (246-210 B. C.) was dominated by a master mind, the Emperor Shih, who abrogated all advances, calling himself the "First Emperor," in quite a modern way. He burned all books except those relating to agriculture, astrology, and medicine, but we yet have the work of great *litterateurs* of the Chou dynasty. Neither the conflagration of Emperor Shih, the burning of the Library of Alexandria nor the bonfires of Nazi Germany appear to have accomplished their purpose, nor have they materially interfered with civilization. Shih built the Great Wall of China extending two thousand five hundred miles from Mongolia to the ocean. The name China comes from this dynasty and modern Chinese claim a descent antedating William the Conqueror by a thousand years.

The dynasties of *Han* and *Tang* (206 B. C.-220 A. D.) were splendid dynasties. Paper was invented and civil service was introduced under the former, Buddhism appeared and the classics were restored. The

Tangs introduced the fine arts in poetry, porcelain, and silks. European culture was practically unknown in this age.

The *Sungs* (960-1280) developed painting and lapsed into decadence and the Mongols under Ghengis Khan broke through the Great Wall in three expeditions and captured Peking, and his adventurous grandson, Kublai Khan, established the *Mongol* dynasty which lasted only fifteen years. The Mongols were absorbed during the *Ming* dynasty (1368-1664). But the Mings were succeeded by invading *Manchus* from the north (1664-1911). This dynasty closed with the wicked old Concubine No. 1, who as Dowager, Regent and Empress Tzu-Hai, ruled China for forty-seven years. Murdering her nephew, the Empress appointed his son, Henry Pi-Yu (1906-), his successor and here General Sun Yat Sen entered history as the President of the Chinese Republic in 1912. Parenthetically, the Japanese made Henry Pi-Yu Emperor of Manchukuo in 1934, under the name of Kang-Yeh. Virtually a prisoner, he lives in Mukden or Hsinking a puppet, his pride indifferently salved by a salary.

Dr. Sun Yat-Sen died in 1924, and was succeeded by Chiang Kai-Shek, and the Soong Dynasty was already connected with the destiny of China at the time of my visit. Friends have kept me *au courant* with the movements of this Methodist dynasty, the product of American education.

Charlie Soong came to the United States, worked his way through Vanderbilt University, returned to China as a teacher, assisted in founding the Y. M. C.

A. and published Bibles. His daughters, Ai-ling, Ching-ling, and Mei-ling (Loving, Happy, and Beautiful Moods), were educated in the United States, the older ones at Wesleyan in Macon, Ga., and Mei-ling at Wellesley; the three sons known as T. A., T. V., and T. L., completed their educations, the oldest, T. A., at Harvard and Columbia, and the younger ones at Vanderbilt.

Ai-ling, described as a formidably capable woman, rather than a Loving Mood, married Dr. H. H. Kung, a scholarly Yale man, seventy-fifth in descent from Confucius. Passionately fond of business and finance, Madame Kung became the Hetty Green of China, and her eldest son, David Kung, reputedly an incorrigible child, has become a successful banker while Dr. Kung as Finance, as well as Prime Minister of China, sought credits in Europe to finance the war. The business career of T. A. was spectacular. Thus the Soongs, the wealthiest family in China, furnish the financial resistance to Japanese invasion.

Ching-ling, who became secretary to Dr. Sun Yat-Sen soon became Madame Sun Yat-Sen, the founder of the "Soong Dynasty." When a widow, she went with a group of communists from Hankow to Russia, where she remained ten years in a belief of duty to her husband's hopes for China. But the beautiful, gracious, and valiant Madame Sun Yat-Sen returned to live incognito on the Peak at Hongkong.

Then Mei-ling, graduated from Wellesley, returned on a hockey team and Chiang Kai-Shek, who had divorced his old time Chinese wife, to whom he had

been married by his parents at the age of fifteen, fell violently in love with her. He pursued her madly but Mei-ling with western ideals could not reciprocate his love, for he was genuinely Chinese in his outlook and was not a Christian. However, Shanghai was electrified in December, 1927, when a wedding ceremony was quietly performed in the Soong home in Shanghai, followed by a dinner at the Majestic by the Generalissimo, which was breathtaking in magnificence, and the flag-draped portrait of Sun Yat-Sen overlooked the brilliant scene. Three years later, Chiang Kai-Shek was baptized by the Methodist, Dr. Kuang, who had refused to perform the marriage ceremony.

The Generalissimo spent ten years in seeking out grafting war lords and Reds and, having gravitated from Left to Right, settled firmly in the United Front in defence against Japan. His son, who had addressed philippics from Russia, returned in loyalty to China and in April, 1940, came to have training with the United States air force and Madame Sun also became active in defence organizations. The Soong brothers, one of them a communist, now make the family politically unanimous in the United Front. The three sisters, reunited, inspect the army by plane, and broadcast to the United States together.

Madame Chiang Kai-Shek is beautiful, chic, brilliant, cultured, executive and generally efficient. She has promoted the New Life Movement in Race Betterment with enthusiasm and this movement, like the Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., and Boy and Girl Scouts projects, appeals to the Chinese as the ethics taught by

Confucius. Madame, at first in charge of the air force, was succeeded by her brother but yet flies with first aid after bombings. Though she insists that the Generalissimo, to whom she is personally devoted, makes and executes his own plans, none doubt that she is, as he says, the inspiration of the *vis-a-tergo* in his defence.

The amazing and oft-repeated story of the Soongs, gathered through a number of years, has been mine so long that I claim the privilege of its repetition with my own interpretation, leaving to politicians the Sian kidnaping and other incidents having political significance and implications.

When feeling against foreigners had reached a white heat, soon after my visit, friends fled Shanghai arriving in the United States, *sans* property, in every usable nook in every available vessel. Many returned to China and have kept me in touch with vicissitudes while, as Editor of *Women in Medicine*, official publication of American Medical Women, my desk has been piled with anguishing letters pleading for assistance for the Chinese people. Though difficult to find financial aid for so much foreign suffering, the American Medical Women's Association paid through its medical service, the American Women's Hospitals, salaries of four Chinese women doctors in Shanghai. Though Shanghai residents complain of a fourteen per cent taxation, it is of course entirely inadequate as refugees return to Japanese occupation to escape from bombings in free China.

The Medical College for Women, located in the Chinese district, was early evacuated because sur-

rounded by Japanese troops, and girl students, though disguised as boys, were not safe from personal attack. A visit with Dean Josephine Lawney in the summer of 1939 was illuminating. She had collected thirty thousand dollars war insurance with which to repair the damaged buildings, believing that in spite of northern and coastal occupation, China will never be conquered.

One of the Chinese doctors has been transferred to Tientsin where thirty thousand returned refugees are supported within British and French concession and thousands outside are in need of food and hospitalization. The concessions, now behind barricades, only the Salvation Army is allowed to enter with milk for gruel. Dr. Ting herself developed beri-beri but tries to supply food deficiencies with cod liver oil, and a Chinese fruit rich in vitamin C.

Those in "free China" are not happier. Dr. Marguerite Eversham writes that Kityang, near the port of Swatow which was taken in June, 1939, hears the temple bell, the signal for air raids, ring from one to nine times daily. The Japanese try to avoid the mission, flying the American flag, but machine-gun the little sampans, the homes of the very poor, who, since there are now no imports nor exports, have no occupation and little food.

Many Americans remain in China but there is no more colorful figure than Dr. Clara Sargeant of the Y. W. C. A. Service, who transports her armamentarium among refugees as they trek westward in a truck presented by Mr. Henry Ford. Her husband, Dr.

George Shepherd, commissioned by Madame Chiang Kai-Shek, crossed in the China Clipper on a mission to the American Press.

Shanghai had grown apace despite the Manchukuo occupation. The progressive Mayor Wu Fe-Chen imbued Greater Shanghai with the spirit of Sun Yat-Sen. By 1934, a modern Civic Center had been built at Kiangwan, Nantao was being improved, schools were being established and the New Life Movement was well under way. In 1937 this "friendly war," to save China from aggressors and communists, and to help develop her resources began. Now millions of refugees, men, women and children have trekked westward under bombings.

The Shanghai of my knowledge has been laid waste, the environs are well named "The Bad Lands," and old Nantao lies in ruins, under Japanese occupation. But an American Jesuit Priest, Father Farmer, has received eight thousand new parishioners. German Jewish exiles have found a refuge among the ruins of this old Chinese city. Recently two millions lived in the International Settlement in Shanghai, controlled by a Council of five Chinese, five English, two Americans and only two Japanese. This division was a bitter berry in the Japanese brewing but it is now sweetened by the withdrawal of the English. Japanese attempt an occupation and the end is not yet.



GLIMPSES OF THE GARDEN OF CHINA

AFTER initiation into some of the customs of China, I made excursions out of Shanghai, avoiding change of trains where possible and returning frequently to feel the protection of the big grey boats of the United States in the harbor and the bewhiskered, turbaned Sikh on the ground.

On some of these journeys, I saw no foreigners but sat all day and until late into the night at a table separating the seats which are placed vis-a-vis, where I found glasses containing tea. Ever and anon porters carrying brass kettles poured boiling water into the glasses. After a number of such additions, the infusion became one that neither cheered nor inebriated, but after tiffin fresh glasses and tea were furnished, which were replenished until dinner time. This hospitable practice of drinking tea in trains, hongs, boats, theaters, and shops is a salutary one for the water is boiled and thus sterilized and the Chinaman drinks to his own long life and health in cups which are often decorated with the picture of Mon Sun Gun, the god of longevity.

How secure I felt when the conductor collected tickets preceded and followed by soldiers, bristling with arms, great matchlocks protruding from their pockets, giving them a "Swashing and martial outside,"

though I suspected that there lay within their hearts, "a woman's fears." After the first adventure, I told a friend that my courage had been sustained by the military display and further bolstered when groups of soldiers entered the train. She replied, "Those were bandits, who were forcing train service at the point of a gun." And I soon learned that soldiers were bandits.

Every day I was meeting American women, who had arrived from the interior with great difficulty. One of these had hidden in a baggage car, through the kind offices of a friendly Chinaman, where she had waited until the car was moved and her food was exhausted. At Nanking, she had a bad hour in persuading officials that the paper she carried was an American passport (though it was not), but finally arrived in Shanghai, tired and very hungry. Though all of the trains, upon which I rode while in China, were probably run by bandits, I had no misadventures on my short journeys.

All along the way, natives were farming in a primitive way without machinery or horses, the farmer often his own beast of burden. The water-buffalo was seen at times, but his temperamental vagaries and urgent need of water make him a poor substitute for a horse. Women work in the fields and some ground grain between great millstones. The Farm-all tractor and hybrid corn had not yet reached China. Yet Imperial Peking built granaries to store food for times of famine centuries ago while we are just beginning the experiment of storing surplus for emergencies. Though there are no hard and fast social divisions in China, the farmer who supplies physical necessities ranks second

to the scholar, followed by the artisan and the merchant. To the poor farmers of China, "Contentment gives a crown where fortune hath denied it."

At times I became oblivious to the evident and probable diseases of my fellow travelers in enjoyment of the landscape. There were great stretches of golden yellow mustard, tall blooming plants which had earlier provided greens for the table. After their flowering beauty, they furnish rape seed from which oil is manufactured for Chinese cooking, and the residue is finally pressed into cakes for fertilizer. Wiser than we, they restore depleted elements to the soil.

There were long streams of bluish-pink clover running like little rivers to join the blue ocean of the sky at the horizon. This clover is plowed under for fertilizer. There were fields of beans in purple flower. The rice paddy and mulberry orchards were gorgeously green, the latter, always pruned back to give young sprouts for the silk worms, were then at their loveliest. The fresh green kitchen gardens added to the bright and radiant beauty of the countryside which was often overarched by the bluest of skies. All nature "made magic" in the landscape. Agriculture is the economic basis of Chinese life.

But alas! one may not eat a bite of greens in China unless grown under the watchful care of a trusted occidental friend. In cities, coolies make daily collections of human excrement, carrying it in pails to barges which transport it on rivers and canals for fertilization of rice paddies, mulberry orchards, and kitchen gardens. Here the hookworm finds a home in the legs

and feet of coolie laborers and here the *bacilli coli communis*, the Eberth or typhoid bacillus, the water fluke and the amoeba domicile themselves among vegetables until they can find a human host at a table. Coolies might well be cautioned to "Stop beating around the mulberry bush." Eighty-five per cent of Chinese are peasants.

The trains passed through picturesque villages, where canals and streams were spanned by crumbling bridges. Age-old houses swarmed with life. Occasionally we passed old walled cities, with over-topping pagodas. The gray old walls twenty-five to sixty feet high with a core of earth and crenellated parapets, often overgrown with vegetation were at one time a strong defence, but how useless now! In some of these old cities the keepers yet swung the great gates shut at nine o'clock and, lighting a joss stick, closed all others against late comers when it had burned out. In these old cities, contemporaneous with Babylon and Nineveh, long ago lapsed into barbarism, there are yet remnants of the oldest civilization that the world has known. But I was saved from sentimental and romantic speculation about the old cities for I had seen some of them from the inside. I had trod the rough and narrow streets and lanes. My ricksha had wangled over the loose cobble stones and I had sensed the unearthly odors arising from the drains.

Kaleidoscopic sight-seeing from train windows, though a pleasant diversion, is unreliable as to details. A traveler in China has sympathy with English literati, who coming to United States glimpse the Statue of

Liberty in the harbor, peep into Wall Street, stop over an hour in Chicago to visit the stock yards, continue west in a Pullman and after a Balboa-like glance at the Pacific return by fastest train to New York and sail at once to England where they write astonishing things about *Your United States*.

Much has been said about the graves of China which I saw along the way on every journey, giving the country the appearance of one vast cemetery or an extra hazardous golf course. Indeed, the farmers near Peiping and Shanghai rent their farms after the harvest to Paper Hunt Clubs. Ditches are excavated and the graves used as hazards in the meets when pink coated horsemen brighten the otherwise funereal landscape.

Four hundred millions of Chinese worship at the graves of many more million ancestors and all China looked like one immense graveyard. There were mounds in the rice paddy, the mulberry orchard, the rape field, flanking a house or barn or railroad. Some are ancient as the hills and some newly made. These are single, double, triple, and some so large as to suggest the burial place of generations or that of the victims of war, famine or pestilence. Flags upon a grave show ancestor worship. Quite often I saw caskets upon the ground wholly or partly covered with straw, for burial is always above ground. Many caskets are left for months or years awaiting an auspicious day for burial. No pestilence results from this custom for there are careful funeral customs.

The unmarried are not given funerals, having only two bearers and their parents and babies are never

given funerals on account of the expense, but the poor wrap them in straw and secrete them or carry them far lest their spirits return to annoy the home. I saw a tower-like building at Ningpo literally crammed with these little straw bundles. It had been erected by a Clan to save the "face" of the very poor. Even here, there was no health menace for quicklime had been freely deposited with the bodies. There is no reason to believe the story that female infants are sometimes strangled or that they are deposited alive. Infant mortality is tremendously high.

In passing villages, one sees domestic life at close range. Whole families work in gardens; ducks and chickens flock near the door and one always sees ghastly pigs near large cities. So many of these cadaverous scavengers are black that I confidently expected to see them "run violently down a steep place" in true biblical fashion. There is probably no truth in the reports that live infants are thrown to the hogs that roam the outskirts of the cities. But the birth rate in China is incredibly high and infant mortality at least seventy per cent, and hogs may feed upon the bodies of infants which are quite commonly thrown away. The problems of sewage, garbage disposal, and public health had at that time practically no consideration outside of large cities where it had been introduced through foreign influence.

Pagodas and Memorials dot the landscape, the latter sometimes erected by the rich to memorialize themselves, at other time to commemorate the goodness of prominent men, and Clans or guilds often decorate their

city, even as our boards of trade, to bring business to the neighborhood. There are Memorials to learned women and to widows who have remained virtuously single!

I was impressed by the great number of apparently empty and decaying temples which gave me the idea that the Chinese are not actively religious. It appears that religion, as in the occident, is left to the women. Religious service is a boon to women, rich and poor alike, for the rich welcome the opportunity to exhibit themselves, their finery and jewels, while the poor have no other outlet to the inhibitions of a secluded life. It follows that the first and fifteenth of each month and festival days find Chinese women faring gayly and happily forth to burn incense in the temples. And why may not the burning of a joss stick, or for that matter any religious service, be a festive occasion rather than a solemn duty?

At this lovely season, the country was dotted with pilgrims with orange-wrapped heads and little orange bundles as they made the annual spring pilgrimage to the graves of ancestors or to temples. Despite the fact that epidemics of smallpox and other infections follow in the wake of these pilgrimages, as indeed in all pilgrimages, the colorful touch in the landscape is appealing and the custom interesting. Like our summer vacations they afford the Chinaman change from the tedium of life from which he returns physically and mentally refreshed — unless the victim of infection.

These jaunts are recreational more than religious and, perhaps like the folk in Boccaccio's *Decameron*,

who fled to the country from a plague infested city and the Canterbury pilgrims of Chaucer, they while away the time as they walk or spend the night in temples by story telling — and the Chinese would have something worth telling. These stories are probably not so indelicate as those of Boccaccio, nor of such variety as those of Chaucer. The literature of China has never been pornographic except under recent Russian and occidental influence and the Chinaman never laughs at vulgarity.

Train windows presented a beautiful picture in which the eye and imagination were caught by all the colorful and lovely objects of nature and the mind intrigued by many interesting customs, while the sordid details of rural and domestic life made only a transitory impression, for it was Spring in the garden of China.

“Fled now the sullen murmurs of the North
The splendid raiment of the Spring peeps forth.”



THE GENTLE ART OF HEALING IN CHINA

THOUGH the practice of medicine in China has been influenced in treaty ports by foreigners, by fine medical work in missions, by foreign study among natives and by the outstanding research in the Rockefeller Foundation now connected with the Medical College in Peiping, the masses are yet treated by Chinese doctors whose practice is founded on traditions and superstitions of remarkable antiquity. The history of Chinese medicine began with Emperor Chan Long nearly three thousand years before Christ.

The old time Chinese doctors were unlicensed and uneducated, having gained their knowledge from father or other relative who divulged his secret remedies; by reading the Chinese philosophy of medicine and by practice in palpating the pulse. Dr. William Cadbury of Canton wrote an informative article for the *Medical Record* about this practice some years ago. The Taoist philosophy describes the duality of the "yang" and "yin," the positive and negative or male and female, corresponding to Osiris and Isis of the Egyptians and the odd and even of Pythagoras.

The heavens and stars, the earth and its currents of water are compared with man and his pulse. Each organ communicates with every other organ by canals

and there is a relation between each organ and a certain metal, planet, color, and taste. In short all animate and inanimate nature are fantastically connected and correlated. And the Chinese pharmacopœia, Pun Tsao, of forty volumes lists thousands of prescriptions.

Many native and foreign medical folk helped me to interpret what I saw in China, but a Chinese Bible woman introduced me to an old time doctor. His office was in his house, surrounded by the usual wall, in a dirty, narrow alley and his sign was a pair of deer horns. Memorials testified to his ability and kindness. His office was well equipped according to Chinese standards and he engaged almost exclusively in office practice as do many of the Chinese doctors.

He examined first the tongue and could have written an entire clinical history from what he believed that he had learned from the tongue. And he learned much. He may or may not have read the Chinese philosophy of medicine, but he knew more about the pulse than we have ever dreamed in our philosophy.

He palpated the pulse and this solemn rite or *grand pas* established the diagnosis. There are twelve beats of the heart and blood vessels of incalculable value in diagnosis and the pulse may be taken at eleven points, diseases being differentiated by the doctor's use of his right hand, his left hand, little finger, etc. And I noted that he palpated a vessel in the *little* finger for juvenile illness.

Having made the diagnosis without the aid of laboratories or specialists the doctor, being a man of parts, compounded his own prescriptions from jars

effectively displayed (corks are used instead of bottles), administered the medicine with his own hand and it was neither a confection nor a capsule. The patient received neither medicine nor prescription but returned for further examination and treatment. His wisdom was obvious. The patient, his family and friends did not use the doctor's prescription, "until the last syllable of recorded time," for all of the ills to which the human race falls heir.

The doctor did not practice major surgery but he treated fractures by application of some paste mixture and bamboo splints. He opened an abscess with a small bistoury, pushing into it a little tube of twisted paper, a method, though causing trauma, was sound in principle, securing drainage; and he used an infusion of tea as a wash — a sterile, astringent, cleaning solution. He was most adept in this minor surgery, having had much practice. Infected mosquito bites alone would keep a community doctor busy.

He was a skillful osteopathic, — chiropractic, — naproth, heroically kneading his patients with hands and jumping upon them and he varied the treatment with pinchings. He was a dietitian after his kind when his patients could afford to follow his advice. The weak were sustained by broths of honey, wine and blood. He was a physiotherapist in a simple way, prescribing violent and exhausting exercise, but he was only a semi-hydrotherapist, recommending flushings and douchings but never baths.

The doctor had never seen any germs but he knew a great deal about worms for his average patient was a

menagerie in himself in intestinal parasites. He would have been surprised to know that he was an adept in helminthology and that his medicine was an anthelmintic.

He was essentially a mental therapist, encouraging his patients compellingly, and holding them with the evidence of his skill and the mystery of his knowledge. I do not know whether he practiced acupuncture, but Chinese doctors had acquired skill in the use of needles on mannikins sold by the Commercial Press. The original treatment was puncture of the hypothetical canals with the idea of relieving tension. Since there are no such canals and these doctors know no anatomy, the practice is often fatal. I knew of a child in Soochow who died of peritonitis following acupuncture to allow the escape of evil spirits. Friends have seen it practiced quite commonly near Peiping. But this practice is only a little less rational than that of scari-fying the breast and applying croton oil for lung affections, a common procedure in the United States less than fifty years ago.

The Chinese doctor may not cause the death of a patient through ignorance for the Yuli, a book of superstitions, rewards and punishments, punishes him by changing him into a donkey. So strong is the cult of "face" this ignominy is unthinkable.

He does not have the expense of a conveyance for he rarely makes visits and if he must do so the family pays for his ricksha at his departure.

The current idea that the Chinese doctor is paid to keep his patient well is pure fiction. He knows nothing

of preventive medicine and is not consulted except for serious illness. His zeal is stimulated, however, by the fact that his fee is greater when the patient makes a good recovery.

The doctor never receives a cash fee, but is paid at intervals, notably at New Year's when all creditors are sought, often in a spectacular way by carrying lanterns all night, that all debts may be paid before the festivities may be enjoyed. The fee is carefully wrapped in tissue paper as something very precious and called "Golden Thanks." Thus the most courteous nation in the world recognizes a certain fine relation between the doctor and his clientele, and that medicine is a profession and not a trade. The Chinaman, appreciating a family doctor, would not be interested in socialized medicine.

Drug shops sell roots and crude remedies to be steeped as teas. Some shops have lists of diseases posted, the customer selects his disease and is served with the proper remedy. There are no authentic pharmacists outside of the cities. The sign of the drug store is a metal triangle or a gourd. As the latter is yet used in parts of China instead of bottles, the significance is the same as of our bottles of colored water. Crude drugs are sold by street fakers about temples and pagodas, and a shelf may be found in a butcher shop.

In the Chinese armamentarium, the remedies par excellence are deer horns, fossils or dragon bones, and ginseng or ivywort. Powdered deer horn is used as a circulatory tonic for old men. When indicated, it is given to young girls in heated wine. I visited an inter-

esting drug shop in Hangchow with a deer park attached, a rather primitive biological plant.

A favorite prescription for fever in an infusion of young buck horns, ginseng and cockroaches' wings. Some of the tonic pills of buck horn and ginseng are very expensive, selling for fifty cents apiece (United States). Dragon bones or fossils are dissolved in acids and used in many medicines. At the Missionary Hotel, I met members of the Central Asiatic Expedition to the Gobi Desert of Mongolia and subsequently enjoyed the privilege of reviewing *On the Trail of Ancient Man* by Roy Chapman Andrews, who directed the expedition, a fly leaf of my copy bearing a note from Mr. Andrews. This expedition was necessitated by the impossibility of securing fossils *in situ* in China because they are regarded as bones of the mythical dragon. The deposits are zealously guarded as veritable gold mines, and the owners sell to druggists. Paleontologists formerly bought fragments from drug shops at exorbitant prices and pieced them together laboriously to reconstruct skeletons. Mr. Andrews tells an amusing story of a Chinese woman who planted herself firmly in such a deposit and, raising her oil-silk parasol, continued for a long period on an effective sit-down strike.

Ginseng is an aromatic root often used in infusion or preserved in honey. It is a great source of wealth in Korea, where it is grown under screens, and it is marketed in Hongkong cellars, where clever dealers rival tea tasters in ability to evaluate it from physical characteristics. Though regarded highly by educated Chinese, it is not considered valuable as a medicine in the

United States where some successful ventures have been made in its cultivation. Rhubarb is also largely used in China.

For nearly three thousand years, Chinese have carried *ma huang* around in their pockets, and it has been found to be a strong diaphoretic (causes profuse perspiration). After study at Rockefeller in Peiping and research at the University of Wisconsin, the active principal was isolated and named ephedrine. Dr. Alice Cook was active in research at Peiping and K. K. Chen worked in the University of Wisconsin. The superiority over adrenalin compounds was early established in bronchitis, hay fever, and asthma, for it could be used with more safety and it was effective for a longer time. It is now an accepted treatment in nasal difficulties. Thus from a Chinese drug has been developed what appears to be a valuable remedy.

Powdered placenta was early used by the Chinese, much to the disgust of occidentals, but placental medication is now in general use. Bile of dogs and oxen, which had been used by Chinese, appeared a strange idea a few years ago, but compounds from the bile acids are used routinely in liver disturbances to stimulate the flow of bile, so necessary in the digestion of fats.

The Rockefeller Foundation, effecting *rapprochement* with the China Medical Board, bought the Medical College at Peiping, erected some of the finest medical buildings in the world, and here some of the best medical research of the world has been carried on by a staff educated in America. Some empirical reme-

dies used by the Chinese offer suggestions for research along rational lines, and the inquisitive American has found some answers to his proverbial, "Why?"

Nor must it be forgotten that early Chinese were leaders in medicine as well as literature. Among these Zau Yunfang, (605-A. D.), asserted positively that scabies, (itch), was caused by a burrowing mite. To a Chinaman, therefore, belongs the honor of the discovery of the *Acarus Scabei* or itch mite, as the cause of scabies.

Many unusual mendicaments are yet used by the masses, as orange peel, (oranges are sold without the peel, which is used for flavors and medicine), dried stems of water lilies, dried and powdered snakeskin, and fried grasshoppers. Infusion of cricket wings is used for obesity. A woman doctor told me that infants' urine was used for tuberculosis, and that eggs were hung in urinals, cooked, powdered and used as a remedy for fever. A friend wrote me recently that a lung-shaped leaf is now used for lung affections, and kidney beans have long been used in kidney diseases. This may parallel the principle of *similia similibus curantur*, for occidentals first used quinine in malaria and mercury in syphilis, because they produced symptoms similar to those of the diseases and this gave rise to the school of homeopathy. Telephos, wounded by Achilles, was cured by the spear which wounded him!

In earlier times Chinese believed that toads' eyelids cured coryza or the common cold, earthworms and honey were used for gastritis; crushed lice, swine's sweat, and lizards' blood were valuable remedies. The

Chinese use the toad for some skin diseases, because it has wrinkled skin. A doctor in Shanghai told me that young frogs were often placed in the mouth for sore throat. Perhaps the cold-blooded amphibian acts like a cold pack. But we have used leeches for phlebotomy to reduce blood pressure, and cleaning up osteomyelitis with live maggots was quite a fad only a few years ago; indeed, it is yet an accepted treatment.

In setting "greater fleas on lesser fleas, on their backs to bite them" the Chinese have set parasites on mulberry trees to clean them of scale, and we have followed that plan in agriculture. We have also set the malarial plasmodium upon the blood of syphilitics, in general paresis, with good result, though without adequate or rational explanation.

In China, obstetrics belongs to the midwife, never to a man doctor, for the well-to-do. Chinaman's house is his castle and the privacy of his women must be inviolate. Protected by a wall around the house, the women live in seclusion. Men visitors must cough upon entering, as a signal to the women, who scutter away like mice. To look over the wall, is unpardonable. To mention his wife to a Chinaman is the height of discourtesy, only equaled by calling him by his first name or "John." It follows that modern medical practice among women, like that in India, is by women doctors in both healing and instruction. The outstanding work of women doctors in China cannot be encompassed herein.

Margaret Sanger visited China in 1922, but her proposed visit in 1937 to assist the Chinese Medical

Association in founding a Birth Control Clinic, ended before it began in Kobe, by Japanese invasion of China. One cannot be too sanguine that this project will ever meet with favor of the masses where ancestor worship is the only fundamental belief common to all China. This profound philosophy underlies the whole social structure, and many sons will always be desired that they may participate in ancestor worship.

The Chinese doctor's busy season is in early spring, when on account of "tich" or earth air, there is much illness. This air arises from sewage, and recently fertilized soil. In fact, illness results from infection from these sources. His harvest is also augmented by the annual spring pilgrimages, when smallpox spreads like wildfire. The Chinese call it "Heavenly Flower" to foil the evil spirits.

The treatment of smallpox, as with us, is dietetic and symptomatic and directed against scarring. The patient must not eat *ching* or salty food for two months and must sit in the sun to make him "fresh." The Chinese wander about at will with smallpox, if able, but tie up the face for a common cold. Samuel Butler, the talented author of *The Way of All Flesh*, embodied a fantastic philosophy in *Erewhon*, (Nowhere, spelled backward) a fanciful republic, where illness was punished as crime, bronchitis bringing a fine and tuberculosis imprisonment, and the punishment was made to fit the crime by a lengthened sentence when T. B. had been inherited. There is reason in this apparent unreason and we must agree with him and the Chinese as to the danger of a common cold, paraphrasing

Shakespeare, "He who steals my purse, steals trash but he who filches from me my good health — leaves me poor indeed." He deserves punishment.

The Chinese vaccinate for smallpox, using any available scab as we did years ago, before properly prepared vaccine was available. They blow it into the nostril, and sepsis and death frequently result from mixed infection. We remember to have heard that the King and Queen of Sandwich Islands made a famous visit to London, in 1823, and succumbed to smallpox in an epidemic, while Edward Jenner, who gave positive immunity to smallpox was yet alive. Anti-vaccinationists are yet responsible for epidemics. Reliable Chinese vaccine was available in Shanghai, in 1926, for the United States had decreed that none might leave the port unless vaccinated within thirty days of sailing. Dr. J. S. Grant, of the American Hospital at Ningpo, visited in Shanghai and we vaccinated each other. Friends said, "The vaccine is useless." Though I had tried to get a reaction before my holiday without success, I had the most typical result of my life and consequently edged through Japan sideways.

In China, all sickness comes from evil spirits, and the tribe of Sun Yat-Sen must greatly increase before the masses cease to foil and propitiate evil spirits. When fear of death enters the picture, religion, the universal antidote to fear, attracts the doctor's patients. Taoist and Buddhist priests exorcise the evil spirits. Religion in China is a strange mixture of Confucianism, Buddhism, and Taoism. Confucius, recognized as one of the great men of all time, (551-478 B. C.),

furnished a fine code of ethics, an idealism which appears in the teaching of Christ, but his cold and colorless philosophy is small comfort to a sick Chinaman, who turns in revolt to the realism of Taoism and worships in fear and trembling. Taoism, the philosophy of Laotse, (604-518 B. C.), is somewhat like Brahmanism in its mysticism and supernaturalism.

Taoist priests are called when laborers in the rice paddies and mulberry orchards fall sick, and come banging their cymbals to gain attention of the evil spirits. They may kill a dog, and run to the hills with the blood where they leave it on the ground, and while the spirits engage with the sacrificial blood, they hasten circuitously to the home of the patient and paste a notice of exorcism on the door. They may lead a procession to a river or canal and launch a decoy boat for the spirits, or a gorgeous sedan may be filled with food, especially pork, for which spirits have a penchant, and the patient is hurried away in an identical sedan. Many and devious are the methods of foiling evil spirits.

We saw a unique spectacle in Hangchow one night. There had been many deaths from tuberculosis in a home. Even the upturned eaves of the house had not directed the spirits up and away from the door. Many candles were burned in front of the door to destroy the spirits of the ground that had caused the fatal disease.

My Hangchow hostess told me of an amazing spectacle in a public square. A woman having died in childbirth, Taoist priests dealt with the situation by

having nine tables placed one on top of the other and securely tied together. An acrobat climbed snakily to the top, and imitated a woman by dressing in her clothes and combing his hair and then taking a live chicken with blood on its head, he flung it far. The chicken was the scapegoat, interpreted as an atonement, as found in many religions. For this service the acrobat received twenty-six dollars, (Mex.), and the relatives, apparently satisfied, went home happy.

In other localities Buddhist priests supplant the doctor, but Buddhism in China bears little resemblance to the Eight Right Paths, elected by Guatama Buddha in his meditations under the banyan tree. Christianity, also an Oriental religion, with western inquisitions, crusades and creeds has become unrecognizable when returned to Orientals through missions, where the teaching of Christ is accepted but western interpretation rejected. Buddhism is not only mixed with Confucianism and Taoism, but influenced by Chinese habit of thought. The Indian is a mystic, not so the Chinaman; he is a realist and keeps his feet on the solid ground, in spite of his fears and superstitions. I saw Buddhist worship at close range in Soochow.

It is said that Samuel Pepys, the diarist, carried a rabbit's foot in his day. Only a few years ago our grandparents carried buckeyes in their pockets for rheumatism, and our parents closed the doors against the miasmatic night air, unconscious of the anopheles mosquito as carrier of the cause of malaria. A bag of asafoetida, tied around the neck, warded off disease as well as friends. Parents exposed children to infec-

tious diseases to "get them over" and whole families *inherited* tuberculosis. The tomato, now so highly esteemed as a source of vitamins, was the poisonous love apple. And even yet many intelligent folk are led to believe that all the ills of humanity originate in a "Stuck spine." The early surgeons were barbers and the women doctors were midwives, and early medicine, an art not a science, was enmeshed in superstition and cloaked in mystery. Rational medicine is only of recent development. British Columbia yet has a "water diviner" who uses the pagan magic of a witch hazel twig! The unctious radio advertising of quacks, and the mysterious magic of a bottle of patent medicine rival scientific research today. Let the nation without superstition, cast the first stone at Chinese medicine.

Dr. Way Sung New of Shanghai (1892-1937) who took his B.A. at St. John's in Shanghai, his M.D. at Harvard, and F.A.C.S. at Geneva, was an outstanding exponent of modern medicine. He organized the National Medical Association of China, and later accomplished its amalgamation with the China Medical Association of foreign inception, as the Chinese Medical Association, becoming its first president. In his short and active life he made modern medical history in China. But it will be a matter of years before modern methods will sift through to the millions in the interior — as the past years have been filled with thoughts of defence.

Despite ministrations of doctors, Buddhists, Taoists, and soothsayers, it sometimes happens, as with us, that the Chinese die — but with a difference. We pass on

or away or simply die but not so the Chinaman. When dissolution appears imminent, he is lifted from his bed to the earth, or upon a board, (if he be royal) from which he mounts the mythical dragon or Lung, and ascends to be a Guest on High. He attains Nirvana.



“ABOVE IS HEAVEN, BELOW, HANGCHOW AND SOOCHOW”

THE Chinese say, “Above is heaven and below are Hangchow and Soochow.” Heaven was not on my itinerary at this time but I visited these reputedly beautiful cities.

With an American living in China, I made a journey to Hangchow carrying a letter to the Pacific Mission. Miss Archer quite surprised me in a resistance to the baggage snatching coolies that was far from passive. The visit had not been timed for the “Hangchow Bore” for a circumnavigator sees quite enough of tides and billows.

We arrived at midnight, after a tedious journey and I felt more trepidation than at any time in China as I parted from Miss Archer at the station, for I had a feral reluctance in placing myself at the mercy of a surly coolie, who could neither read the address I carried, nor speak a word of English. But after what seemed an interminable jolting over rough streets, we drew up before a dark house in a dark alley and, knocking insistently, awakened Miss Swift, who gave me a home during my visit.

Hangchow, one of the treaty ports and capital of the rich province of Chekiang, is an old walled city of seven hundred thousand, which bulges its walls and

overflows. It was the capital and the center for foreign trade in the era of Marco Polo, who described it as a city of nine hundred bridges, connecting a network of canals. The streets, as in old Nantao, were rough and the shops filled with parasols, fans, lanterns, idol money, medicines, and kitchen gods, all manufactured here. Hangchow is famous for idol money, longevity board for coffins, rice wine, and especially for the silk industry, represented by ten thousand looms.

The sources of Chinese income are importations of opium, silk, and tea. The revenue from opium, grown in eight of the twelve provinces of China, changed hands with War Lords and much was smuggled. There are three harvests of tea in Chekiang, between May and July, but the silk industry, in which importations are in the hands of the French and Swiss, holds one's interest in Hangchow.

China faced an industrial revolution after the introduction of steam spinning machines. Peasants began raising silk worms in great quantities without considering the quantity of mulberry leaves for their sustenance, and the worms were undernourished and unproductive, and the machines were idle, but readjustment slowly followed when a school of sericulture was established. (Shantung or Pongee silk requires oak and ailanthus leaves for feeding.) China has therefore suffered from industrial readjustments even as western nations.

As I wandered around at will, I noted the little things. The strips, which Chinese women soak in water making a mucilage which gives their hair its sleek and

lustrous appearance, were sold everywhere, — and the breeze stirred the paper kitchen gods in almost all shops.

The kitchen gods, little pieces of red and gold paper pasted above the kitchen stove and elsewhere, preside watchfully over domestic matters. The evening before New Year's, their mouths are smeared with sugar to sweeten their temper and the report carried from the kitchen and they are burned. The New Year's celebration lasts one day or a week, depending upon the finances of the celebrants, and the god is not replaced by another until this period has expired. The interim is one of jollity and license when there is no god to keep watch above his own. If there be any virtue in a god, the kitchen is where it is needed. How it would support equanimity while one scrapes the burned toast, and how calming its influence when guests appear unannounced! I was about to purchase a supply, when I remembered that I had no kitchen.

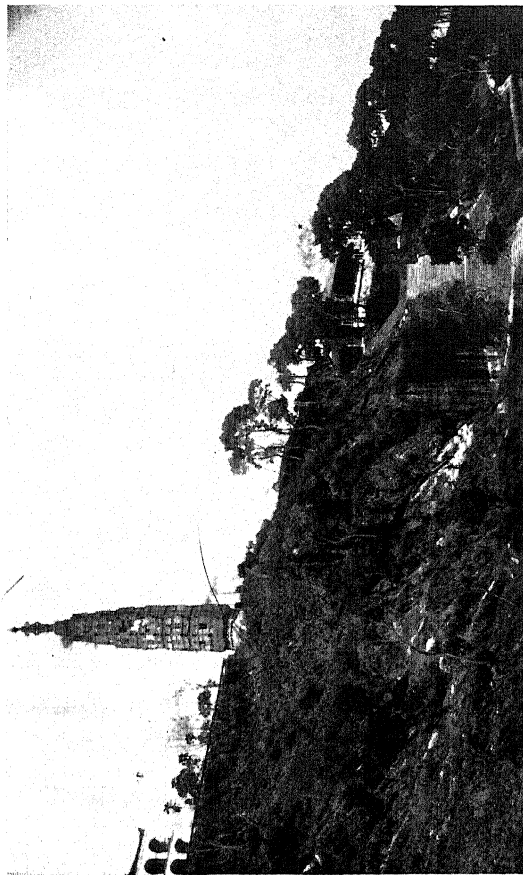
Coolies did not cry, "Kill the foreign devil!" more often in Hangchow than elsewhere, and one morning I motored from my extramural residence into the old city to visit the Hangchow Mission Hospital, the largest hospital in China. Here I met pleasantly, two women doctors, Dr. Seng Pi An, an assistant in surgery, and Dr. Sen Li Yuh, assistant in internal medicine. After an interesting visit, I took Miss Archer with me to the Leprosarium, high on the hill, known as the Dr. Walter Main Hospital for Lepers.

This lovely misty morning we crossed the lake, said to be the authentic one pictured on the willow plate,

by a long causeway. We noted the ancient Emperor's Palace on the island and, passing the moss-grown Needle Pagoda, continued to the top of the hill to the leper hospital, embowered in roses and wisteria. And what wisteria! Lovely West Lake, fragrant flowers, singing birds, the soft air freshened by light misty rain, gave a breath of heaven. Hangchow was the honeymooner's retreat.

Dr. Wang, the director, greeted us with Chinese hospitality and spoke with enthusiasm about the results of treatment by chaulmoogra, combined with creosote and iodine. Dr. Haddow, a young woman from Australia, was past mistress in this hypodermic medication. The patients and hospital were immaculate. I have never seen in any place such a smiling, happy group of people. Even a victim of leprosy for thirty years, unable to move on her bed, such a fragment of humanity that she seemed almost a disembodied spirit, smiled with remnants of her features. All recent cases had been ameliorated by treatment and only old neglected cases were mutilated.

Dr. Wang gave me pictures of the hospital and patients, accompanied us to the foot of the hill, filling our ricksha with flowers, and I came away without asking for statistics. The story could never be statistical. The fragrance of roses and wisteria, the beauty of the landscape, so fresh and green, the lovely lake and the moss-grown pagods in the mist below, the smiling patients all engaged in some useful duty and the spirit of kindliness, linger with me still. I like to forget that the number of lepers in China cannot be



Rose and Vine-clad Hill above West Lake, Needle Pagoda and Corner of Leprosarium,
Hangchow, China.

estimated, that Chinese lepers fail to return to clinics for treatment, and there is no segregation, and no modern treatment outside of leprosaria and this care is altogether inadequate to deal with the situation.

It may appear incredible that one on a holiday would pause to look at leprosy, but to an acquisitive mind, the unknown is a challenge. My knowledge of the disease was only that of the excellent pathology courses of the late Dr. Warthin, which included microscopy of the infectious granulomata. Subsequently, I saw leprosy in Cuba and Egypt, but now in the Orient, I saw it everywhere.

A lecture by Dr. Ernest Muir of the School of Tropical Medicine in Calcutta; conversations with Dr. Dutta on Bengal Bay; a native leprologist associated with the eminent authority, Sir Walter Fletcher of Burmah, and finally Dr. Fowler's authoritative treatise, placed in my hands in Shanghai, led me to visit the Leprosarium in Hangchow. Upon return to the United States, I began, like Captain Cuttle, "to search the records" and had great masses of reports by courtesy of Dr. George McCoy of the U. S. P. H. S., a leprologist.

Though neither dermatologist nor leprologist, I am deeply concerned with the fallacy of attaching stigma to leprosy and the cruelty of leprophobia. In the progressive march of preventive medicine, superstitions must be trampled down and facts faced practically, not fearfully, by an informed public. The laity ought to know what leprosy is, where it is prevalent, what are the dangers of contracting it and whether it may

be cured. These questions may be definitely answered.

Leprosy is a new growth caused by the *bacillus leprae*, discovered by Armauer Hansen of Norway, fifty years ago. The disease, varied in intensity, may begin with puffiness over the cheek bones and a macular rash from which nodules develop. These nodules break down, forming ulcers, which often invade the tissues deeply and the resultant cicatrization produce the fierce expression known as "lionine face." Mutilations may be devastating even to loss of fingers, toes, etc. In a nervous form, macules lose pigment, producing the white spots so often mentioned.

As to the prevalence of leprosy. It almost disappeared in middle ages, but has again become prevalent. It occurs sporadically in the United States, sometimes developing after quarantine examination. There are foci in the southern states, in the northwestern states brought from Scandinavia and in California introduced from the Orient. There are perhaps not more than one thousand cases in the United States, and the disease is cared for by the National Leprosarium at Carville, Louisiana, near New Orleans, the model of the world. But the United States embraced hotbeds of leprosy in the Philippines and Hawaii. As the world grows smaller by reason of closer communication, leprosy draws nearer.

There is leprosy around the Mediterranean. It is prevalent in Africa, through the Orient, in the Pacific Isles, and in South and Central America and Mexico. It is not a tropical disease as popularly believed, but

is aggravated in tropical climes where nutrition is below par and sanitation poor.

As to the mode of infection. It is the concensus of world-wide opinion that infection comes from long exposure, as in house infection, but it is not highly contagious and facts do not justify the panicky fear of meeting lepers. The danger of contracting the disease under governmental regulation is practically negligible and almost so in traveling. I am often asked, "Are you not afraid to visit Leprosaria?" Emphatically, no.

Can leprosy be cured? The use of the compounds of the fatty acids of Chaulmoogra oil has resulted in the return of many lepers to their homes, apparently cured, and few have returned for treatment. The disease if not actually cured has been ameliorated and the patients generally remain clinically and bacteriologically clean.

Leprosy has held the morbid interest of the world through the centuries, because of its supposed incurability, deformities and loathsomeness and consequent separation from family and ostracism from society. Jewish history has made the word leper a synonym for spiritual as well as physical uncleanness.

There is real tragedy in the picture of half-starved, scantily clothed lepers, long sequestered in the fastnesses of mountains, creeping stealthily forth in quest of food, wearing a warning bell or crying, "Unclean! Unclean!" In modern times the heart-gripping picture of lepers has served as a basis for scenes in legitimate

drama and cinema. The leper scene in *Ben Hur* was not less effective than the chariot race. A modern best seller introduces the story by incidence of leprosy in a South Sea trader — who, learning at quarantine the true nature of his disease, crowned himself with a chaplet of flowers and leaped into the sea.

In Cuba, I was pressed to visit the thrills — the cock fight, the bone pile in Colon Cemetery, and the Lazzaretto or Leper Hospital in Havana. Newspapers recognize the appeal of scareheads about sporadic cases. *Brazilian City Invaded by Lepers, Who Are Forced Back into the Colony by Police*, is a newspaper caption in my collection. This unreasonable fear of leprosy is ever broadcasted through the world.

The Bible is the most generally read book, and this fear and stigma attached to the disease is almost universal. *Leprosy of the Bible in Its Religious Aspects and Leprosy of the Bible in Its Medical Aspects*, by Dr. Ernest McEwen, a dermatologist, are monographs that are concise and scholarly. Dr. McEwen shows that the word *zaranth* referred not only to leprosy but to many skin diseases. The victim of these was taboo not on account of contagion but because under Levitical law, he was disqualified to worship, and contact with him rendered others also taboo. He was cleansed by a ritualistic proceeding and not by any hygienic process or measure. Moses and his wife, Zipporah, attended medical college in Heliopolis, near Cairo, and the great lawgiver, who wrote *Leviticus*, had surprisingly fine ideas on medicine and sanitation but modern medicine is not interested in taboos

and would, perhaps, list this taboo as one of the "Mistakes of Moses."

Neurologists are agreed that there is no evidence that leprosy involves the central nervous system but that psychosis, so frequently found, may be developed by the condition and thought of being a leper. Without entering any religious or medical discussion, one may seek to bring sympathetic understanding to these unfortunates, that they may be restored to self respect, without which there can be no gladness in life. The Leprosarium in Hangchow, those which I visited subsequently, and many others, have proven the feasibility of such treatment. Medicine may supply the means of healing, but public opinion must provide a psychological background for a happy recovery.

Before recrossing the lake, we visited the tomb of Aon Fei of the Ming dynasty, in an old temple, noting the iron effigies of his enemies at which stones were thrown. Even yet they are stoned lustily. I found it interesting that a woman served at the incense altar among the tombs of the beloved Ming dynasty, in Nanking.

Many interesting things in Hangchow made me oblivious to the fact that it rained nearly all of the time of my visit; that the streets were muddy and the old city was filthy and that my ricksha fell into holes every few feet. Indeed this visit helped sustain me in disappointment in missing Peking (Peiping). There was no possible way of arriving there, for the "Blue Line" was out of service. Those who arrived in Shanghai from Peiping had motored by special permits

through the opposing armies quite hazardously. Had I wished to travel through the milieu of war, it could not have been accomplished. None were going to Peiping.

The return trip from Hangchow, made alone, was most interesting. There were no other foreigners in the train, but a Chinese graduate of a French University sat opposite me. He was very scornful of the Chinese "flappers" and volunteered the information that the woman with diminutive feet, the first that I had seen, was yet the great lady of China, and that unlawful, as it now was to bind the feet, it was yet being done! It is popularly believed that the custom arose as a plan of keeping women at home, but it arose as all fashions for women from time immemorial, to interest and please men. They admired the small foot, and the mincing gait caused by binding the feet was, to their minds, very dainty. The little shoe became a love fetish, and hundreds of poems were inspired by the little feet or "Golden Lilies." The physical deformity so developed did handicap women, often keeping them at home. This symbol of modesty gave a graceful carriage and incidentally, seclusion. Western women wear high French heels for the carriage, without seclusion.

I noted a group of very beautiful women and not until then had I been convinced that Chinese women are very beautiful. The brocade of their coats was matched by that of their slippers, their sleek hair shone and their diamonds scintillated. I had never seen so many enormous diamonds, even at a first night of grand opera. These would have graced any royal collection. I was amazed to see the retiring Chinese women wear-

ing them in public, especially on trains and more especially because trains were run by bandits. I asked the young man if the diamonds were genuine. He replied, "They are, indeed. You are seeing an unusual sight. These are concubines of wealthy men who have been brought to Shanghai for safety. Never before have there been so many diamonds in Shanghai." The Chinese, who have always favored pearls, appeared to have developed a connoisseur's taste in diamonds for they were then *le dernier cri* with the wealthy.

Then I committed the unpardonable *faux pas* asking, "The concubines are brought to safety, where are the true wives and do they too wear such jewels?" What did the young man reply? He turned a lifted and "cold shoulder" toward me and gazed out of the window, surveying the landscape intently, and silently. Chinese writers suggest that wives approve and frequently select concubines for their husbands but women who have lived in China say they mentally resent them. My information that footbinding and concubinage had practically disappeared from China was not entirely correct for I was seeing both and a young graduate of St. John's University, immaculate in western clothing, evidently believed in these customs. Or was he trying to express disapproval of all western ideals and customs in his dislike of foreigners?

We spoke of popular education, for I had heard of the project of three young Chinamen, educated in Columbia, California, and Wisconsin by which the Chinese alphabet of ideographs had been shortened and reading simplified. Each agreed to teach three others,

who in turn made the same promise, thus establishing a chain of teachers. As there are more than six thousand ideographs, those who could read were men of letters indeed.

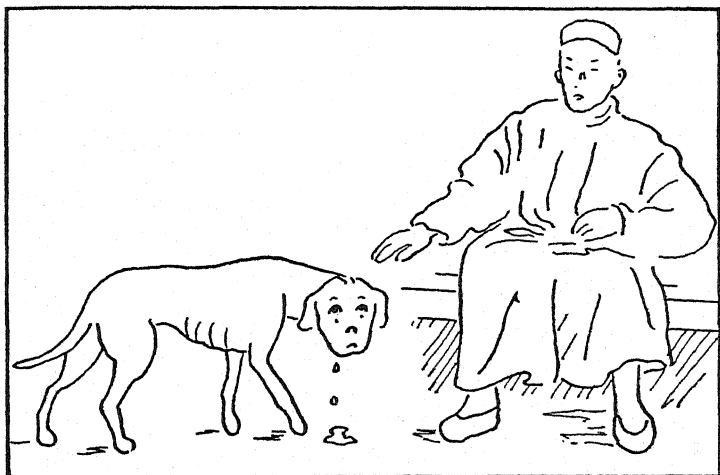
That Hangchow should fall to the Japanese; that the thriving city should be looted and that many of the people should bury their treasures and join in the sorrowful trek to Chungking is the story of WAR.

Soochow was rather a trouble center but through the hosts of the hotel, I arranged to visit Mr. and Mrs. Ralph White at the Vincent Miller Academy for four hundred Chinese boys. Here I learned just how small the world really is, for Mr. White proved to be a cousin several times removed, our forbears having had land grants in 1745 at Washington, Pennsylvania, and often as a child I had watched the illumination of the skies by the Vincent Miller oil and gas wells. The Academy was one of the philanthropies of the daughters of Vincent Miller, who had selected Mr. White, a Princeton man, as principal of this fine school. Here he conducted the Academy, and compound equipped with everything for comfortable living including a fine hospital. They were now enjoying a breathing spell, for they had been prisoners in their home which became a hospital and surgery as well, when Nationalists attacked Soochow and there was an uprising against foreigners. Only the loyalty of students and servants saved the situation, as they slept on the floor to escape stray bullets and servants procured scanty food.

The late Dr. Helen Gibson, a charming woman, re-

turning from Vellore, India, on the *Elephanta* with her dog Topsy, who might have been named for Mark Twain's, "Little Entomologist," wished to go to Soochow with me. Now Topsy, whose pedigree was so stained that blurs had coalesced into one all-enveloping blot on her escutcheon, had given birth to several smaller blots on the ship. These had been adopted by kindly passengers. Dr. Gibson's solicitude for her tender health and pity for her frustrated motherhood, led her to leave Topsy in my care whenever she left the hotel in Shanghai (until I moved). She had whined pitifully and had made me very unhappy in various ways. To my dismay Topsy accompanied us to Soochow.

We boarded the train at Shanghai with officials screaming after us vituperatively. The conductor dis-



"Nobody Knows the Troubles I See."

covered Topsy under the Doctor's cape and sputtered and screamed yet louder. Topsy barked and the conductor was joined by the guards who took turns in berating us in Chinese all the way to Soochow, doubtless calling us a choice variety of pigs and consigning our ancestors to unpleasant places. Though expecting momentarily to be set off in a rice paddy, we were eventually disgorged from the crowded train into a seething maelstrom of persistent ricksha coolies. A small dog had disturbed my equanimity more than soldiers, bandits or anything else in two years of travel!

We were rescued by little Bob White, who met us with the family rickshas, but arrived at the Compound, only to have their police dogs fly into an angry frenzy over Topsy's intrusion. When quiet was at last restored, by secreting the foreigner, we set out in four rickshas to see Soochow, the Chinese Venice.

We visited first a famous Chinese garden, the gift of a wealthy native. Chinese gardens are not gardens in our understanding of the word for they have no grass and very few flowers. This garden was an estate of fairy palaces in fairyland, a pleasure garden. There were lovely tea houses furnished with carved teakwood, lacquers, porcelains, pottery, quaint vases and Buddhas, unusual mirrors, tables inlaid with marble and rare woods, bronzes, and Chinese paintings and prints. All tea houses are hung with gorgeous lanterns.

These tea houses express the art of China in setting, architecture and furnishings and here the Chinaman drinks tea which colors the whole national life, stimulates his digestion, mellows his heart and makes him

the placid, contented man that he is. No fears of hell, purgatory or failure in reincarnation disturb the cheerfulness of the Chinese Buddhist.

The tea houses of this garden were set among waterfalls, little rustic bridges and shrubbery trimmed in grotesque shapes, the extended branches tipped with porcelain hands and heads. There were aquariums, and peacocks, cages of rabbits, monkeys, and other animals. The garden was paved in mosaic of fragments of blue and white porcelain. It was a children's paradise and little Phoebe and Bob White talked with children, their parents and amahs, translating to us most interestingly, "among tinkling pagodas and round arched bridges over still lakes."

We then motored to the Temple of Five Hundred Gods. I had found Confucian temples empty and unadorned, except for mottoes on the walls, and the spirit seats were empty. Not so the Buddhist Temples. In Burmah and Indo-China, Buddha reigns in the temples unsupported, but in China there are more than two thousand gods or genii in the pantheon.

At the portal, we found the goddess of Mercy, the putative mother of Buddha, who, like the Virgin Mary, is often represented with a child in her arms. Here the goddess, without the child, dispensed mercy with a thousand arms, in a jointed mechanical manner to be sure, but mercy may be more often granted awkwardly than, "it droppeth like a gentle rain from heaven." And who would subtract a single arm? Rather would we add another.

Buddhist priests banged their cymbals to gain her

attention while the lame, halt, blind and sick burned their joss sticks at her feet. Would that this Mother of Buddha might look less wooden, and could indeed hear and heal!

All of the Five Hundred Gods were here, or the very robust busts of them, freshly gold painted and ranged along in rows on shelves. Each was represented as typifying some quality or characteristic. One thoughtful god had a beetling brow falling to his waistline. Since he was only a bust it could fall no farther. A scholar held a scroll, but the god of health was a surprising fellow, for little incense cups stuck out all over him, making him bristle like a porcupine. While priests banged their cymbals tremendously, devotees burned incense in the cup, each in the location of his particular ailment. As this god, like the others, was only a bust, I felt that he was not all that could be desired for that purpose. The victim of appendicitis would be non-plussed in selecting a proper cup, while for fallen arches or bunions the god would fall far short of requirements.

All the priests had nine little holes or scars on their scalps burned in by dripping candles, signifying that they were qualified to officiate at all temple ceremonies. Outside of the temple, we saw a procession of acolytes, all pitifully young.

A worshiper may not pay his devoirs to one god in a row with impunity, and he purchases incense for all of the gods, lest any be offended. Marco Polo, who in 1259 took part in the conquest of southern provinces

in China, was among the gods. I have regretted that the cinema has belittled Kublai Khan. Though hardly so great a man as his grandfather, Genghis Khan, he was not the weakling pictured. Kublai Khan organized the police service in China, founded a postal service, introduced paper money made from bark, and completed the Grand Canal. When he died in 1294, China was the greatest empire the world had ever known. Though history is so cold that it needs to be dramatized for entertainment, Coleridge's fantasy of a "Stately pleasure dome in Xanadu" does not contradict history, as the cinema so frequently does.

After tiffin, we visited the old walled city, entering by a new gate just completed. Soochow had been without a gate on the side of the mountains, for the city was to be protected from the evil spirits of the air. The spirit of commercialism had carried a point the year before and a gateway had been opened, but almost at once there was riot and loss of life, and the gate was walled up. But now a new gate had been constructed to mystify the spirits. It had been cut diagonally, for spirits are not able to turn a corner nor proceed circuitously. As we passed through, our rickshas all but scraped the walls of the twisting and narrow entrance, and we felt that it would be a success, unless the spirits should divest themselves of wings and become very crooked in their methods. But they entered with a vengeance in 1927 and, guided by the Japanese, have flown over the wall with shocking fatality. All of the subsequent events must have strengthened the belief in

fung-shuey. It has been said that this fundamental belief in *fung-shuey* has hindered the development of China's vast resources in mineral wealth.

I regretted not seeing the great beauties of Soochow, for the women are said to be the most beautiful in the world, but none of these appeared upon the streets. Their beauty is accredited to the humidity of the Soochow climate.

A visit to the old temple was rewarding in the fine Chinese paintings and prints. These must always be considered a contribution to the art of the world. Their chaste simplicity fascinated me. The visit in the old city was accomplished without untoward incident, despite the very evident resentment of those who stepped inside their doors to allow our rickshas to pass through narrow alleys. One of these, so disturbed, feigned to tweak my nose as I was the last of the cavalcade, but my coolie hurried serenely on. One hardly blames the Chinese who have been so exploited, for feeling resentful toward foreigners.

So far as possible, at that time, Soochow looked military, though I could not distinguish a soldier from a policeman or a bandit. The soldiers of the northern army, I was told, were paid only fifty cents in gold per month. They were held by the war lords by being permitted to steal. The loot was, of course, considered part of their pay. Bandits were not only brigands but soldiers and starving farmers. There were military looking soldiers in China, but I saw none in Soochow. The soldiers were bravely accoutred with large pistols, but I learned that they were afraid to fire them and

closed their eyes when pulling the trigger. I saw here what appeared to be a strange weapon attached to the shoulder, but it proved to be a parasol which the brave man raised in rain, thrusting the handle down the back of his neck. The profession of arms was not in good repute.

The Chinese who had so failed to keep step with the world have since gone far. No more intrepid soldiers have ever waged a defence, and the world has been inspired by the suicide battalion — boys of from twelve to nineteen years, who chose death in a warehouse in Shanghai, to the ignominy of surrender to the Japanese. And the world has thrilled to the story of the Girl Scouts who carried them food under Japanese machine guns. Miss Yang Wu-Ming, whose hat was shot away by a machine gun as she crawled on her stomach dragging one hundred pounds of food or more, has told the story in the United States. This brave young girl made forty trips, sometimes four in a night. The youth of China belong to "this brave new world." The Youth Movement, Mass Education Movement, the atrocities of Japanese militarists (not the mass of Japanese people) have developed potential heroes and heroines among the inventors of gunpowder, who used it for fireworks.

Before leaving we visited the hospital of the Compound under direction of Dr. Lydia Hsü, the niece of one of the famous pioneer women who practiced in Foochow. We found her vaccinating the neighborhood in a modern hospital, by a method as modern as that of New York or Chicago. Near the hospital

was a memorial to Dr. Hsü erected by natives in her honor. Before this memorial, I stood transfixed and envy possessed my soul. How useless a marble shaft or funeral eulogy after one has passed away! But a memorial is a concrete, material testimony not only to skill but to goodness and kindness. With such a memorial with which to live, there could be no height to which one might not attain! But there were none for sale. Before me lies a photograph of Dr. Hsü at work now in a clinic in Shanghai.

In 1927, my friends fled Soochow in their houseboat, on Soochow creek, stopping at Phoebe's school where she joined them hatless, carrying her book and slate. Their boat was boarded by Nationalists, but their lives happily saved and hiding by night in the bushes along the creek they reached Shanghai, slept in a garret and finally arrived by steerage on the Pacific coast. But they, with many others, returned.

Topsy slept soundly under the doctor's cape on the return to Shanghai and when she arrived in the United States was perhaps relieved of the responsibility of harboring the soul of some animistic Indian in his retrograde reincarnation.

My mature judgment had long realized the futility of the juvenile plan of digging through to China either literally or figuratively, but this scratch on the surface was a genuinely rich experience. Many things of which I had read and heard and had regarded as bizarre appeared reasonable in China, for it is all of one piece. Ancestor worship is only an exaggeration of western reverence, for the family tree often suggested by the



Dr. Hsü in American Women's Hospital Service in Shanghai in 1940.

thought that, "My grandsire drew a good bow at Hastings." The cult of "face" is the universal desire to appear well, heightened by thousands of years of cultural background in which the Chinese were the educated folk of the world. The "squeeze" is the petty graft of the West with Chinese interpretation, while *finesse*, the courteous and diplomatic approach is as much overdeveloped in China as it is woefully underdeveloped in the United States, as evidenced in our foreign relations. *Fung-shuey*, or superstition, is universal.

The holiday visitor would not have the temerity to suggest any interpretation of China. Perhaps only Pearl Buck has had a vision, and Lin Yutang has innate understanding. But I cup my ear in hand and listen to the historian.

China, the Hub of Heaven, with the oldest civilization existent, once extended from the Pacific Ocean to the Volga River and the Celestials numbered one-third the population of the globe. The population of China is yet four hundred million; more than that of any other nation, despite famine, flood, pestilence and invasion.

The secret of the longevity of the race whether from racial stamina, periodic admixtures of the blood of their conquerors, whom they absorbed, or from the fact that they never waged an offensive war, or from a combination of these circumstances, has not been solved. The casual visitor speculates upon the incontrovertible fact, but as all the "nations are snarling at each other's heels" cannot be sure that history will repeat itself.

When I feel critical of Chinese customs, I have remembered the literature of China both ancient and modern; that there is said to be extant an encyclopedia of twenty-two thousand volumes, published centuries before the first book agent took subscriptions in the United States for volumes delivered, one at a time, through the years, at most inconvenient intervals; that the *Pekin Gazette* is the oldest newspaper in the world; that the Chinese invented paper and block printing and that the first writing decorated the Chinese bamboo. Chinese poetry, though never profound, has inspired the world to imitation of its grace and beauty. The classic *Book of Change* dates from the sixth century. It is said that the Chinese had a theory of evolution which greatly antedated Darwin and modern *litterateurs* pronounce *The Red Chamber Dream*, authentic literature.

Very humbly, I looked upon the *Boke of St. Albans*, the first English prose purported to have been written by Sir John Mandeville (translated from the French). As the French say, "It gave me to think," for my mother tongue, however I may treat it as to syntax and accent, was then a very structureless language and yet is a patchwork of various languages. Chinese literature was flowering, and had been flowering for centuries before William the Conqueror compiled a statistical *Domesday Book*.

When I deplore the status and secluded life of Chinese women, I hark back to the fifteenth century when women were politically active and with humility to the Old Empress Tze-Hai, the wicked Concubine No.

One, who ruled a fourth of the world, but remember with pride the modern Soongs.

Chinese art in the valued old ox-blood pottery, the marvelous porcelains and paintings and prints charm art collectors. Their paintings on rolled silk, the scrolls or *Kakemonas* and long scrolls or *Makemonas* are drawn with such exactitude, painted so meticulously and with such delicacy in coloring that one almost forgets the lack of perspective, though westerners insist that depth is necessary to perfect beauty. Chinese, fleeing before invading Japanese buried these treasures with others as, rare jade, old amber, exquisite carvings in ivory, wood and semi-precious stones, bronzes and antique embroideries, etc. Paleontologists and paleo-ethnographers of our era have delved in China for fossils. When and who will unearth these matchless *objets d' art*?

The Occident has contributed facilities to China for defence, but ancient China gave gunpowder to the world, which now misuses it, and Europe now reverts to the military tactics of Ghengis Khan in the "hinged door."

As before noted the Manchus ruled China from 1644 to 1912. "They toiled not neither did they spin." What with wealthy Manchus, grafting war lords, foreign aggressors, disaffections and civil war among a people never integrated, unspeakable poverty among the masses, long grown hopeless and apathetic in any attempt to remedy conditions, there came a climax in war between Nationalists and the Southern army, when Sun Yat-Sen became President of the Republic

of China. After his death in 1924 there was political chaos when his successor Chiang Kai-Shek attempted unification by conquest of grafting war lords and communistic groups — China's confusion became Japan's opportunity to occupy Manchukuo and eventually Peking, Tientsin, Shanghai, and other coastal cities.

Westerners watching the Chinese tragedy are profoundly shocked not only by cruelty in the opium traffic but by the bombing of the poor, living in sampans, fleeing women and children, widows of millions of soldiers, with clinging children, infants and starving children clutching at grass and roots in the frenzy of hunger. "New orphans" strew the route of retreat.

Thirty universities with students have trekked inland. Foreigners and missionaries have remained at many posts under Japanese occupation and in "free China." There are four million Christians in China. Dr. Harold Balme of Shantung College says, "There are five hundred modern hospitals in China, three hundred of these are missionary. Eight hundred physicians and surgeons and nurses cared for two millions of natives annually, and there were eight thousand primary and secondary schools with approximately two hundred and eighty-five thousand Chinese children in attendance, one hundred and eighty-six colleges with seven thousand seven hundred and sixty-four students." Educational work is now practically at a standstill.

Brilliant, smiling Col. M. T. Tehu, a Chinese engineer and ex-secretary of Chiang Kai-Shek, succinctly outlines the reasons for the Japanese warfare in lectures in the United States. What he says sounds very like

the Tanaka Memorial, a ten year program a la Hitler's magnus opus, *Mein Kampf*. Though Japanese deny the authenticity of the document which suggests world domination, the program appears to have been followed to the letter, and the celebration of the two thousand six hundredth year of the dynasty of the Sun furnishes daily propaganda as to the divine origin of the Empire of the Rising Sun, which may eventually inherit the earth.

Colonel Tehu said, that desiring Asia for Asiatics, the Japanese had killed millions of them; that claiming need for expansion three millions of Chinese had gone into Manchukuo to a half million of Japanese. One must remember, however, that the latter statement may be explained in Chinese flocking to areas under Japanese occupation to escape bombings. He expressed a belief, very generally held, that what Japan really wants is control of China's resources, but continued that having established a "New Order in Asia" she would extend her sacred mission in conquering the world! Perish the thought!

Japanese propagandists tell another story insisting that the Chinese, always quarreling among themselves, have sold their birthright for a mess of pottage to foreign aggressors, meaning Occidentals; have allowed communism to develop in a soil of unrest, thus jeopardizing all Asia, and that they have signally failed to develop resources. All of these things appear to be true and the Japanese would remedy many of them, not for the Chinese but for themselves. And China belongs to the Chinese.

Japan, a highly militarized and industrialized nation, is pitted against a simple agricultural people in which comparatively few are able to cope with either Japanese strength or diplomacy, yet many believe that this terrible awakening has had a unifying effect that could have been accomplished in no other way, in that industrial centers established for the manufacture of munitions was an initial step in the industrialization of China. Millions believe with Chiang Kai-Shek who paraphrases Confucius, saying, "It is better to be a broken jade than a whole tile." No American who has lived in an industrial center, can fail to grasp the significance of the Chinese Coöperatives' achievement, in which Chinese towns have been revitalized, by mobile industrial units in which great quantities of a variety of commodities are manufactured each month and employment furnished to thousands, for steady and useful employment is the need of the world.

One's mind is bemused by the anguishing situation of China, and anything which a sympathetic American can say, only adds to the bewilderment arising from discussions of arm-chair theorists and strategists in the agonizing precariousness of the world, which has now become well-nigh maddening. One matter is clear, however, and that is the pity of it all. Pity for the millions of Chinese killed and wounded; pity for the millions of starving refugees, women and children, who do not know what it is all about. Pity for a million of Japanese soldiers killed and wounded, and yet more for those who are forced to fight. The

anxious thought of this traveler who many times a day heard, “Kang kwietze” or “Kill the foreign devil” follows this pacific, patient, kindly and loveable people, in their trek toward freedom.

PHOEBUS IN ASCENDENCY



PHOEBUS IN ASCENDENCY

Painfully conscious of having complied with the United States fiat as to vaccination, I sailed on a Japanese liner for the Empire of the Rising Sun, hoping to enjoy some of the actinic rays of the Japanese Phoebus in the Cherry Dances at Kyoto.

Before the tender had reached the ship in Whangpoo river, I had met a young Scotch woman of Shanghai, who was returning home for her marriage, and a young Dane on his way home from Bangkok, Siam, via the United States, both intent upon the same program, only requiring a chaperone for a properly conventional holiday. We formed a closed corporation wherein, as senior member, I received all regular dividends in the best rickshas and accommodations and a large extra dividend in delightful companionship, while the Danish business man was general factotum and bookkeeper in our excursion into Nippon.

The ship was coaled at Moji, Japan, in the region of the mining industry by pitiful little wisps of Japanese womanhood who appeared from the ship's deck like dolls compressed under burdens that might have staggered an Atlas. This was a disillusioning scene for westerners whose earliest conceptions of Japanese women originated in daintily kimonoed decorations on paper fans and tea chests. The none-too-fervid

entreaty of Phoebus, "My lady sweet, arise" which had never reached the masses, has now become a lullaby, "Sleep, my lady, sleep," in complete isolation and submission to men.

We continued through the bright, clear waters of the beautiful Inland Sea with legends which inspired the esthetic Lafcadio Hearn, arriving at Kobe, on Osaka bay, early in the morning.

Kobe, a great seaport of Japan, is a modern oriental city. We visited parks, shrines, and temples by ricksha and motor, enjoying the waterfalls of Nunbiki, noting the great bronze Buddha of Hygoyo, and reveling in the shops. Some of the shops had factories in the background, while all tempted us with kimonos, haori-coats, prints, cloisonne, manufactured and cultured pearls. Merchants spoke English, jiu jitsu was taught nearby the American Hotel, and Kobe College was cosmopolitan.

We did not see cormorant fishing at Kobe, in which burning flares attract the small *ayu* to his doom. Cormorants, with banded necks, are thrown into the water and, attempting to eat the delicate morsel, can swallow only the small fry. The birds are taken out, unloaded of their catch and thrown back for more fishing. Apropos of fishing, many years ago, a visitor to Japan related that his host, handing him a hook and line, led him to a basement pool where they caught gold-fish for the dinner menu. The penchant of American college boys for swallowing gold-fish would appear to have had a precedent in Japan.

Nearby is Osaka, the greatest commercial city in

the Orient, which might be a Japanese Venice but for factories and mills which transform it into a Pittsburgh or Birmingham. In this great hustling, bustling, smoky city, men, women, and children worked for a pittance, many subsisting upon rice, and the heads and tails of fish, while fifty thousand had no visible means of support.

Japan, having a plentitude of rain, has three harvests; raw products as rice, cotton, silk, tea, timber, and mined metals are transported to Osaka where coal furnishes the power for mills and factories. There are many factories in Japan, and thousands of women and children do weaving and make small articles in their homes with very imperfect results. A law required both boys and girls to attend school from six to twelve years of age and modern factory laws had been passed but had not been enforced. It was estimated that there were fifteen thousand children, for the most part girls, employed in Osaka.

Osaka has some medieval remains as the temple of Tenno-ji and the Castle reminiscent of the Emperor Hideyoshi, who made Osaka the capital of Japan. Though executive power was then vested in a Shogun or tycoon, he realized the possibilities of the location of Osaka on the Inland Sea, asserted himself, and built the Castle, surrounding it with a moat.

We regretted the twelve hundred acre National Park at Nara with its fine trees, sacred carp, and pigeons, though the latter are doubtless much like other fish and fowl of the world. But the Syosoin Museum of antiquities and the great bronze Buddha

are unique, a Buddha so large that a man may walk into his nose! Japan is threaded with railroads, the service is excellent and coaches are copied from those in the United States. Distances are short, and we soon arrived in the old capital, Kyoto, and were made comfortable in the immaculate Kyoto Hotel.

The windows of our rooms were tightly shuttered; doors in the paper-like structure were without key for there are no pilferers in Japan. But eager, curious slanting, little eyes peered and peeped at us from unexpected places and servants glided in quietly, invading our privacy without announcement, at most inconvenient moments, in true oriental fashion. But forgetting the annoyances of surveillance, we walked out into the moonlight, which shone down through glossy palms, blossoming cherry and cryptomerias in the hotel gardens. "Under the plum blossoms are nightingales." It is disappointing to learn that the lovely cherry, plum, and peach blossoms are not followed by fruit. There are very few song birds in Japan and the nightingale is much smaller than its congener in the Occident but has a beautiful flute-like song. Silvery moonlight and purple nights are not figments of poetic imagination in Japan.

The next morning after securing tickets for the Cherry Dances, we set out in three rickshas to visit temples, shrines, and gardens. I chose the only ricksha which I saw with a "Puller" wearing a wide brimmed straw hat, secured by a cord, held between his toes. Occidentals neglect the possibilities of their toes! Temples must be visited with some thought of the

religious background of Japan. Confucianism, introduced from China, appeals to the educated Japanese, while Buddhism, in all its impurities, holds the masses, and superstitions respect neither class nor individual. Shinto is the primitive religion of Japan and appears to be having a revival.

The educated Japanese, though somewhat enmeshed in superstitions of Buddhism and Shintoism, is yet greatly influenced by Bushido, or the "Way of the Warrior," a philosophy with ideals of self-sacrifice, a composite of chivalry and stoicism. Hari-kari or disembowelment by sword is a ceremonial suicide under disgrace, formerly practiced by the Samurai. The hari-kari of General Nogi, who conducted the Japanese at Port Arthur, followed by that of his wife, arose from devotion to Bushido ideals.

There are more than one hundred thousand shrines and thousands of temples in Japan, where there are always offeratory boxes in which even the poorest deposits a coin. Many of the old Buddhist and Shinto temples of Japan are of a very durable Japanese wood, which lasts for centuries. Though we have had accidental immigration of Japanese beetles which destroy many species of fruit and ornamental trees, California termites have not migrated to Japan and some of these old unpainted temples and pagodas are twelve centuries old. Those in Kyoto are neither massive nor high but show a fine Chinese influence in decoration, and the temple gardens are lovely.

There are picturesque Shinto shrines all over Japan, in forest, on mountain and even in the rice paddy.

The Japanese picnic at these temples on national holidays and we chanced upon a fiesta in Kyoto. Shinto is the primitive, polytheistic religion of Japan which includes ancestor worship of a kind, a mythology in a holy of holies, an ark, a scapegoat, and punishment for sin, and their scriptures, like those of Christians, begin with cosmogony. Bits of rags which we saw hanging from trees were Shinto symbols. A shelf of Shinto gods may be found in many homes before which prayers are offered twice a day.

Japanese gardens are sylvan retreats of peace and repose where beauty allures, half concealed and half revealed. They are dreams of loveliness with cascades and waterfalls overhung by shining palms. Goldfish play in translucent pools which reflect dwarfed shrubs and trees. These Lilliputian gardens, so full of romance and beauty, are without geometrical design but have a studied and subtle simplicity which triumphs over space and creates an illusion of vastness. We could not be sure that we found plantings of shrubbery in the northwest corner of gardens to protect them from evil spirits. The whole garden is dominated by one great rough stone, often long and eagerly sought for decorative value, which balances the whole charming picture in being properly placed. My quest for this *piece de resistance* in Kyoto gardens was a lovely adventure, for having recently built a home, my garden was landscaped under the influence of a garden club, in which Japanese placing and arrangement was studied. But the achievement was meager — only a hawthorn, a cherry tree and some fine iris. Among

beautiful gardens in Kyoto, we visited the *chaseki* or tea pavilions in the garden of Ninnoji Palace.

The Japanese horticulturist ranks next to the scholar and the soldier. The artisan follows in the social scale, which is one of usefulness, while the merchant who is only a handler has little social standing. Great industrialists have, however, risen to prominence and power through constructive planning in business, notably the House of Mitsui, whose slogan of "Mutuality" honors both the business and the nation. Mr. Moto, the great manufacturer of pearls, upheld the integrity and reputation of Japanese craftsmen when he destroyed thousands of dollars worth of manufactured pearls because they were imperfect. But the gardener is a horticulturist, an engineer and an artist as well. He places each fairy bridge, miniature waterfall, stepping stone, tree, flower, and fragile tea house with artistic effect, and balances these against a harmonious background of wooded hill or pale blue sky.

All Japanese learn flower arrangement. Young children are taught the simple arrangement of three flowers graduated as to height, representing earth, man, and heaven. In an old unpainted tea house, uncolored except by the beautifying pencil of time, I found the proverbial white silk *kakemono* or scroll, touched by the same magic pencil, hanging on a wall, and before it a single branch of cherry blossoms. Doubtless it had been placed there, studied and replaced again and again with meticulous care. And I found on this *kakemono*, the red signature or stamp of

the artist, which is often an epigram of wisdom, placed with greatest regard for balance and artistic effect. It is related that the renowned Kiyosai spent three days in deliberation as to the proper placing of his signature upon a drawing of a crow, which had been the work of a few minutes. The Japanese are born artists and occidental imitation of Japanese art is often pathetic.

We had hastened to Japan for the last performance of the Cherry Dances, an annual fiesta much like light opera, given in Kyoto, in a hall built expressly for this purpose. We purchased tickets for the tea ceremony which precedes the dance. Upon arrival, we deposited our shoes in an anteroom, adjoining the auditorium and nervously awaited our turn for the formal reception, when we were led behind a screen. Even children in Japan are taught how to walk gracefully, to kneel, rise, balance a tray, carry a parasol or manipulate a fan with consummate grace. Each of us doubled up awkwardly on a cushion on the floor. A petite geisha advanced with the dainty, mincing gait of Nipponese women, smiling sweetly, proffered each a modicum of tea in a diminutive cup, with the grand manner of a priestess of Venus presenting a chalice of nectar! A sturdy Scotch lassie, a great Dane, and a substantial American woman sipped tea timidly, and then fatuously radiating appreciation, in lieu of Japanese words, unfolded their cramped extremities — and dignity — and tiptoed out, feeling like Boeotians or Gargantuans in the presence of such exquisite daintiness.

No American performance of this ceremony had prepared me for the humiliating ordeal of my own awkwardness, and public contemplation of my own stockinged feet. Artists have been inspired by the nude body or bare foot, never by a model in under-clothing or a stockinged foot! Why need nations resort to machine guns, submarines and bombers when the most confident occidentals might be brought to abject subservience by continually confiscating their shoes and substituting the clumsy, white canvas bootees as in oriental temples or by breaking down their morale in a tea ceremony.

The dances were beautiful, rhythmic and spectacular, and the geisha, the epitome of grace and loveliness. The stage extended around three sides of the auditorium and the audience sat on cushions from the other

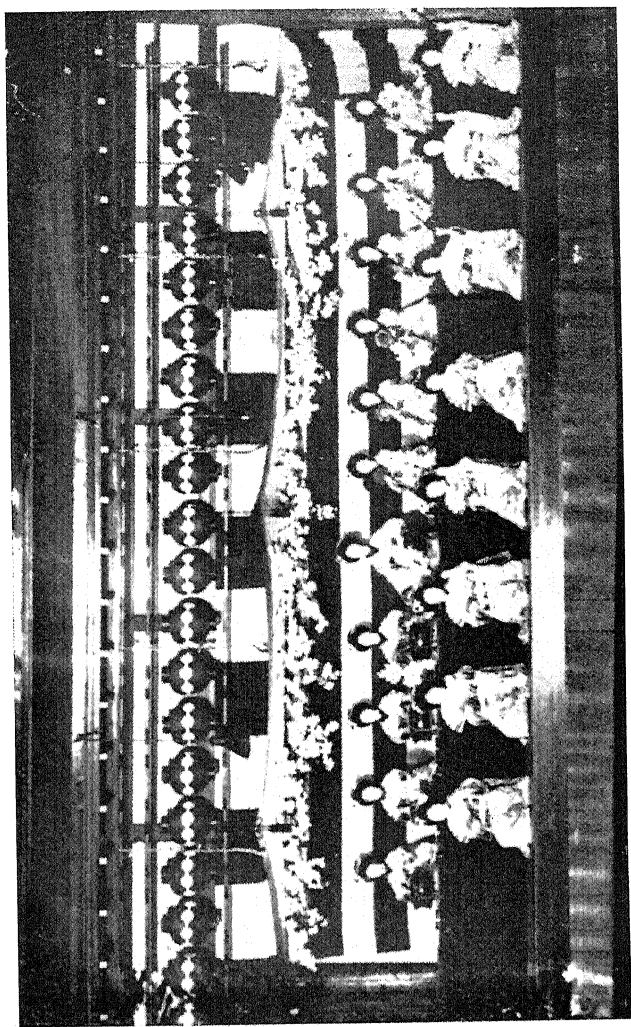


The Gargantuans: Scot, Dane and American.

side into the remaining space surrounded by the dancers. We had special seats at the rear. The costuming and the blossom decorations were exquisitely lovely. Perhaps occidentals must learn to appreciate Japanese music, and I feel sure that much subtle symbolism escaped us. Had it not been explained, we could not have guessed that the opening and falling of the cherry blossoms typifies the life of a soldier who gives his life for his country. What an artistic compliment to militarism! The sword has ever been a sacred symbol in Japan. The Mirror, Necklace and Sword were given to Jimmu, by the Sun Goddess, as symbols of sovereignty!

The brevity of the Japanese *entr' acte* forbade crossing the lovely pine-bordered Heavenly Bridge, a natural sand bar bridge, to the Island of Amanohas-dote and we regretted not to enter Korea by the Overland Route via Shimonoseki to Seoul, where an American woman, Dr. Rosetta Hall, had established the East Gate Hospital and A Woman's Medical College which was rated Class A by Japan, in 1937.

We entrained for Tokyo, passing through the length of the island not distant from its mountainous backbone. Here we viewed the small fertile acreage of Japan, the tea plantations, mulberry groves for support of silk worms, rice paddies, orange orchards, etc., in the lovely season of blossoms. The blue coat and kimono of men and women dotted the landscape which looked like a carefully considered picture. Now in war time the kimono dominates the fields, while children and the aged assist in agriculture.



One Side of Stage, Cherry Dance Theater, Kyoto, Japan.
Audience Sits on the Floor — Surrounded by the Stage on Three Sides.

There was a glimpse of Fujiyama as the train sped along. Not many years ago, in this most advanced of the Far East countries, women were forbidden to ascend this most sacred mountain by placards which read, "No women, cows or horses allowed in these sacred mountains." Yet, as in China, the women of Japan care for the family religion by offerings in the temples and shrines.

A nice luncheon was served on the train with plenty of tea, and we learned that the Japanese consume two-thirds of their own tea production. Some English-speaking Japanese spoke to us cordially and others looked upon us with smiling benignity. When we arrived in Tokyo, we expected to find a modern city, for we remembered that while the Chinese had only escaped from the Manchus, in 1912, the Japanese had freed themselves from the Shoguns in 1868, and were therefore many years in advance of China in stabilization and improvement.

A motor drive gave a general view of the city in which we were distressed by many earthquake scars. The fragile, little homes built of the very durable native wood withstand weather and shock well. But interiorly, Japanese houses are separated into rooms by light movable screens, and the floors are completely covered with three by six foot mats, and house and furnishings burn like tinder in the fires incident to quakes. The many parks and gardens of Tokyo provided a refuge for victims of the conflagration, following the great quake of 1923. One of the most beautiful gardens in Tokyo is that connected with an

old temple, the Wisteria Garden, in which a very unusual drum bridge ornaments the temple foreground. Here many earthquake victims found haven.

Tokyo, a great modern metropolis of more than two millions of people, was then and yet is in process of rebuilding after the great quake of September, 1923, in which two hundred and fifty thousand lives and three billion dollars worth of property were lost. We went to the Imperial Hotel, a triumph in architecture which withstood the shock, though the ceilings were apparently unsupported. In the Palace of the Doges of Venice one of the rooms, reputed to be the largest in the world, is unsupported. One must credit Japanese architecture in many buildings, notably the pagoda of Tenno-ji at Osaka, which is a light wooden structure, five stories high, which has withstood shocks for centuries. Wood is resilient to earthquake.

Frank Lloyd Wright, the architect of the Imperial Hotel, who built his own home in Oak Park, Illinois, and many of the homes of my neighbors in the twin village of River Forest, had the wisdom to place a concrete foundation upon a mud subsoil rather than upon rock or solid ground, allowing the structure to swing and sway in earthquake shock. Neither the Imperial or Station Hotel, nor any other buildings of this architecture, fell in one of the greatest quakes in history. Though seismic flaws cannot be repaired, terrifying destruction has been obviated by this simple plan, and building has been revolutionized where seismic disturbances are common. It was not of course a new idea at this time.

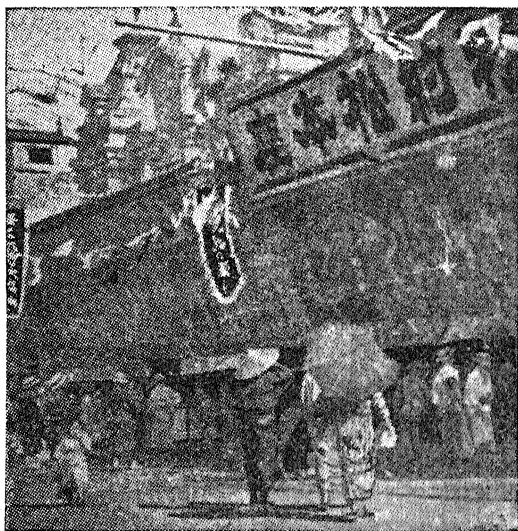
The street scenes of Tokyo were those of Japan, westernized. Motors were plentiful. Some women wore kimonos and obis, had goo-slicked hair and clopped along on clogs, but many had adopted western garb and the hair bob. In the restaurants, knives, forks, spoons, high tables and chairs had largely replaced chopsticks, low tables and cushions. The efficiency and courtesy of the dapper little policemen were outstanding and those directing traffic encountered no breakers of traffic rules among the Japanese. Even the little street sweep laid down his broom to uncover his head in salutation to his fellow. Courtesy is almost a religion in Japan and ceremony, universal.

The motor ride through the city, viewing Uyena Park and the Imperial Palace, was not of more interest than Theater Street. The Noh plays of the aristocracy of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries were tragic dramas of beauty and imagination. These were followed by an elaboration of the popular marionette theater, while in the nineteenth century, cruelty, violence and crude realism were replaced by esthetic ideals and, unlike Chinese drama, women appeared effectively. The Japanese, an extremely emotional people, control their feeling and endure pain stoically, but love to suffer in imagination in their drama of revenge and self sacrifice. Laying aside all inhibitions in their theaters, they enjoy an emotional debauch, dissolved in tears, men weeping just as copiously as women.

In an authentic Japanese theater, the audience sits in the theatrical atmosphere, a part of the play surrounded by the stage scenery. Through two broad

aisles bordered with a profusion of flowers, the actors enter and leave the stage from time to time. The artist preserves the unities, bringing the audience into the heart of the play, and the scenic artist, who is also the dramatist, uses high coloring and brilliant lighting in masterly fashion in his sur-realism. Chekhov's *Cherry Orchard*, which I had seen in London, in 1925, was found at the Little Theater when I reached Tokyo, in 1926. Here the Japanese created an atmosphere, so necessary to this drama, quite as well as the English.

The rows of theater fronts in Tokyo were covered with unreadable ideographs in gorgeous coloring, many appearing to be advertisements of our worst films. That these should at any time replace the artistic



Theater Street, Tokyo.

perfection of the legitimate drama of Japan is a deplorable westernization. When rain came on, Theater Street, always so interesting and colorful, became the scene of a gorgeous pageant of shimmering, undulating yellow silk umbrellas. At night it became a fairyland under electric lighting.

While to outward appearances, Tokyo represented the ideal of keen and intelligent business men, many of them men of integrity and broad vision, none suggested to visitors that across the river in a certain slum district, men, women and children do piece work for a variety of factories and have done it through many of their short generations in an economic slavery which appears utterly hopeless. For this great submerged population, living in direst poverty, in dens of vice and infection, death is the only escape.

Nor could we expect that Japanese would entertain visitors with a story of the great wastage of women in commercialized vice which is recognized by the state. Many writers, both Japanese and foreign, have related that men make regular tours through out-of-the-way regions of Japan, bringing thousands of girls annually to the large cities; that only a small proportion of these ever return to their homes and these, who are victims of venereal disease and tuberculosis, are a source of infection in rural communities. In the belief in filial piety, in which they are bred, many young girls are sold into slavery in support of father and mother, though the mother, always in subjection to her husband, resents prostitution, concubinage and the geisha.

Young girls, knowing nothing of life, are easily lured into the so-called primrose path which leads most often to an early grave. Dr. Owasha says of factory life and prostitution, "These constitute the deadliest and most dangerous currents in the national life of Japan."

The geisha, the educated and sophisticated woman of Japan, is an integral part of Japanese life. The tired business man goes to the restaurant for relaxation and entertainment, and here he meets his business associates for conference. The restaurant is the very center of social and business life, and the geisha, pictures of grace and dainty loveliness. And the painted geisha are always present, playing upon samisens and singing love songs. Foreign men, once introduced to this entertainment, are fascinated. The Japanese argue that their wives are ignorant chattering creatures who talk of nothing but annoying domesticities, another way of saying that their wives do not understand them; that their homes are therefore dull, and they compare them with American, English and French women whom they describe as intelligent, entertaining and coöperative. Their sophistry is apparent, for Japanese women are just what men have made them through centuries of isolation and subjection. However foreigners may feel about geisha, all agree that Miss Chrysanthemum of Butterfly is always alluring and often very beautiful. The Japanese worship beauty and now in Tokyo as always, despite a luxury tax of six per cent upon them,

“Under red umbrellas with cream white centers
A procession of geisha passes.”

The Japanese, generally conceded to have a strain of Malayan blood, in a Mongoloid ancestry, have, like the Chinese, many admirable characteristics. They are courteous, quiet, poised and non-complaining, sensitive to a fault, proud and especially resourceful and imitative. But I feel that the Japanese laugh and smile gaily, while the Chinese appear glad and merry. The spontaneous enthusiasm of the Japanese is contagious and the *elan vital* of the soldiery is proverbial. It has been thought that this may arise from a hyperthyroidism, caused by iodine, in a fish diet. As one casually meets the gentle Japanese, often a scholar or esthete, it is difficult to understand the Japanese militarist.

Japanese women have always appeared to me as beautiful characters. They have exquisite taste and are good homemakers. Perhaps the House Beautiful as well as the Garden Beautiful is in Japan, for they exercise the restraint of the true artist in the furnishings of their little homes, learned through centuries of training in the fine arts of placing and arrangement. These dainty homemakers, like the Chinese and Indian women, are modest in demeanor and dress, and designers would now have no need to urge upon them that “covered look.” They must always be profoundly shocked by western décolleté.

Japanese children are adorable and, when beautifully dressed in little kimonos and obis, one wishes to carry them home to America. They are never fretful and

petulant and seldom cry. They are busied in useful occupations and in their play. As one watches them in the use of toys, in development of their sand pictures and the manipulation of pebbles, he feels that Maria Montessori had little to offer Japanese mothers.

Many of the endemic diseases of China and India prevail in Japan while venereal diseases and tuberculosis are rampant. Gastric disturbances result from eating quantities of rice, pickles and raw fish. It has been suggested that Japanese women are less subject to cancer of the stomach than men, because women eat after the men have finished and their tea and rice are consequently none too hot. Hyperthyroidism is prevalent in a fish diet, rich in iodine.

Drainage in Japan is topographically natural for all Japan slopes from the central mountains to the sea, but cities depend too much upon rains to wash away waste. Tokyo was clean except in slum districts, but there were yet unhealed earthquake scars and the consequent disorder.

The practice of medicine is regulated by law and all practitioners must pass an examination. A few years ago there were forty-four thousand doctors in Japan, nearly all educated in ten medical colleges, five of these connected with Tohoku or the Imperial University and five with the University of Japan. Together these colleges had an attendance of three thousand. Formerly many chairs were filled by Germans, and German medical literature was favored, but American medicine has become popular in later years. American dentistry flourishes, as it does over the world, though

hardly more than twenty-five years ago, many teeth were extracted with thumb and finger, the fine art having been acquired by practice in pulling at first, tacks, then nails and at last great spikes from boards. The Japanese fairly exude capability in the professions.

The Japanese are excellent research workers. Shibamiro Kitasato, a renowned research worker, who had an unfortunate disagreement with his government, has been previously mentioned. Hideyo Naguchi worked in Rockefeller Center in New York, connecting the *stegomya fasciata* with a mosquito in yellow fever and developing a vaccine. He isolated the *spirochaeta pallida* of syphilis in nerve tissue, and demonstrated the germ of trachoma or granulated eyelids. Regret in a premature announcement of his yellow fever serum hastened his death. Among others, Togasaki is collaborating in the United States on a serum for scarlet fever.

The Japanese doctor may ride in his ricksha but I saw many in motors. He is a great advertiser and carries his name, address and telephone number conspicuously on ricksha or motor. Though it is not good ethics to send a bill, many were collecting fees in advance. The eight or nine thousand foreigners, not including Chinese, were treated by foreign doctors who had qualified by passing the Japanese examination. The foreign doctors were popular with the natives and had no need to advertise.

Many doctors had private hospitals like the *maison de santé* of the French or Nursing Homes of the English. Statistics listed about fifteen hundred of these

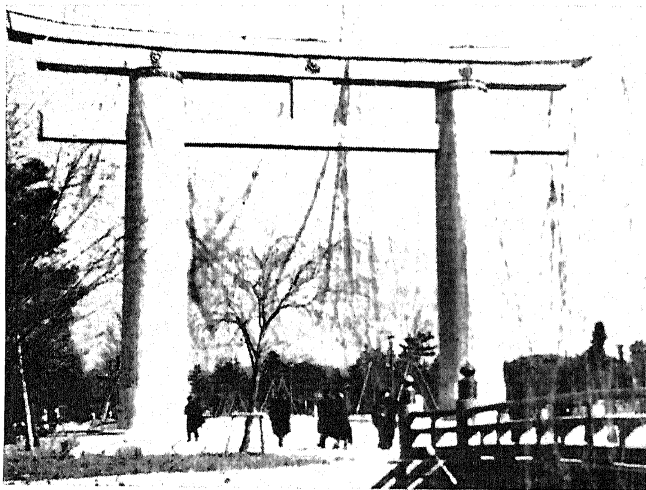
and seventy-five public hospitals, thirty-five charity and fifteen hundred infectious disease hospitals, one hundred-fifty hospitals for prostitutes and twenty-five thousand isolation wards. The health of Japan appeared to be fairly safeguarded except as to venereal diseases, tuberculosis, maternal morbidity and infant mortality.

It was estimated that Japan used forty million dollars worth of patent medicines including three hundred thousand dollars worth of tooth paste annually and these were for the most part importations from the United States. The Japanese Government imposed a ten per cent duty and thus realized four million dollars annually. Though Japanese drug stores were crammed with cosmetics, the pharmacist did not keep a general store nor have a lunch counter.

Early Japanese Buddhists regarded women as essentially evil and placed them in subjection to men. Women have emerged from an ignominious existence with difficulty. In some eras however, women have had literary prominence. Two of the great classics were those of women, *Makura Zoshi* and *Genji Mogatari*. The latter by Lady Murasaki Shikibu in the tenth century, a lengthy but delightful novel which I have just read in translation, is particularly artistic. It consists of four parts, "The Tale of Genji," "The Sacred Tree," "A Wreath of Cloud" and "Blue Trousers," which give a fine picture of Japanese life of the era. Women dominated literature in the so-called dark ages of Japan (1425-1625), when men were engaged in feudal wars. After 1000 A. D., few works



Japanese Women Surgeons. Fukagawa, Tokyo.
American Women's Hospitals



Torii Gate, Shinto Temple, Kyoto.

in pure Japanese were written by men. The Empress Geninryo made a transcription of the *Kojiki* or Shinto scriptures while another Empress produced *Nihongi*.

The economic necessity for the work of women in offices and business was bringing women from seclusion, while some favored ones in higher classes were emerging because men desired intelligent companions in their wives. Two women had become well known poets. A number of women owned and edited magazines, notably Mrs. Moto Hani, who edited the *Woman's Companion*. Mrs. Yayoi Nogama had become a famous novelist. One of her novels was particularly well known, *Kaishin Maru* or the *Seagod Ship*. Madame Nogama is the wife of Nogama Toyochiro, a Japanese authority on classical drama (the Noh plays) who had translated plays of Bernard Shaw.

A few women had been admitted to the Imperial University. A Woman's Medical College had graduated more than a thousand students. Subsequently, I heard a Japanese woman address an International Association of Medical Women in Paris, representing a thousand women doctors of Japan. There was a Woman's Dental College in Tokyo. Two Tokyo hospitals were entirely staffed by women. Dr. Tomo Inouye had long been known and loved by American women, while Dr. Mabel Elliott was chief pediatrician in the International St. Luke's Hospital and administered the American Women's Hospital service in Japan. Dr. Elliott has just been pensioned by the Japanese Government. These women had forced recognition for

outstanding ability and the thin edge of the wedge had been inserted in the professions. Dr. Sophie Chen, Ph.D., Cornell, 1939, a Chinese woman, has just been placed in the Laboratory of Dr. Wu Hsieu in Peiping, China, under Japanese occupation, but Dr. Yayoi Yoshioka, Dean of the Women's Medical College in Tokyo, like Othello, her occupation gone, finds time for scientific study, in 1940, and has arrived via Europe in New York, with her young son, Jirito.

The position of women is an index of progress in any nation. As Phoebus ascended politically, the work of women was retarded and progress checked. There is yet education for girls in the lower grades, but no more women have been admitted to the Imperial University, none are now granted degrees in colleges and universities and only a favored few have been graduated in medicine for a number of years. The Baroness Ishimoto, a strong advocate for women, now has little influence. Women are needed for physical work.

Margaret Sanger, who visited Japan in August, 1937, reported in the *Journal of Contraception*, that women had not been able to maintain the advance made prior to 1922. She describes an amusing interview with the Commissioner of Health, by whom her party was received with great honor and eclat. He agreed that birth control was "noble and good" but continued, "unofficially," that he was uncertain of his position between the "perpendicular and horizontal morality," explaining that in Japan, morality descended perpendicularly from Emperor to husband and then down to wife, whereas in the United States there

is a horizontal morality in sexual equality! Thus he rejected a partial remedy for over-population.

While women's interests have lagged, industrialists have found that it is good business to do something for factory workers and have established some housing projects. A recent visitor to Japan describes one of these in Osaka where fifteen hundred girls, who work in shifts in a cotton mill, are housed in small gardened homes, having bed, board and bath for about twenty cents a day. These naturally clean, neat girls make the Spartan homes attractive in coöperative housekeeping.

Living standards have been so lowered among the masses and domestic matters so neglected that half of the ministry has resigned or has been forced to resign when opposing militarists. Yet Japan squeezes the brain of the artistic world and a German conductor of the Imperial Orchestra has developed a Japanese taste for western music both classic and modern. The *fin de siècle* of Tokyo, including the Divine Emperor Hirohito, now enjoys Bach, Handel, Beethoven, Brahms, and Wagner. And the Japanese, having had four thousand libraries, continue to sustain them and to restore the Imperial Library, lost in the earthquake conflagration.

My Tokyo friends had never seen the Divine Emperor Taisho, who was in ill health; the Crown Prince Hirohito, who had been regent since 1922, was enthroned a few weeks after my visit. His Imperial Majesty Hirohito (*ito* is a syllable meaning exalted) was born in 1911, the one hundred twenty-fourth in an unbroken dynasty. He is well educated, having had

tutors as had former Emperors and attended the Peer's School. He had traveled in Europe, the first of his line ever to leave the sacred soil of the Empire of the Rising Sun. At that time (1921), he was received royally in England and Edward, Prince of Wales, returned his visit in 1922, receiving all Japanese honors in return. The Son of Heaven or the Sublime Majesty, abetted by his mother, the Dowager Empress, had married for love out of the royal family in 1924. My friends remember the Empress, the daughter of Prince Kuni of a collateral princely house, when as a Princess, she attended meetings of modern women. The Empress now has domestic interest in six children, but sent a donation to our American Women's Hospital.

The year of 1940 has been one of continuous pagantry and celebration. The centenary of the founding of the Empire by the Sun Goddess two thousand six hundred years ago and the Emperor, the Symbol, is brought to the minds of the proletariat daily, keeping alive the legend of the Sovereignty of Japan, which some believe refers to world domination. Each Emperor selects a name by which his reign may be known and the Emperor Hirihiho named his quite ironically, "Showa," meaning Shining Peace. We were permitted to look upon his Palace. Here lives an Emperor, the richest man in the world, who has little opportunity for using wealth and less opportunity of using power.

Japan has developed all potentialities for warfare, including the solution of the economic problems of nutrition which so disturb the world. These have been studied by Dr. Taduso Saiki for many years. By scien-

tific experimentation he has made countless additions to the national diet of fish and rice, which include such delicacies as dog, rat, cat, watersnake, etc., while he fries grasshoppers deliciously in soy bean sauce. His announcements have not startled the world, for the Chinese have considered many of these edible without any scientific research. Now that a six per cent luxury tax has been placed on goldfish, cats, and canaries, Dr. Saiki's dietary suggests what the world is waiting for — a method of tax reduction. The cat is not so great a scavenger as the domestic fowl or hog, nor so dangerous as the oyster.

It is related that the divine Emperor and the former Premier, Baron Hiranuma found these delicacies fit for a king! Upon such high authority, the factory worker and the soldiers must find them palatable and the army may be fed upon five cents a day, per capita. While resourceful Japanese are exhausting possibilities in nutrition, we are limiting and destroying the best food in the world, and raising the national debt to astronomical heights to feed the unemployed. Nothing can stop the ambitious and resourceful Japanese who have no need of "*ersatz*" among foods.

Snake soup has always tempted the Japanese palate, while cat and grasshopper have been long considered edible in China. One of my classmates, a medical officer in the Orient, told me recently of a rabbit dinner which he gave to American and British Army officers, praised by the guests as the most delicious meat ever eaten. What was his subsequent horror to find the paws of the "labbet meow" which his Chinese boy had substituted

for the unprocurable hare! The Japanese greatly enjoy Chinese cooking.

Professor Warren Thompson's analysis of overpopulation and his prophecy concerning Germany, Italy, and Japan, had interested me too casually. The Manchukuo invasion, coming so soon after my visit, was a shock. Disappointed in Manchukuo, despite its wealth of ore, petroleum and seventy per cent of the world production of the valued soy bean, and gold in Formosa, which proved to be only a superficial vein, the Japanese oligarchy makes the necessity of further expansion the *raison d'être* for continued warfare. The Japanese have not been so happy in colonization as the British, French, and Dutch. Formosa, Korea, and Manchukuo are held under military authority. It is related that many years ago, a member of the Samurai suggested to the Emperor a policy of watchful waiting, saying, that the golden opportunity of Japan would come in the confusion of Europe. Confusion has come in Europe and what can the world do about it?

We continued to Yokohama where the ravages of the earthquake were and are yet very evident, remembering the distressing experience of friends who fled Tokyo *sans* shoes and stockings and other necessary apparel. Every schoolboy knows the story of the opening of the port by Commodore Perry in 1854 and remembers it now when Japan has slammed the door of China in the face of the world, and the United States has terminated the mutually productive treaty of 1911 with Japan, with a steadily increasing crescendo of repercussions.

American opinion may be influenced by official reports of the seizure of twenty-five pound packages of marihuana or "Devil Seed" on the Pacific coast. Exported as "prepared food" this "potential death crop" had an estimated value of twenty-five thousand dollars, sufficient to sow a half of southern California and make addicts of millions of American youths. Japanese bombs can never be so fatal as Japanese opium and marihuana. But it cannot harm them unless Americans buy the seed, plant, harvest and sell it. "The jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that honor feels" in many nations.

Now, the pronouncements of War Minister Hata and Foreign Minister Arita disturb my radio enjoyment of grand opera and symphony concerts, and the Holy War against the Chinese continues, but my visit in Japan was an unalloyed delight and I treasure memories of it. Now I remember the gardens, fans and flags of Japan, the lovely Cherry Dances at Kyoto, the fascinating games of meandering along Theater Street in Tokyo, shopping in the Ginza and rambling among the booths and small shows of the Asakusa and the little restaurant where we sat on the floor and ate *sukiyaka* with chopsticks. Particularly, I remember the courtesy and amiability of the Japanese. As we boarded the *Shinyu Maru*, we sensed no inchoate dangers, noted no clouds of international hatred along the horizon and had no premonition of the storms of war which have so continually surrounded and threatened us. It was good to be turned homeward after nearly two years of orientation with a greater appreciation of

our "inalienable rights" and surpassing privileges. My little nightingale teaset of Satsuma china plays a merry little Japanese tune as I write, "Sayonara, Japan."

"Over the shops where silks are sold
Still the dragon kites are flying."

“MY OWN, MY NATIVE LAND”

(1795), the Napoleon of the Pacific, who united the islands, stands in front of the Court House. He has recently been honored by being pictured on a three cent stamp. He was succeeded by very mediocre kings and the last of these, David Kalakua, died in San Francisco in 1891, on a world tour. He was succeeded by his sister, the poetic queen Lil or Liliuokalani who in opposing modern progress was deposed, and a republic was established. She subsequently lived in the United States, losing a suit against the Government for a large sum of money but she was later pensioned.

Some of us motored to Moanalua Gardens, Waikiki Beach and Kapiolani Park and I continued to Bishop Museum, for in a museum one may find local objects of interest. And I was rewarded by finding native costumes and a collection of *achatinellidae*, of the family of pulmonate gastropods or land shells. These are gathered from trees in Hawaii and some of them are beautifully colored, pink, green and variegated. Though I had known enthusiastic conchologists, their collections were of course sea shells exclusively and I had chanced upon something new.

Then an over-enthusiastic taxi driver told me of a wonderful zoo and carried me far into the suburbs to see a collection of very ordinary animals. The interest of travelers is piqued only by unusual, indigenous or perhaps such soft, cuddly and beautiful but dumb animals as the baby panda or the koala or living teddy bears. A guide in Budapest once wasted my limited time by allowing other tourists to stand rapt before a monkey cage, watching their mutual entomological re-

search, while the beautiful Blue Danube and the treasures of the ancient city above it, called me insistently. But why blame the Hawaiian taxi driver? The animals appeared very unusual to him and authorities now believe that only one mammal can be definitely called indigenous to Hawaii and that — a small bat!

Here in Hawaii, fifty thousand Hawaiians, Japanese, Chinese, Koreans, Filipinos, and Americans live in amity under the government of the United States. This tropical city with perfect climate is surpassingly lovely, clean and well sanitated. It is as nearly a Paradise as may be found in the world. Yet with a nice anxiety about being entirely frank, I confess that after nearly two years close to submerged, poverty stricken and suffering humanity, I had been too suddenly transported to a land of Lotus Eaters where it is "always afternoon." To my temporarily biased judgment, all pleasure seekers appeared, even as the surf riders, to be skimming on the surface of life. I was yet too consciously "A part of of all that I had seen" to enjoy fully the beauty of Honolulu. When I shall have grown tired of stemming the rapid currents of life, I may return to the palms of this exotic city for a visit but I shall live with sturdy oaks and elms or perhaps blue spruce.

But life in Honolulu is not purely idyllic, for I had a glimpse of Kalihi Hospital which is an investigating station for leprosy. A hundred years ago, there was no leprosy in Hawaii but it was brought in by the Chinese when about two per cent of the natives became leprous. At the time of my visit there were about six hundred

lepers in the Molokai Colony which occupies a peninsula on Molokai island. Here there are no guards for it is easier to keep lepers than to prevent them from returning, for they are happy in homes with gardens and flowers. It has been found wise to allow a healthy husband, wife or parent to accompany a patient into the colony or a leper may choose a mate from lepers in the settlement. Children are removed at birth to the Kapiolani home for girls or Kalihi for boys in Honolulu. As a rule these children, when removed early, do not contract the disease. Parenthood is now denied lepers.

There were about one hundred patients at Kalihi Hospital at the time of my visit, awaiting positive diagnosis of leprosy or subject to work in research in treatment. Dr. Wayson did not appear so sanguine of results in treatment as many directors of leprosaria in the Far East. Time would not permit a visit to the colony and I had no interest in encircling the colony by plane as some curious visitors do.

Hawaii University has the honor of the completion of the intricate chemistry of the mixed ethyl esters of the fatty acids of Chaulmoogra oil, the remedy in general use in leprosy.

We saw little of the industries connected with sugar and pineapples and only glimpsed Schofield Barracks and allowed others to describe the Submarine Gardens, remembering those of Catalina, while we enjoyed the roses and spicy fragrance of ginger flowers, found everywhere in profusion.

An escadrille maneuvered above in farewell as we

reëmbarked on the *Shinyu Maru*. Picturesque Hawaiians threw *leis* or wreaths of flowers around our necks, to speed the parting guests and, when we reached Diamond Head, the *leis* were thrown into the water to float back in promise of a return. Great quantities of colored paper streamers were thrown to the ship from which they trailed far out into the ocean. Friendly Japanese called, "Ayo" while the strains of the sweet Hawaiian, "Aloha oe" or Farewell to Thee, the words by Queen Lil so suited to Schubert's melody, followed us far out to sea. And how soft and lovely is the language of twelve letters. No harsh sounds mar the liquid quality of Hawaiian song. Where but in Hawaii such welcome and farewell?

After two thousand four hundred miles of rolling and churning we waited at the Golden Gate, delayed in quarantine. Never have I felt more grateful for the privilege of travel nor have I so loved my native land "From sea to shining sea." Never have I felt so thankful that, by accident of birth, I am an American, who lives in the most beautiful country in the world with all of the best things in life and with more opportunities of all kinds than one of any other nation in the world. We are protected by a great army and navy. Health is safeguarded at every port by modern methods while the Bacteriological Laboratory at Roseland, N. J., and the Pacific Institute of Tropical Medicine in San Francisco are strong fortifications back of quarantine. And we overtake disease, that inveterate traveler, in far-flung agencies all over the world.

It is with pardonable pride that one remembers all

of the universities, colleges and institutions, museums, hospitals, foundations, philanthropies, and gifts of the United States, American agencies, individuals, and development enterprises found all over the world. If our democracy be only a noble experiment in the great *weltschmerz*, in which our very vocabulary is invaded by war, it is the most colossal, all-powerful, all-embracing, altruistic and glorious dream of all time. And it is "My own, my native land."

"I am glad who have had
All that life can give."

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